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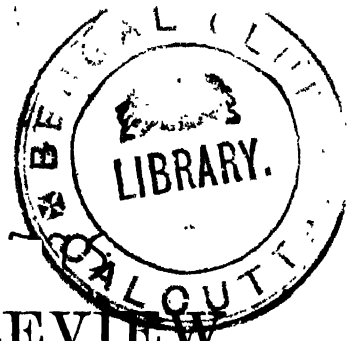
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as the only bulwarks of liberty against the despotism of his successors. The great European movement which culminated in 1848 was national as well as liberal, but nowhere more so than in Austria, where the general uprising for better and freer government was so soon superseded by a general struggle for national independence or national supremacy. The break up of Austria seemed inevitable. What might have happened if Tsar Nicholas had not felt himself called upon to champion the cause of monarchy in distress it is impossible to say. Austria was restored at Világos—whether for good the event has yet to show. In the ten years that followed the future destiny of Austria was shaped. The creation of a coherent State out of the Austrian dominions was still possible after 1848 while all the elements were in a state of fusion. The revolt of the Magyars had taken place against the wishes of the moderate and conservative parties among the Magyars themselves; it had encountered the fiercest opposition from the other nationalities in the domain of St. Stephen's crown. A wise and far-seeing policy might have enlisted all these elements on its side, and at the same time by reasonable concessions have disarmed the opposition of the defeated party. But such a task required statesmanship of a kind that Francis Joseph neither possessed himself nor had the judgement to discern in others. He gave himself over entirely to the reactionary policy of men like Windischgrätz and Schwarzenberg. In Hungary the rule of the reaction only served to consolidate the national sentiment and draw all parties closer together. A spirit of passive resistance went through the whole population. For ten years Hungary had to be ruled in every department of state without the co-operation and against the sullen disaffection of a whole nation. Even when after the disasters of the Italian war of 1859 the Government tried to reconcile its subjects by some pretence of constitutionalism, the Magyars absolutely refused to accept any concessions except the full recognition of their own rights. They knew well enough how easily a constitution granted as a favour ('octroyirt') could also be taken away again. Gradually the Government realised the impossibility of this state of affairs. The catastrophe of Sadowa only hastened this conclusion. Having relied on the sword alone, and refused all concessions at the only time when concessions might have been effective, it was now forced to meet the Hungarians on their own terms. The arrangement of 1867 came to

pass because the Hungarian nation wished it. It was opposed by every other nationality in the empire, except the Germans; and they, too, accepted it with but an indifferent grace.

From this *Ausgleich* or settlement dates the constitutional history of Austria-Hungary. It provides, first of all, that Hungary, while maintaining her constitutional independence, shall, together with the other Habsburg dominions, form an indissoluble and indivisible whole, in accordance with the provisions of the Pragmatic Sanction of 1723: 'Beyond the measures absolutely necessary to secure this object Hungary cannot pledge itself to go' (§ 4, Hung. Law xii. 1867). According to Hungarian constitutional theory as here expressed and well illustrated by Dr. Rothfeld, the *Ausgleich* of 1867 is only an expansion of the Pragmatic Sanction of 1723 adapted to the requirements of modern administration and parliamentary government. The 'absolutely necessary' measures are explained in the subsequent paragraphs as the common conduct of foreign affairs and the direction of the army. Even so the ratification of treaties, the raising of recruits, the control of the militia in time of peace, are matters reserved to the separate legislatures.

In the provisions for the joint representation the most striking features are the absolute parity of Austria and Hungary, and the great care taken to prevent the delegations from the two parliaments from ever developing into a central federal body. The delegations are forbidden to hold common debates. Each sits separately, and communicates its decisions to the other in writing. If after the third exchange of communications no accord is reached on any topic, either delegation may demand a common session. In a common session there is no discussion, only a taking of votes. The delegations have been well described as a 'political deaf and dumb institute.' Not only are they kept strictly apart, but care is taken also to limit their powers within a very narrow sphere. Practically they do little beyond voting and discussing supplies. Everything in the nature of legislation is done by the separate parliaments. There is very little parliamentary control of the joint ministers. They stand outside the separate parliaments, and the delegations meet too occasionally and are too often changed to exercise any real influence over them. For the ministers this is very convenient. The internal troubles of Austria have had no influence on Count Goluchovski's diplomacy or on Herr von Kállay's able administration of Bosnia.

The result has been to give Hungary, though the smaller and poorer half of the empire, a distinct supremacy in common affairs. The Hungarian delegates are directly chosen by the majority in both Houses of the Hungarian Parliament, and, with the exception of the five members for Croatia, represent only the dominant Magyar race, and usually only the party of the Government. The Austrian delegation is chosen by the representatives for the various provinces, and is always composed of a number of hostile groups. Not only does the joint ministry naturally tend to rely for its support on the Hungarian delegation owing to its greater solidity, but in case of deadlock and a consequent common session it is always possible for the Hungarians to win either the Poles or some other Austrian group to vote with them and give them a majority. In 1870 it was the absolute refusal of Andrassy to countenance Beust's schemes of revenge for Sadowa that prevented the conclusion of an alliance with Napoleon III. against Russia. Hungary has always been the chief support of the Triple Alliance.

Besides the affairs necessarily common there are others which, 'though they have no community flowing from the 'Pragmatic Sanction, might yet be more suitably arranged 'on a common understanding than in strict independence.'\* These are questions of commerce, currency, and finance. They are comprehended in a treaty or *Ausgleich*, renewable at the end of every ten years, which arranges for a Customs Union between the two countries, and also provides that other sources of indirect revenue—such as, e.g., the salt and tobacco monopoly, the sugar, and liquor excise, &c.—should be regulated by parallel laws. The maintenance of a common standard of money, the regulation of traffic, communications, &c., are all supplementary to the same treaty. Under the present Customs Union the common expenses are provided, in the first place, out of the customs revenue, what remains being provided by a quota or proportional payment.

The Magyars in 1867 numbered less than six millions out of a population of some fifteen millions in the Hungarian half of the Monarchy. The task of maintaining their national supremacy was by no means altogether easy. But they started with certain advantages. They are the only nation in Hungary with an historic tradition. They are, in fact, the Hungarian nation. The Slovaks, Germans,

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\* § 52 Hung. Law xii. 1867.

or Roumanians have never been anything but subjects. They cannot, like the Czechs or Poles in Austria, appeal to the memories of an independent and glorious past. Moreover throughout the whole country the aristocracy and landed gentry are Magyar, and the commercial and intellectual classes, if not entirely Magyar, have been mainly won over to support the Magyar régime. The restricted suffrage, the oral voting in Magyar, the arrangement of electoral districts, all tend to strengthen the advantage already possessed by the Magyars. But their chief source of strength has been the determined spirit with which they have set themselves to the task before them. On the one question of national supremacy the Magyars know of no party distinction. Their nationality and their language are to them questions of creed, and they devote themselves to the task of proselytising with all the zeal of religious teachers. In 1848 the majority of the educated classes were more familiar with German than with their own native tongue. A great part of the correspondence between the leaders of the Revolution was in German. Even in 1867 Klapka, one of the most prominent heroes of 1848, had to decline a seat on the Committee of Finance because his knowledge of Magyar was insufficient for the purposes of debate. Nowadays all that is changed. Every Magyar holds it part of his loyalty to the State to speak Magyar only, and oblige others to speak Magyar to him. Magyar is the language of Parliament, of the Administration, the Law Courts, and the Universities. On the whole, the national propaganda since 1867 has been remarkably successful, especially with the Germans, Ruthenians, Slovaks, and, above all, the Jews; with the Roumanians the Magyars have had very little success. The Magyars have increased from less than five millions in 1848 to  $7\frac{1}{2}$  millions in 1890, an increase of 54 per cent. The increase of the other nationalities in the same period has only been 23 per cent. In the decennium 1880-90 the increase of the Magyars was 14.95 per cent. as against rather less than 7 per cent. for the other races. The public school system is a powerful engine for converting the children of other nationalities to the Magyar creed. A Hungarian statistician, Körösi, states that in Buda-Pest 62 out of every hundred Slovak children and 36 of every hundred German children leave school as Magyars. The Jews, in 1848 mainly German, have, as a result of the liberal policy of the Magyars, been wholly won over to the national cause. The national pride of the Magyar knows no exclu-



siveness; he is ready to accept as a man and a brother everyone who will speak his language and enter into the national polity. In 1890 457,000 out of 700,000 Jews declared themselves as Magyar-speaking. The process goes considerably beyond mere toleration or co-operation. The Jews are to some extent actually absorbed and assimilated—a process facilitated by the fact that the Magyars themselves are a non-Aryan race. If the Magyars are eminently a race of farmers and politicians, the Jews have supplied them with that commercial skill which accounts for the rapid economic and industrial progress of Hungary. The wholesale absorption of so large a Jewish element and the continual immigration of needy and uncivilised Galician Jews are by no means unmixed blessings; but there can be little doubt that the Magyars have taken the wiser decision with regard to a difficult problem than the Austrian Anti-Semites, who have only added another cause of discord to the many that already exist in Austria.

The two most difficult national problems the Magyars had to settle were those of Croatia and Transylvania. Croatia, though a dependency of St. Stephen's crown, had always enjoyed a large measure of independence. The Croatians had shown their national objection to Magyar rule strongly enough both in 1848, when, under Ban Jellachich, they marched on Pest, and in 1867, when Bishop Strossmayr, of Diakovar, headed a general agitation against the connexion with Hungary. The Magyars were too wise to attempt to incorporate by force a homogeneous Slav population of two millions, in addition to all the other non-Magyar subjects already on their hands. They hastened to make a compromise or *Ausgleich* with Croatia on the most favourable terms they could. By this compact only military, financial, and commercial matters, taxation, &c., are left to the Hungarian Parliament, reinforced by forty Croatian members on the in-and-out system favoured by Mr. Gladstone in 1892. Everything else is left to the Diet at Agram. The Magyars confine their control of Croatia to indirect means—e.g. the appointment of the Banus or viceroy, who has all the patronage of the country, and can thus control Croatian politics in accordance with Magyar interests. But this was all the concession the Magyars would make. In yielding up Croatia they sacrificed no Magyar elements. With Transylvania the question was quite different. Here there were the large island of Szeklers (a branch of the Magyar race) and a widely spread Magyar gentry, which they could not for

a moment think of surrendering to be swamped by the majority. Transylvania had ever since the Turkish conquest enjoyed a large measure of autonomy, but it was incorporated in Hungary by the laws of 1848, and again in 1867. No heed was paid to the clamour of the Germans and Roumanians, and by the legislation of 1868-76 the various local privileges, including the political powers of the Saxon National University, were abolished, and the country wholly merged into the Hungarian county system.

The aggressive and unscrupulous energy with which the Magyars have striven to impose their national life on the other races of Hungary has met with strong opposition, but, as far as it is possible to judge, the resistance is gradually decreasing. Apart from Croatia, which is tolerably content with its special privileges, at least three-quarters of the population at the present day either support or acquiesce in the Magyar supremacy. The only irreconcilables are the Roumanians; but their policy of abstinence from elections does not cause the Magyars much difficulty. There are always Magyar candidates, and, being generally free with bribes, they always find plenty of Roumanian peasants to vote. It is possible to sympathise not only with nations rightly 'struggling to be free,' but also with nations rightly struggling for mastery. The liberalism of the Magyars is not quite all that they would have Western Europe believe, but they possess the invaluable heritages of a true political tradition and political good sense. All but the fanatics of nationalism must wish for their success.

The conduct of affairs was naturally first of all intrusted to the moderate or Deákist party, which had carried through the Ausgleich. But the Deákist party had exhausted itself in producing the Ausgleich and setting it to work; it failed to satisfy the country with its internal policy. Andrassy's promotion to the Joint Foreign Ministry, Deák's retirement, the railway scandals connected with the name of Lonyay, all contributed to make its position untenable. In 1875 Hungary entered on a crisis from which it was only saved by the attitude of the Left, which now, under the leadership of Koloman Tisza, withdrew its opposition to the compact with Austria. All the Left, except a few extremists, and a great part of the Deák party fused into a single great Liberal party. This fusion was the most important political event since 1867. It established the dual system on a firmer basis, giving it the support of the whole class of the small landed gentry which had hitherto opposed it. The Govern-

ment could now proceed to make the fullest use of the powers conferred on Hungary by the *Ausgleich*, and to carry out the internal reconstitution of the country. The fifteen years during which Tisza held undisputed sway mark the creation of modern Hungary. The old elective administration of the counties was greatly modified and subjected to a strong central control. Commercial and industrial legislation was completely reformed, and successful steps were taken to encourage industry. Tisza resigned in March 1890. But the Liberal party still remained in power. His successor, Count Szapáry, resigned in 1892, when the more radical wing of the party began to insist on a complete revision of the relations of Church and State. Doctor Wekerle, who had been Finance Minister under both Tisza and Szapáry, now became Premier, and early in 1894 introduced a bill making civil marriage compulsory. This was to be the first of a series dealing with State registration of births, the religion of children of mixed marriages, &c., and provoked a most violent agitation on the part of the clerical party in Hungary and even outside. The bill was rejected by the Magnates. The King, encouraged by the agitation in the country, and himself at heart strongly opposed to the measure, refused Wekerle's demand for the creation of new peers. The Ministry resigned, but the attempt to form a new Ministry was frustrated by the hostile attitude of the majority. The King was now forced to compromise by reappointing Wekerle and persuading the Magnates to accept the bill. But Wekerle, if he carried his point, lost his popularity, and so the Emperor felt emboldened to dismiss him soon after. Baron Bánffy, the new Premier, began by completing two of the measures of the last Cabinet sanctioning the Jewish religion and establishing complete freedom of worship, in spite of the bitterest opposition of the clericals, backed by Mgr. Agliardi, the Papal Nuncio. The behaviour of the latter led to a quarrel between Bánffy and Count Kálnoky, the Joint Minister for Foreign Affairs, which ended in Bánffy's forcing Kálnoky to resign, thus giving a fresh proof of Hungary's influence over the joint government. The religious quarrels of the years 1894-95 were extremely violent, but it speaks well for the political sense of the Magyars that feeling on the question has completely subsided, and that the controversy is now regarded as settled. In 1896 the Magyars celebrated the millennium of their settlement in the Danube valley with great pomp and ceremony. The last election

(1897) returned the Liberal party with a greater majority than ever (282 deputies). The chief Opposition parties are the National party under Count Apponyi; and the Independence party under Louis Kossuth, whose Magyarism is still more extreme than that of the Government, and the Catholic 'People's party,' led by Count Zichy, Count Esterhazy, and other great reactionary magnates.

The extension of the franchise is one of the most important questions of the day in Hungary. The franchise is confined to barely 800,000 voters. The towns are very much under-represented. The social question is still more serious. Hungary is hardly yet an industrial country, so industrial socialism only exists sporadically in the larger centres. But there is great discontent among the agricultural labourers and small peasants, who have anything but benefited by the expansion of the towns, and who have been badly exploited by the large landowners and corn-factors. This discontent expresses itself in the form of so-called Agrarian Socialism. As yet the middle-class oligarchy, which is supreme at Budapest, does not seem to have realised the importance of the movement, and has tried to suppress it by mere terrorism. But in doing so it is provoking a serious danger for the Magyar State.

In Austria the development since 1867 has been very different. The Ausgleich was framed by the Magyars solely to safeguard Magyar interests. Beyond providing for the permanence of constitutional government in the non-Hungarian dominions, it made no attempt at their internal reorganisation. Some seventeen provinces of every size, each with a diet of its own, with no geographical, economical, or national coherence, were lumped together to look after themselves as best they might. The German Liberals alone were for the Ausgleich, partly from their approval of constitutional methods, mainly because they hoped in the narrower Austria created by the compact to play the same leading rôle that the Magyars played in Hungary. The other nationalities were opposed to it, and it was only by dissolving the Bohemian and Moravian Diets, and by bringing the influence of the Court to bear on the great landowners of these provinces, that Beust could get the two-thirds majority necessary to pass the Ausgleich in the Reichsrath.

A German Liberal Cabinet under Prince Charles Auersperg was put at the head of affairs. The situation was one of considerable difficulty. The Clericals strongly opposed the

new Ministry. The Poles passed a resolution in the Galician diet demanding almost complete independence. The Czechs took up a still more hostile attitude, and serious riots took place at Prague. A general refusal of the Slav majority in Austria to accept the new *régime* seemed imminent. In 1868 the Panslavist propaganda was at its height. This was the year of the great Moscow Exhibition. But Panslavism, for the moment at least, proved the salvation of the Germans. The intrigues of the other Slavs with Russia found no sympathy among the Poles, with whom the memories of 1863 were still fresh, and only encouraged them in opening negotiations with the Government. Nor was the spectre of Panslavism without its effect on the Magyars, who for many years after exercised all their influence on behalf of the Germans. If the German Liberals had been imbued with any definite national or imperial policy they might, in spite of the difficulty of the task, have managed to enforce their will against the much divided majority. But they were a party kept together only by a general agreement on political principles—doctrinaires rather than politicians. They rapidly fell to pieces. The Ministry, instead of keeping the party together, itself became a prey to internal dissensions, and finally resigned in April 1870. The Cabinet under Taaffe and Potocki, which replaced it, declared itself for a policy of national conciliation. But the Czechs would accept no compromise, and persisted in their refusal to attend the Reichsrath. The Germans, who in their absence still had a majority in Parliament, were highly indignant with the conciliatory attitude of the Government, and votes of no confidence in both Houses forced the Ministry to resign. The German Liberals were intensely unpopular with the Court faction, who still saw in them the revolutionaries of 1848. The Emperor too was annoyed by their hostility to his friend Taaffe, and resented their openly expressed sympathy for Prussia in the Franco-Prussian war. He decided to reverse his policy completely, and to rely on the support of the national and federal elements, together with the discontented Clerical and reactionary factions. Count Hohenwart was made Premier amid the general jubilation of the Czechs and Poles. A rescript was issued in September 1871 suspending the Fundamental Law of Bohemia and acknowledging the peculiar rights of that kingdom. The excitement all over Austria rose to a fever pitch, and culminated when the Bohemian Diet brought forward its famous Fundamental Articles. By these Bohemia

was to secure almost as independent a position as Hungary. The Reichsrath was, as far as Bohemia was concerned, to disappear. The few common affairs which might still remain were to be settled by a 'Congress of Delegates' from the seventeen diets. The importance of the Fundamental Articles lay in the fact that the Ministry was generally believed to have pledged itself to their acceptance by the Reichsrath. In spite of the violent opposition of the Germans, Austria seemed to be on the point of being swept away on a general high tide of federalism. At this juncture Beust and Andrassy interfered and insisted on Hohenwart's dismissal. It is possible that Bismarck, too, at his interviews with Francis Joseph at Hall and Gastein, may have had a word to say in the matter. Once more the Emperor made a complete *volte-face*, and appointed a German Liberal Ministry, under Prince Adolf Auersperg. In 1873 the Ministry secured an important alteration of the constitution, by which the deputies to the Reichsrath were chosen directly instead of by the diets, thus preventing the diets from getting any real advantage by abstaining. But the German Liberals, though once more placed in the saddle, were quite incapable of maintaining their position. They broke up into sections; they offended the Emperor by opposing bills essential to the efficiency of the army and the preservation of good relations with Hungary. Finally, in 1879, they quarrelled with the occupation of Bosnia, opposed the ratification of the Treaty of Berlin, and even carried an address censuring the Government's foreign policy. Auersperg resigned, and Taaffe was entrusted with the formation of a Cabinet to stand above parties. For fourteen years Taaffe kept in power, owing to the Emperor's support and his own skill in keeping together a composite majority of Poles, old Czechs, Slavs, Clericals, and feudal landowners. The Old Czechs, though still asserting their principles, now adopted the Polish standpoint, and stood in to vote with the Government. The general result of Taaffe's rule was to increase the power of the crown, to encourage the splitting up of parties, and to reduce parliamentary life to a mere contest of intrigue. Taaffe's tenure of power in Austria coincided with the Ministry of Tisza in Hungary. The contrast between the two ministers is typical of the whole difference between the two countries. Tisza welded Hungary together; Taaffe left Austria more disintegrated than he had first found it. No nearer approach was meanwhile made to a settlement of the national question. An attempt

to establish a compromise in Bohemia on the basis of a division into German and Czech sections in 1890 failed, in spite of its acceptance by the Old Czechs, against the opposition of the whole Czech nation. As a result, in the elections for 1891 the Old Czechs lost most of their seats. Deprived of their support, Taaffe found his position growing daily more difficult. In 1893 he made a bold attempt to undermine the German *bourgeoisie* by doing away with the property qualification in cities and rural communes. But the measure touched too many interests and roused such hostility that Taaffe was obliged to resign. In the coalition Ministry of Prince Windischgrätz the German Liberals were represented by their leader, Herr von Plener. The question of electoral reform soon led to dissensions in the coalition, and in June 1895 the German Liberals, always intractable, withdrew from it, and forced the Ministry to resign.

Taking the whole period since 1867, it is difficult to see in what direction any advance was made in Austria towards the solution of the most pressing problems of Austrian politics. Austria is no nearer being either a centralised state or a confederation than it was in 1867. The hopes then entertained by the Germans that they would retain a dominant position in Cisleithania have been altogether disappointed by the event. The German Liberals have proved a signal failure. Doctrinaire, unpractical, and incapable of organisation, they have never succeeded either in rallying all the Liberal elements in the country to their side against the powers of reaction, or in uniting the whole body of Germans against the aggressive advance of the Slavs. They showed none of the prudent self-limitation which led the Magyars to grant autonomy to Croatia. If the German Liberals had made use of their opportunity in 1867 to cut off Galicia and the Bukovina, and to grant to the Czechs for the lands of the Bohemian crown such moderate concessions as would have safeguarded the large German minority, they might easily have overcome local particularism and secured their complete predominance in the remaining provinces.

In no European country have the forces of feudalism and clericalism such an enormous influence as they have in Austria. The Austrian nobility is supreme at Court and in the upper branches of the Administration. In Hungary the small nobility and landed gentry exercise a preponderating influence, but they are a wide class and filled with the

national spirit. The Austrian nobility forms a narrow, intensely exclusive and bigoted caste, whose only political interest is the maintenance of its own class supremacy. The large Protestant element in Hungary has in no small degree contributed to the success of the Magyars, both in its effect on the national character and by the secondary position to which the mixture of creeds has relegated the Church. In Austria the Church of Rome is all-powerful. The House of Habsburg has always been bigotedly Catholic: Francis Joseph himself was a pupil of the Jesuits. The triumph of the reaction after 1848 was the establishment in 1855 of that 'written Canossa' the Concordat, which made the Church absolute in all matters relating to education and marriage. And even though the Concordat was got rid of in 1870, the energies of the Clerical party have been but little weakened. The real explanation of the whole course of Austrian politics lies in the inter-action of the two conflicts—of reaction, clerical or aristocratic, against liberalism, and of Slav against German. It is the fault of the national discords that Austria is not keeping pace with the rest of Europe in political progress; it is the struggle against progress in Austria which has fostered her internal disunion.

In November 1895, after the four months' transition Ministry of Count Kielmansegg, followed Count Casimir Badeni, who had shown some ability as Governor of Galicia, and of whom great things were expected. Count Badeni announced on taking office that he was resolved to bring about some permanent settlement of racial antagonisms, while respecting the legitimate claims of the Germans to a certain priority. He would stand above parties, and lead instead of being led. The 'iron hand' has long since become a subject for ridicule, but there was a time when Count Badeni's admirers were ready to draw comparisons with Bismarck. In truth Count Badeni was neither such a prodigy as his friends at first wanted to make him out, nor yet so hopelessly incapable and immoral as his opponents have decried him since his fall. He was a man of considerable ability, energetic, sanguine, and self-confident, and not without personal charm; but he lacked sincerity and seriousness. Worst of all, he knew nothing about Austria or Austrian politics. Galicia is politically almost as far removed from Western Austria as India is from England. Count Badeni never realised that the methods which would do for Ruthenians or Polish peasants would fail against a people like the Germans. None the less he



began his career as minister with some success. There was a good deal of legislative work left half finished by the Windischgrätz-Plener Ministry which he had only to complete. He succeeded in inducing the Reichsrath to sanction a scheme of electoral reform by which a fifth or general class of voters, with a moderately low franchise, was added to the existing four. These were to elect seventy-two additional members to the Reichsrath.\* His chief ambition, however, was to bring about a satisfactory renewal of the commercial Ausgleich with Hungary. It is his desire to secure a majority for the passing of this measure that is the key to the rest of his policy.

In March 1897 came the general elections, to which a special interest was lent by the first appearance of the fifth class of voters. The most striking feature of the elections was the complete and final break up of the German Liberal party. The elections were carried on with much violence in Galicia, where the Polish Schlachta, or small nobility, who have always had the political control of Galician affairs, had to oppose a general rising against their authority of the Polish People's party, the party of Father Stoialovski, the Social Democrats, and the Ruthenians. By dint of bribery, intimidation, and still more by actual bloodshed, they succeeded in retaining their mastery, though they could not prevent twenty seats out of seventy-nine falling to the other parties.

The history of the German Liberal party has been one of a continuous decline both in numbers and importance. It counted 200 members in 1873, 170 in 1879, 114 in 1885-1891, and only 77 out of a total of 425 in 1897. At one time it was led by men of considerable eminence, the Auerspergs, Herbst, Giskra, Schindler, Berger, &c. At present what remains is split up into three factions, none of them containing men of real ability—especially since the last of their more prominent leaders, Ernst von Plener, Beer, and Eduard Suess, have withdrawn from parliamentary life. Their political theories are those of moderate constitutional liberalism as understood on the Continent in the middle of

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\* The Austrian franchise is excessively complicated, and was purposely contrived to prevent constitutionalism from being really effective. Representation is according to interests. The large landed proprietors elect 85 members, the Chambers of Commerce 21, the cities 118, and the rural communes 129. The qualification in the last two classes is still very high, and even the fifth class is very far from giving manhood suffrage.

the century—i.e. belief in the efficacy of parliamentary government, in commercial and industrial freedom, hostility to military bureaucracy and clericalism. But they have always held these theories subject to a good deal of modification for Austrian circumstances. They have shown little inclination to meddle with the mediæval system of representation by class interests; they have even passed reactionary measures against the freedom of the press. The most radical group among them, the Progressists, an offshoot of the last election, is about as radical as the ordinary English Conservative of to-day. The views of the *Verfassungstreue Grossgrundbesitz* are those of the English Tory of fifty years ago.

Of the fractions into which the Liberal party is now divided the most important is the *Deutsch Fortschrittliche*, or Progressive, which split off from the main body in November 1896. Its chief object was to direct a stronger opposition on national and liberal lines to Count Badeni. Its thirty-five members are almost exclusively recruited from Bohemia and Moravia. They differ from the German '*Volks-partei*' mainly in their refusal to accept anti-Semitism, which would be both against their liberal professions and their economic convictions as representatives of the commercial and manufacturing classes. The constitutional landowners (*Verfassungstreue Grossgrundbesitz*, 30 seats) represent the most conservative element of the old Liberal party. They adopted a neutral attitude toward Count Badeni at first, and never carried their opposition to the excessive length to which the other German parties carried it. At present they show some indication of a readiness to support the Cabinet of Count Thun, which includes one of their members, Dr. Baernreither. The twelve members of the Free German Union (*Freie Deutsche Vereinigung*) may perhaps consider themselves the most authentic remnant of the great Liberal party—it is their chief claim to distinction.

The German National or People's party (*Deutsche Volkspartei*, 43 seats) first made its appearance at the elections of 1885. It rejected the old idea of the Liberals that the Germans were meant, as defenders of the State, to look to State interests alone without regard to the fate of their own nationality, and took up a more strictly national as well as a more democratic attitude. It has also of late years included anti-Semitism in its programme. Its main strength lies in the Alpine provinces, where it heads the German national and Liberal opposition to the Slovenes on,

the one side, and the German Clericals on the other. It is at present the largest of the German parties, and a new general election would probably increase its numbers at the cost of both German Clericals and Anti-Semites. Its organisation is of the loosest kind.

Least but not last of the German parties comes the little group of five led by Schönerer and Wolf. Noisy, turbulent, and reckless, this little body of extremists headed the obstruction in the Reichsrath, the disorganised larger German parties simply following in its wake. The object these men aim at is the incorporation of German Austria in the German Empire, the non-German parts being left to take care of themselves.

Both the German National party and Schönerer's followers are anti-Semitic, but anti-Semitism only plays a secondary part in their programme. The party that more specially claims the title of Anti-Semite is the Christian Social (Christlich-Soziale, 27 seats). The growth of this party in the last few years has been extraordinarily rapid. In Dr. Lueger and Prince Alois Liechtenstein it has found leaders who thoroughly understood the arts of exciting or humouring the Viennese populace. In spite of the opposition of Government and Court, Dr. Lueger in the end managed to get the triumph of his party in the capital recognised by the Emperor's consent to his burgomastership. In the 1897 elections the Anti-Semites, besides a large gain in the four old classes, carried all the seats in the new fifth class in Vienna and Lower Austria, to the great dismay of the Social Democrats, whose chief leaders Adler, Pernerstorffer, &c., all failed to get seats in the Reichsrath. The characteristic feature of Austrian anti-Semitism, besides the reaction against the predominance of the ubiquitous Jew in commerce, journalism, and the liberal professions, is that it represents the opposition of the small tradesman or handicraftsman to the increasing pressure of competition from the large Jewish shops and the sweating system so frequently connected with them. The economic theories of the party are of the crudest and most mediæval kind; compulsory apprenticeship, restricted trade guilds, penalties on stock exchange speculation, &c., form the chief items of its programme. Its rapid success has been due to the greater facility with which, in an uneducated electorate, an agitation can be carried on against a class of persons (especially a class already so unpopular as the Jews) than against an economic condition. But a campaign of mere abuse is not likely to succeed in the long

run. In fact the tide of Anti-Semite success is already beginning to ebb. The Anti-Semite municipality of Vienna has not shown itself more efficient or more above suspicion of jobbery than its predecessors. The next election will probably see a great many Anti-Semite seats lost to the Social Democrats in Vienna, and to the National German parties in Lower Austria. In the recent agitation of the Germans against Count Badeni's language decrees the Anti-Semites, after some preliminary waverings, took part, and showed in the scenes that disgraced the Austrian Parliament that their hand had not lost its cunning. But though opposed to any alteration of the *status quo* to the disadvantage of the Germans, the Christian Social party are strongly 'black and yellow,' i.e. Habsburg and Austrian in their sympathies, and violently opposed to the Pan-Germanic crusade of Schönerer.

The German Clericals and the Clerical Conservatives (Katholische Volkspartei and Centrum) number some thirty-seven votes together; but their importance has always been increased by the skilful and unscrupulous parliamentary tactics of the party. The strength of the Clerical party lies in the ignorant and devotedly pious peasantry of Upper Austria and the Alpine provinces. The defence of agrarian interests is included in its programme; but its only real object is the maintenance of the moral and material power of the Church. Its policy looks solely to the interests of the Vatican. In the present parliament it formed a part of the majority which exacted the language decrees from Count Badeni, and adopted the strongest attitude against the German national movement, till it found the national agitation was beginning to spread to the ranks of its own supporters even among the clergy. As soon as it realised this it began to trim, which it has been doing ever since.

The best organised of the national parties is the Polish Club (59 seats). It represents the national and social interests of the Polish nobility and landed gentry. In theory refusing to recognise the Ausgleich of 1867 or the powers of the Reichsrath, the Poles have from the beginning found it wiser in practice to conform to circumstances, and get out of them what benefit they can. Their consistent policy has been to support the Government—for a price. They have extorted from successive ministries a very large amount of practical autonomy for Galicia, the use of Polish as the sole official language, and a free hand to suppress the national discontent of the Ruthenians and the social and economic

discontent of the Polish peasantry. Standing outside of Austrian interests, they exercise a controlling voice in Austrian affairs. The three-score well-drilled Polish votes have helped the Government again and again to ride roughshod over constitutional opposition. The partition of Poland has thus avenged itself on one at least of its spoilers. The Germans have long resented this outside interference which permanently keeps them in a minority. The Badeni Cabinet, with its three Polish ministers and its Polish Vice-President of the Chamber, seemed to them the very climax of this 'monstrous regiment of Poles.' It was hatred of the Poles that formed one of the strongest common links between the parties of the Opposition, and was responsible for the intense personal bitterness of the conflict.

The followers of Father Stoialovski (6), a poor priest, whose eloquent denunciations of the misrule of the governing classes created a great sensation in Galicia two years ago, and the Polish People's party (3) represent the deep and widespread dissatisfaction of the Polish peasantry, which has recently been again venting itself in agrarian riots.

The Czechs are a party of sixty, and, together with the nineteen representatives of the Czech landed aristocracy, form the largest group in the Reichsrath. The Young Czech party began in the seventies as a reaction against the Old Czech policy of passive resistance. In contradistinction to the Old Czechs, they also professed radical and anti-clerical views in politics generally. For a long time they remained a very small party. They were permanently in opposition, while the Old Czechs, who in 1879 had also consented to enter the Reichsrath, sided with the Government. In 1890, however, the Old Czechs lost all their popularity by accepting Count Taaffe's compromise, which, though fair enough to the nationalities, would have made unrealisable the national ambition of a restored Bohemian State under Czech domination. In 1897 the Old Czechs finally withdrew from the contest or were merged in the victorious party. The Czechs are well organised, and their leaders, Kramarsh, Kaizl, Herold, &c., are men of considerable ability.

The Bohemian nobles are perhaps the wealthiest, and probably the most reactionary and mediæval, in Europe. They are in close connexion with Court circles, and have in the past frequently voted German or Czech, accordingly as the Court wished to change the balance of party in the Bohemian Diet. The greater number of them are of German descent. In some cases they may have genuinely

identified themselves with Czech national tradition, but on the whole their alliance with the Radical Czech nationalists is one of self-interest. They have always dreaded the advance of centralising German liberalism, and have sought to utilise the forces of nationalist agitation to combat it. Moreover, in an autonomous kingdom of Bohemia, and with a Bohemian Court at Prague, they hope to play an even greater rôle than they do at present.

Of the other nationalist parties the most important is the Slav National Christian Union (35 seats), comprising the Slovenes, Croatians, and some of the more moderate Ruthenians from Galicia. Their programme is mainly national, though tinged with clericalism; equality of the Slav languages with German and Italian in mixed districts; and ultimately a union of the southern Slavs in an autonomous national province. The Italians are divided into five Clerical Italians from the Tirol and fourteen Liberals from Trieste, Istria, &c. The Tirolese Italians desire a division of the Tirol into a German and an Italian part, as in the present Innsbruck Diet they are in a permanent minority. The Liberals are chiefly interested in the maintenance of the Italian language against both Germans and Slavs. They accept the *status quo* in Austria, but make little concealment of their preference for Italy. Even here the increasing intensity of the national agitation in Austria was shown in the last election by the return of Irredentist members in place of Moderates in Trieste. The Italians are opposed to any form of federalism which would leave them at the mercy of the Slavs who occupy the Hinterland of their towns on the Adriatic coast.

The most interesting, and in some ways the most respectable, of all Austrian parties is the Socialist or Social Democratic party (15 seats). It is the only one that fights for a living political theory—German liberalism being to all intents and purposes defunct—and not for mere national aggression. The Social Democrats hold the whole national agitation to be an hysterical dispute got up by professors, advocates, and other ne'er-do-weels of the unemployed upper classes to make themselves important, and to prevent the foolish people looking after its real interests. It is quite possible that the present restricted and fanciful franchise does tend to foster unreal political disputes. Universal and equal suffrage might, by introducing more serious questions, make parliamentary life possible by introducing some real dividing line of principle between the parties. In the

present Parliament the Social Democrats took a prominent and violent part in the proceedings of the minority, largely to mark their disapproval of the excesses committed at the Polish elections, as well as from their natural opposition to the clerical and feudal elements in the majority. Their support is derived from the working classes in the industrial districts, and not least from the poorer Jews, who supply socialism with many of its keenest apostles. This their first appearance at the polls was rather a failure. But there can be no doubt that the strength of the party will continue to grow.

Besides the parties already named there are some half a dozen Roumanians from the Bukovina, and a dozen or so of 'Wilde' or 'rogues,' including Germans, violently anti-Polish young Ruthenians, Servians, Czech Agrarians, &c.

Altogether a most hopeless jumble of incoherent atoms is this Austrian Reichsrath. The chariots driving four-ways on the roof of the Houses of Parliament are a true symbol of the nature of Austrian politics. To add to the confusion, all the parties are headless. Able men and men of culture, there are a good many in the House; but political leaders there are none. The general tone of the House is undignified, and has been so for some time. The Anti-Semites are generally held responsible for introducing the dialectics of the pothouse into parliamentary debate. But recent events have shown that, at any rate, they have found ready imitators. Neither the president nor anybody else has much control over the members, who are at the mercy of any one who wishes to make a scene. The great size of the House and the amphitheatrical arrangement of the seats only contribute to make the maintenance of order an impossible task.

The parliamentary tactics Count Badeni proposed to himself were those of Taaffe. He hoped by skilful balancing and negotiating to secure himself a majority for any object he wanted. But Badeni was no Taaffe. He had neither Taaffe's experience in Austrian politics nor his personal tact and intimate acquaintance with the inner history of every leading family in Austria. The Polish Count was even looked on as a parvenu by the clique that had for so long regarded the Government of Austria as a family possession. Count Badeni had some hopes of securing a majority at least for the Ausgleich by getting the Liberal Young Czechs and the German Liberals, or part of them, to come together on the ground of common political principle,

But the Czechs demanded as the price of their support concessions which even the most moderate among the Germans would not tolerate for a moment. The prospect of carrying on the Government against the opposition of all the German parties seemed so difficult that on April 2 the whole Cabinet sent in its resignation. This resignation the Emperor refused to accept, and Count Badeni consented to go on, partly encouraged by an understanding with the German landed class that, the language question apart, they would support the Government. In the meantime, while the minister was trying to get together a majority in order to carry on the business of the Government, a majority constituted itself for ends of its own. After a good deal of negotiation the Bohemian aristocracy persuaded the Young Czechs to consent to co-operate with the German Clericals in a majority to which the Poles and South Slavs were also to adhere. The terms of the compact were that the Czechs should secure satisfaction of their demands for the Czech language, while the Clericals should be enabled to recapture the control of the schools, at any rate in the Clerical provinces. This majority was meant to be not a Government majority, but an independent majority negotiating with the Government—a political combination difficult to realise in England.

On April 5, 1897, Count Badeni published the notorious language decrees for Bohemia. This ordinance placed the Czech language on an absolute equality with the German in all governmental departments and in the law courts all over Bohemia. Its most essential points were that Czech was admitted to an equality with German not only in the external business of the various departments, but in the internal communications of the departments with each other, and that after 1901 all officials in every part of Bohemia were to be obliged to know both languages. The refusal of the Germans to admit the language spoken by 62 per cent. of the population of Bohemia to an equality with their own is not quite so preposterous as would at first sight appear. Without subscribing to Professor Mommsen's somewhat insolent dicta about 'inferior races,' one must admit that the Czech and German languages do not stand on altogether the same footing. German is a language spoken by some sixty millions of people, the language of a great literature and a great commerce. Czech is difficult, unpronounceable, and spoken by some five millions in all. It must be remembered, too, that the two nations



do not really live together in Bohemia, but that the Germans live in a broad belt all round the country, while the Czechs inhabit the central plain. There is no more reason for a German Bohemian to acquire Czech than there is for a citizen of Edinburgh to make himself master of Gaelic. On the other hand, every educated Czech naturally learns German, even in a purely Czech-speaking district. The compulsory study of Czech and the use of it in the internal communications of the departments give an enormous advantage to the Czechs. With the Government favouring their designs, they could soon get the whole bureaucracy into their hands. What that means in a country like Austria it is difficult for Englishmen to realise; but for the Germans the examples of Hungary and Galicia were scarcely encouraging. Rightly or wrongly, it is national supremacy, and not a paltry national equality, that the Czechs are contending for, and which, by means of the decrees, they hope to establish. It must also be remembered that the decrees, as such, were of doubtful constitutionality; the language question was really a matter for the Legislature to settle.

The decrees at once produced a violent agitation among the Germans, which rapidly spread from Bohemia over the whole empire. The House met on April 18. The German deputies, unable to cope with the majority in the Reichsrath, determined to obstruct all parliamentary business, more especially the passing of the Ausgleich Bill, till the hateful ordinances were withdrawn. For this purpose the Progressives, People's party, and Schönerer's clique entered into alliance—an alliance which, as the struggle went on, came very near to giving Schönerer and his colleague Wolf the leadership of all the German national parties. To add to Count Badeni's difficulties, the coalition majority, instead of supporting the Government in return for the language decrees, proceeded to frame a resolution demanding the reorganisation of Austria on federal and historical lines, and a general devolution of work from the Reichsrath to the diets. This address was brought forward by Count Dzieduszicki, and the majority persisted in it in spite of Badeni's refusal to accept it as representing the views of the Government. Between a self-willed majority that had got entirely out of hand, and an Opposition whose behaviour was rapidly reducing Parliament to a bear-garden, Count Badeni's lot was not a happy one. On May 20 he again offered his resignation, which once more

was refused, and he saw no better course open to him than to close the session. He now began to negotiate with both Czechs and Germans in the hopes of inducing them to accept some sort of compromise. A few of the more moderate Germans, such as Dr. Lippert, declared their readiness to discuss some scheme on the basis of a division of Bohemia into Czech, German, and mixed districts. But the Germans as a body flatly refused to identify themselves with this moderate programme, and told the minister that they would enter on no discussion of the question at all unless the decrees were first suspended. The national excitement grew rapidly on both sides. In July there were riots at Pilsen, Eger, and Brüx. The attempt of the Government to suppress German meetings only added fuel to the flames. By the end of August, Count Badeni was convinced that no peace between the two parties was possible. As a last course, he now decided to go with the majority in the hope of forcibly breaking down the obstruction of the Germans and carrying through the *Ausgleich*.

The autumn session began on September 23, with but faint hopes of any work being done. Some attempt seems to have been made by the Government to induce the majority to take steps to reform the procedure of the House in order to put some check on obstruction. But the parties of the majority showed little inclination to take up the subject, most of them probably thinking that the time might always come when they should want to obstruct themselves. On October 27 the majority carried a proposal to have evening sittings in addition to the morning sittings customary in the Austrian Parliament, and to devote these solely to the *Ausgleich*. The first of these evening sittings lasted from 8 P.M. on October 28 to 7 P.M. the next night, opening with Dr. Lecher's heroic feat of obstruction in speaking for twelve hours consecutively. Nevertheless, the first reading of the *Ausgleich* Bill was finished by November 5, and by the 22nd all but the final vote on the second reading had been got through. The Opposition began to get desperate. On November 24 a proposal of Dr. Dyk, a Young Czech member, only to read one of fifty-six identically worded petitions against the language decrees, led to the first of those disgraceful outbursts that have made the Austrian Reichsrath a standing reproach to parliamentary institutions. A regular free fight took place on the floor of the House, in which even pocket-knives were drawn! The scenes that took place in this and the next few sittings

mock all description. The entry of one of the Vice-Presidents, Abrahamovicz or Kramarsch, was invariably the signal for yells of execration and volleys of abuse—occasionally also of ink-pots—from the Opposition. The Austrian House has no Serjeant-at-Arms or any effective means of compelling order. On the 25th Count Falkenhayn moved a resolution by which unruly members could be suspended by the Speaker for three sittings, or by a general vote of the House for a longer period up to thirty days, and removed, if necessary, by the police. The motion was rushed through somehow amid a scene of indescribable confusion. On the 26th the sitting had no sooner begun than the Opposition, led by the Social Democrats, made a rush to storm the barriers which had been erected as a safeguard around the President's seat. The President fled through a door, carrying away his bell and leaving the Social Democrats in possession of his seat, which they disputed in a fierce struggle with the majority. Suddenly sixty policemen appeared in the Chamber and forcibly dragged out some sixteen of the most prominent fighters, including Wolf and Schönerer. The sitting of the 27th was one wild tumult of howling, abuse, blowing of whistles and trumpets, stamping, and drumming of desks. The tumult in the Parliament spread into the streets of the capital. Riotous demonstrations against the Government took place on the night of the 27th and the morning of the 28th, and had to be suppressed by cavalry. The Emperor came back on the 27th, saw the rioting, and dismissed Badeni the next morning. The riots do not seem to have been nearly so serious as made out, and might with a little show of firmness have been suppressed. But Francis Joseph has cherished ever since 1848 a most wholesome dread of revolutions. A revolution in Vienna he was not prepared to risk merely in order to maintain a favourite minister.

However intelligible the motives which led the Germans to oppose the language decrees, there can be no two opinions as to the manner in which that opposition was carried out. The conduct of the minority has once and for all disposed of any claim the Germans ever had to be the champions of parliamentary and constitutional life in Austria. It is true that the President of the House and the majority exceeded their powers in rushing through the *Lex Falkenhayn*. But it is hard to see what else they could have done, unless they had given up the attempt to carry on Parliament altogether. The procedure of the House had

made no provision for the case of members preventing the carrying on of all business by sheer rowdiness. If the object of the minority was merely to overthrow Count Badeni, it succeeded well enough. But in every other respect its success has been but doubtful. It has got rid of Count Badeni, but it has not got rid of the Czechs. It has only made the national crisis more acute. The news of Count Badeni's dismissal created intense excitement in the provinces. In Prague the annoyance of the Czechs vented itself on December 1 and the following days in anti-German riots. Order was only restored by a general proclamation of martial law. At Gratz in Styria rioting took place between the Germans and Slovenes, and the employment of a Bosnian regiment to keep order only served to increase the bitterness of the Germans.

Count Badeni was followed by an interim ministry under Freiherr von Gautsch, who had been Minister of Education in the late Cabinet. The new minister modified the language decrees in one or two points, and endeavoured to bring about some sort of conference between the Czech and German leaders. But he met with no more success than Count Badeni in the summer. In the Bohemian Diet the Germans and Czechs did not actually come to blows, but no business could be got through. Finally, the Germans quitted the session rather than accept a motion of congratulation for the Emperor's jubilee which contained references to Bohemian autonomy. In March, Herr von Gautsch, seeing no hope of making peace in Bohemia or of settling the long overdue Ausgleich, resigned, and was followed by Count Thun. The inclusion in the Cabinet of Dr. Baernreither was intended to conciliate at least the more conservative Germans. The Czechs on their side were to be consoled by the gift of a place in the Cabinet to Dr. Kaizl, one of their most distinguished and at the same time most moderate leaders. Count Thun is an aristocrat of the old style, and has a fine and stately presence. Whether he is the man to set the broken-down Austrian parliamentary system into working order again the next few months will show. Up to the present his policy has been to mark time, and to prevent the noise of conflict disturbing the Emperor's jubilee. He has taken very good care not to compromise himself by declaring for any party, in the hope that both majority and Opposition may break up of themselves. Parliament reassembled in April. A motion for the impeachment of Count Badeni

was carried, after a violent scene, by the help of the Italian Liberals and by the abstention of almost all of the German Clericals. Count Thun treated the question as not interesting the Government at all, and was only glad to see the conduct of the Clericals effectively break up the 'iron ring' of the majority. At last, towards the end of April, the Premier came out with his long-expected declaration of policy. The declaration contained little that was definite, beyond a suggestion that a special committee should be formed to discuss the basis of a language law to supersede the much-controverted decrees. The minister must have known that the only possible chance of any result from the discussion would be if some draft proposal of the Government had been submitted to both sides for acceptance. But his object was apparently not to get a compromise just yet—which he probably believed quite impossible—but to provide material to amuse the House and keep it out of mischief till after the Jubilee celebrations. In the meanwhile the excitement might quiet down, and he might then bring forward some scheme which would be welcomed by the exhausted parties. But the plan has its dangers. The unrest in the provinces shows no signs of subsiding. In Graz the national hostilities have again taken a serious aspect. One of the worst signs of the trend of political development is the resignation of Dr. Lippert, which took place on May 23. Dr. Lippert was one of the most prominent members of the German party in the Bohemian Diet. But the rest of the party have lately been discovering that he is not nearly uncompromising enough in his hostility to his Czech fellow-citizens, and their attacks on him in the press and at party meetings finally forced him to resign. Everywhere the nationalist Gironde is being displaced by the Jacobins, with what issue no one can as yet foretell. Parliament, which had been prorogued over the delegations in May, has since had to be closed till the autumn. It is possible that Count Thun may discover, when it is too late, that in doing nothing he has managed to do an irreparable amount of harm.

The negotiations of Herr von Bilinski, Count Badeni's Finance Minister, with the Hungarian Government, for a renewal of the Ausgleich treaty, were begun as early as October 1895. By March 1897 most of the questions were settled and ready to be submitted to both Parliaments. Only the quota still remained to be fixed. In regard to the bank and the excise, Count Badeni made two important

concessions to the Hungarians. The joint bank was originally a purely Austrian concern. It was not till 1878 that Tisza persuaded the Austrian Government to give Hungary a share in it. Baron Bánffy now succeeded in gaining for Hungary an equal vote on the governing body. The revenue derived from the excise on spirits, beer, sugar, and petroleum was formerly assigned to the country in which it was paid by the manufacturers. Count Badeni now consented that it should go to the country in which the excisable articles were consumed. This is the only fair arrangement, as it is the consumer on whom the duty ultimately falls. Hungary, which imports nearly all her beer and sugar, will by this change benefit to the extent of some three million florins a year. These concessions Count Badeni made on some more or less definite understanding with Baron Bánffy that the latter would agree to an increase in the quota. Baron Bánffy, the concessions once safely in his pocket, now began to point out that the political situation in Hungary would render the possibility of his agreeing to an increase to the Hungarian quota very doubtful. The quota commissioners met in March 1897, but could come to no agreement. On April 6 followed the publication of the language decrees, and it soon became clear that the Opposition in Austria intended to obstruct the passage of the Ausgleich Bill, whatever its terms, in order to force the repeal of the hateful measure. Count Badeni would no doubt have been ready enough to make use of the discretionary Article XIV. in the Austrian Constitution to settle the question without reference to Parliament. But, according to Section 69 of the Hungarian Law of 1867, the treaty, to be valid, must be constitutionally passed in the Austrian territories as well as in Hungary.\*

After Count Badeni's fall Baron Bánffy, unwilling to cut Hungary adrift, brought forward a measure sanctioning the provisional continuation of the *status quo* till the end of 1898, giving the Austrian Government till May 1 to get a Bill passed in the Reichsrath. This proposal met with a strong opposition from the parties of the Extreme Left. These are opposed, largely on sentimental grounds, to any connexion with Austria whatsoever. But they also believe that Hungary would profit by separation, and that its infant

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\* The quota stands on a different constitutional footing to the Ausgleich. If the two parliaments can come to no agreement, it is fixed from year to year by the Emperor. In the present case the Emperor decided that the old ratio of 31·4 to 68·6 should be provisionally adhered to.

industry would be enabled to develop more rapidly if protected against Austrian competition. The Government eventually carried its point, but not till the beginning of 1898, so that, as a matter of constitutional law, the Ausgleich treaty had really lapsed. What will happen now with the Ausgleich it is hard to say. May 1 has long ago passed, and the Austrian Parliament has done nothing. Count Thun will no doubt do his best to get the Bill through this autumn. Nor is there any reason to believe that the Hungarian Government will refuse any reasonable extension of the present provisional arrangement. At the same time it is showing by the arrangements it is already beginning to make for a customs barrier and a new tariff that it is not minded to let the present state of affairs go on for ever.

There is a general conviction in all classes in Austria that Austria is unfairly treated in her financial relations with Hungary. This conviction is expressed in the current saying that Hungary enjoys 70 per cent. of the power in the Dual Monarchy for 30 per cent. of the cost. To a great extent the complaints of the Austrian commercial world about the Ausgleich must be interpreted as an expression of dissatisfaction with the actual condition of affairs at home. Austrian industry has for some time been at a standstill, a fact which was strongly brought out by the recent inquiry into the state of the export trade. Trade and industry are hampered by innumerable vexatious laws, by a bureaucracy devoted to the cult of red-tape and aristocratically contemptuous of the demands of the commercial and manufacturing class, by excessive railway tariffs, &c. The difficulties in the way of getting permission to start a company are excessive and quite disproportionate to any security supposed to be gained by the public. A manufacturer may have to wait for months to get permission to fit in a new boiler. In the towns it is extremely difficult to get leave to open the smallest shop. In Hungary everything is just the reverse. The ambition of the Magyars is to make Hungary a modern industrial state. Rates and taxes on a new factory are often remitted for a large number of years. Contrary to the spirit, and often sailing very close to the letter of the customs union with Austria, the Government favours Hungarian manufacturers by remission of customs duties on imported raw materials, by special tariffs on State railways, by prizes, bounties, preferences in all State contracts in a manner that often constitutes a quite effective protection against Austrian competition.

Whether Hungary really contributes less than her share is a very difficult question to decide, and involves the whole of the as yet very unsettled problem of taxable capacity. The quota was fixed in 1867 at 70:30, and has subsequently undergone only very slight modification. But Hungary has made great progress since then, and the Austrians not unnaturally claim that that progress should be recognised in the common contributions. The Hungarians maintain that the quota exacted in 1867 was far in excess of what Hungary ought to have paid, and was only accepted by the Hungarians in order to get the dual system started. Hungary has no doubt advanced greatly, but so has Austria, and, compared with Austria, Hungary is still a poor and backward country. A calculation based upon the taxable resources of both countries would show that Hungary is already paying as much as could be demanded. The present deadlock between the two quota commissions has arisen from the inability to arrive at any common basis for such a calculation. The Austrian commissioners proposed a quota of 58:42, taking as their basis (a) the proportion of the populations, which is as 57·8 to 42·2, (b) the proportion of the total gross income and expenditure budgets. The gross income of Austria during the period 1886-1894 was 4,880,176,883 florins, or an annual average of 542,241,876. For Hungary the figures are 3,667,714,469 and 407,523,829 respectively, or a proportion of 57·1 to 42·9. The gross expenditure of Austria for the same period was 4,865,687,017 florins, or an annual average of 540,631,891; of Hungary 3,508,482,434 and 389,831,381, or a proportion of 58·1 to 41·9. That mere numbers afford a test of taxable capacity is absurd, and the Hungarian commission disposed of that argument very shortly. At that rate both Ireland and India are ridiculously undertaxed as compared with England. On the second argument, the Hungarians replied that the expenditure of Hungary was, relatively to its capacity, much greater than that of Austria. In Hungary, owing to the neglected state in which the country had been left by Austrian misrule in 1867, the State had had to face an excessive expenditure in order to bring the administration up to the European level. Here, too, the Magyars seem to have the best of the argument. The amount of the State Budget represents not only the tax-bearing capacities of a country, but the amount of work the State takes upon itself to do. It would be ridiculous to exact a higher quota from one of two otherwise equal States because it happened to nationalise



its railway system and thus add a large sum on both sides of its Budget account. The Hungarian commission based their defence of the existing quota on a comparison of the gross revenue from direct taxation, excluding such taxes as are only paid in one of the two States. The figures here amount for the same period to 1,522,262,235 florins, or an annual average of 169,150,248, for Hungary; and for Austria 3,425,729,156, an average of 380,636,573, or a proportion of 30·6,765 : 69·235. Excise on beer, spirits, sugar, and petroleum gave in the same period a proportion of 28·65 : 71·01. These arguments the Hungarians back up by a few figures derived from various industries. The proportion of the production of minerals in value is 24·39 to 75·61; of coal consumption (1894) 20:80; of estimated capital invested or deposited, 27·7 : 72·3; of governmental securities held in both countries, 13:87; of postal and money orders sent to Hungary from Austria compared with those sent to Austria from Hungary, 24·3 : 75·7; of post office savings banks deposits, 28·84 : 71·16; of membership of benevolent societies as 14·88 : 85·12; of total industrial population, 24·52 : 75·48. These of course are selected statistics and might have to be modified on closer examination. Moreover, Hungary is mainly an agricultural State, and a comparison of its industrial population and industrial produce is really valueless. Though here again the Hungarians point out that the great fall in agricultural prices has hit Hungary much harder than Austria. In the last fourteen years the volume of Hungarian trade has increased some 80 per cent., its value only 18·65. In any case the justice of the Austrian demand is by no means so self-evident as the Austrians pretend. But there are other factors to be taken into consideration besides the quota. Hungary pays for the expenses of the joint army in the ratio of 31·4 to 68·6, but she provides recruits to it in the ratio of her population, viz. 42 per cent.; in other words, her share in the 'blood-tax' exceeds the figure indicated in the quota. Then of the joint expenditure, some 51 million florins—roughly about a third—is derived not from the quota, but from the common customs, and it is by no means easy to determine in what proportion the two countries bear this burden. Furthermore, the joint tariff is one not merely for revenue, but for the protection of certain industries in both countries. Hungarian statisticians have made out that Hungary loses 40 millions annually by paying for highly protected Austrian goods, instead of either getting the goods cheaper from England or

Germany, or at least protecting her own industries and netting the whole of the duty. This argument is based on Hungarian figures as to Austrian imports, which are probably overestimated. It also neglects the sums Austria loses by having to buy Hungarian wheat, and the fact that Hungary at present, in getting 30 per cent. of the joint customs, gets more than her share. It is likely, indeed, that a separation which would put Austria on the same footing as other countries in Hungary, and *vice versa*, would inflict a more serious blow on Austrian manufacturers than on Hungarian corn-growers. Food-stuffs and such necessities can always find a market, while manufactures which have grown up under protection may go to the wall entirely. Such a complete separation is, however, unlikely to occur. Hungary alone, with her almost wholly agricultural population, and with her limited credit, would, as the result of a single bad year, undergo a terrible economic crisis. The Hungarian Government, though preparing its schemes for commercial independence, is almost certain to do its best to continue the *Ausgleich*, even if it has to make some concessions on the quota. It might even go so far as to transgress the constitutional provisions of the Act of 1867. Those provisions were meant to prevent a despotic ruler utilising the resources of Austria to suppress Hungarian liberties. The relative position of the two States has changed so completely since then that Hungary has no reason to fear for her own liberty in the abeyance of the Constitution in Austria.

To what goal Austro-Hungary is steering no one can foretell. The most stable element where all is instability is Hungary. In some form or other the Magyar national State is likely to continue. The last has by no means been heard of the nationality question in Hungary. But, after all, nationalism is not an absolute essential in politics. It has dominated this century, as the religious movement dominated the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But another twenty or thirty years may see it relegated to quite a secondary place. Social questions are, in fact, more likely than national ones to endanger the present Government in Hungary, unless it condescends to treat them in a more serious and attentive spirit than hitherto. As regards Hungary's relations with Austria, there are two theories which compete for the national approval. The one is contained in the programme of the parties of independence, the parties that look back to 1848 and seek their inspiration from

the traditions of Rákóczy, Bethlen Gabor, and Kossuth. These look to the complete separation of the two States as their object. They tried last year to prevent the continuation of the *Ausgleich*; they agitate for a separate Hungarian army; and, in fact, wish to narrow down the connexion with Austria to a mere personal union. The other view is that held by all the ablest men of the Government party, and is the view so clearly set forth in the younger Count Andrassy's book. Hungary is a small State, and, in the circumstances of modern international politics and commerce, only the big States can maintain their position. The union with Austria supplies Hungary with the big battalions and the credit of a rich State, and provides an ever open market for her exports. The curtailment of her independence in the union is nothing to the real curtailment Hungary would suffer if she stood alone in the world, like some petty Balkan State, at the mercy of diplomatic and commercial 'pressure' applied by her neighbours. Meanwhile the internal disturbances of Austria, while not very appreciably lessening her material or military strength, make Hungary's voice supreme in the whole domain of common affairs. This supremacy it is Hungary's task to develop still further. When Hungary has grown to a modern industrial State, when her population has outstripped that of the rest of the empire, when Budapest has become the political and commercial capital of the Dual Monarchy, then the Magyars will at last be able to realise the ambition of their greatest ruler, King Matthias Corvinus, who in 1485 drove Frederick the Habsburg headlong out of Vienna, and for a time administered Austria from his Hungarian capital. This ambitious policy will have to contend with the strongest centrifugal tendencies both at home and in Austria, where the resentment of Hungarian supremacy is daily growing. The Magyar Government is hated in Austria by the Clericals as Calvinist and Liberal, by the social democracy as the oppressor of Agrarian Socialism and the representative of rampant industrial capitalism, and by all the anti-Semitic parties as protector and confederate of the Jews.

There is a general conviction among Magyar politicians that it is no longer worth Hungary's while to support the German supremacy in Cisleithania. The support of the Germans dates to a time when the Germans upheld the *Ausgleich*, while the other nationalities were clamouring for a federalism which would have split Hungary up into autonomous Roumanian, Servian, Croatian, and Slovak provinces.

At the present day Hungary has nothing to fear from federalism in Austria. The breaking up of Austria into a loose coalition of jealous States, whose combined votes would only equal the Hungarian vote to the delegation, could not fail to strengthen the Hungarian supremacy in the Habsburg empire. Another Hohenwart may rise up to satisfy the claims of the federalist party in Hungary. But no Hungarian minister is likely again to imitate Count Andrassy's conduct and insist on his dismissal.

In dealing with Hungary we can speak of alternative policies, and discuss their possible results. In the case of Austria we have nothing but a warfare of discordant forces. There is no one that is fit to lead, or that has any vision beyond the immediate present. The one thing that seems most certain is that the present system has come to be unworkable. Yet even so, the crisis may drag on for years in a more or less acute form, impeding all political, industrial, and social progress, and reducing Austria to the condition of a Turkey in the heart of Europe—till perhaps some great war changes the whole map of Europe and makes an end of Liliputian national ambitions, or till some great social revolution dismisses all the political paraphernalia of voting classes, of aristocratic and clerical prerogatives, of historical and national rights to the lumber-room, and sets men fighting with each other on real issues.

The prophets who airily foretell the immediate break up of the Austrian Empire neglect the enormous external pressure to which the keystone of the European arch is subjected. The break up of Austria would not only create a general European war, it would require a general European war to produce it. There is only one element in Austria which is a serious danger to the existence of the Empire, and that is the Germans. It must be remembered that it is only since 1866 that German Austria has been excluded from that Germany of which for so many centuries it was the leading part. Bismarck, in his stern, practical way, decided that, in the nineteenth century at least, there was no room in Germany for both Hohenzollerns and Habsburgs. But the dream of German unity has never quite died out, and now that the Germans in Austria have begun not only to realise that their supremacy has been lost, but also to believe that their very national existence is in danger, it is inevitable that they should cast their eyes across the border. Why should

they peddle about any longer in this 'Bohemian-Hungarian-Polish Donnybrook,' and be tyrannised over by a miscellaneous crew of 'interesting nationalities'? Why not rather belong to a Great German Empire, extending from the North Sea to the Adriatic, and presenting an impassable barrier to Slav aggression? The enormous material progress made by Germany since 1870 has not been without its moral effect on Austria. The Bohemian manufacturer, with every natural facility in his favour, can scarcely, in spite of a heavy protective tariff, hold his own in the Hungarian market, while his fellow-countryman across the border is capturing the trade of the world. Germany's vigorous support of her industries abroad, her bold and skilful policy in the Turkish Empire and in China, have created a deep impression. The Pan-German idea has made great strides during the recent troubles; the German school teachers are its devoted apostles, and the results of their preaching will be visible in the next generation. But it must be remembered that a poll taken at the present day would show only an exceedingly small portion of the Germans in Austria eager for annexation to Germany. The movement is not generally popular, except just among the Germans of North Bohemia. Nor has it as yet an intellectual leader. Loyalty to the House of Habsburg is still very strong with the mass of the Austrian-German people. Even the death of Francis Joseph may not shake that loyalty as much as is usually supposed in England. Nor can Prussia be over eager to increase South Germany by the addition of some eight million Catholics, and thus turn the balance against Protestantism and Prussian supremacy—not to speak of the alien elements, Czechs, Slovenes, Italians, which the necessity of geographical symmetry will oblige her to include. Still, the same argument was once used to prove the impossibility of Prussia's incorporating the South German States. And yet Prussia did it, and even the 'Kulturkampf' has now almost passed away. For an ambitious and imaginative monarch like William II. the idea of restoring the Holy Roman Empire 'Deutscher Nation' must possess a great fascination. And the Pan-Germanic movement, if its professed adherents are few, has a great latent following. Every educated German in Austria has inwardly pondered the solution offered by incorporation with Germany. Even if he has rejected the idea, it is familiar to him. In a time of general disturbance in Europe, when the external compressing forces are removed, and when conflicting

sympathies aggravate the internal discords of Austria, the desire for union with Germany may suddenly spring up almost over-night and master the whole German population.

But, apart from such incalculable contingencies, there is no doubt that some very considerable organic change must sooner or later take place in Austria. The solution of suspending the Constitution and governing absolutely for a while is one which may very possibly be adopted. But it is no real solution. Austria cannot work constitutionalism in its present form, but after thirty years and more of it she will not stand absolutism for long; and when absolutism is dropped, the old problems and rivalries will remain, perhaps even in an aggravated form. The most likely solution, and the least unsatisfactory under existing circumstances, lies in the direction of federalism. In 1867 the Germans might, by reasonable concessions, have secured themselves the mastery in the greater part of the Austrian provinces. But the concessions which would have sufficed then will not suffice to-day. The story of Tarquin and the Sibyl has its political exemplification. The mere enlarging of the powers of the Diet, and the diminishing of the authority of the Reichsrath, such as the federalist resolution of the majority demanded last year, could not settle the difficulty. The seventeen diets, ranging in size from the great parliaments of Bohemia and Galicia to the little district councils of Görz and Vorarlberg, are much too heterogeneous bodies ever to form a workable federal system. Austria would have to be broken up into the divisions into which it most naturally falls, both ethnologically and geographically—viz. Galicia and the Bukovina, the kingdom of Bohemia, including Moravia and Silesia, German Austria, including the Italian Tyrol and Trieste, and the South Slav provinces. Such a federation will be complicated and clumsy, but it will be more workable than the present system. In return for such a concession the Czechs would be ready to give to the Germans adequate guarantees for the protection of their national existence. Nor is it really likely that three million Germans, mainly inhabiting a compact territory and in contact with German-speaking peoples on every side, could be so easily denationalised or deprived of their voice in the affairs of State. But the carrying out of such a complete rearrangement of Austria can only succeed under the guidance of some great statesman, some ‘philosopher king’ standing above con-

flicting ambitions. And a great or an impartial statesman is not to be found in Austria to-day.

In this year the Emperor Francis Joseph is celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of his accession to the throne of the Habsburgs. For half a century he has conscientiously done his duty as a sovereign, amid disappointments and disasters public and private. But he has not been a great ruler. The mistakes of his earlier years can hardly be brought against him now. But he has done nothing since which could win him a place among statesmen, or gain him the lasting gratitude of his subjects. He has not used the great powers at his discretion in furtherance of any consistent plan. His policy has ever been one of expedients and makeshifts, with the result that everything in Austria has become uncertain and unstable, and that no one can tell what the morrow may bring forth. He has contrived to make permanent the state so aptly expressed by the German phrase, 'Monarchie auf Kündigung.' He found the Austrian Empire on the point of dissolution : after fifty years he has left it in the same condition as he found it.

ART. II.—*The Red, Green, Blue, Yellow, and Pink Fairy Books.* Edited by ANDREW LANG. London: 1895 and 1897.

‘**L**ES Contes des Fées ont été long tems à la mode, et ‘dans ma jeunesse on ne lisoit gueres que cela dans ‘le monde.’ So the Comte de Caylus wrote in 1768, when his labours, both as an antiquary and a fairy-tale writer, were drawing to their end. The fashion of his youth was also in its decline. Fashions in fiction are possibly, of all literary fashions, the most mutable, and the voice of the French fairy-tale teller would doubtless have ceased in the land, even if it had not been forcibly silenced by the great hurricane of revolution. When Robert Southey amused his pen with a characteristic classification of contemporary works of fiction according to the botanical system of Linnæus, he asserted the impermanence of their nature with his usual intrepid dogmatism. They did not find favour in his sight. ‘Many are poisonous,’ such is his final conclusion, ‘few of any use, and by far the greater number’ (it is a consolatory reflexion) ‘are merely annuals.’ And whatever exception may be taken to the preliminary and condemnatory clauses of his verdict, the truth of the last will be universally admitted.

But while incontestably literary fashions in all manner of fiction pass, they have many ways of passing. Some, it may well be, die, and are buried, beyond hope, or it may be fear, of future resurrection. Others, and these form perhaps the majority, having once survived the perilous ordeals of birth, die only to revive under new conditions of time and of place. In the matter of fairy tales these last decades of the nineteenth century have certainly seen a recrudescence of the fashion recorded by the Comte de Caylus as characteristic of his day and generation. Originated in the Italy of the sixteenth century by Giovanni Francesco Straparola, in the fairy-tale sections of his ‘*Piacevoli Notti*,’\* the literary form of the fairy tale was perpetuated by Basile in his ‘*Pentamerone*.’† In the last years of the ‘*Roi Soleil*,’ Charles Perrault—the father of the *Contes des Fées* of the eighteenth century—initiated the same fashion in France,‡

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\* *Piacevoli Notti*. Part i. 1550; Part ii. 1554. Translated into French 1585.

† *Pentamerone*, 1672.

‡ *Contes*, 1697.



setting an example to a host of imitators, of whom Mme. d'Aulnoy may be accepted as the leading representative. While in Germany, at the close of the same century, the *Märchen à la mode* of Wieland's friend and follower, Musæus, gave rise to a kindred literary movement. The same spirit found a somewhat diversified expression in the brilliant supernaturalism of the tales of Tieck and Hoffmann, and eventually bestowed upon the 'Volksmärchen,'\* collected and published in their simpler forms by the Brothers Grimm, a world-wide popularity.

In England the infection spread under different auspices. Broadly speaking, the English fairy tale has been relegated to the schoolroom library. The Italian fairy tale, the French, and the German appealed to a wider audience. Straparola's *favole* are recounted to an imaginary circle of keen-witted courtiers and scholars. The French *conte* was a vehicle of covert satire, no less than a narrative of imaginative adventure. The final developement of the supernatural in Germany has still less affinity with the fairy tales of the nursery. Yet undoubtedly, even in England, the fairy tale—apart from the scientific interest attached to it by the folklorist as myth, apart from the historical interest it may possess for the evolutionist as containing 'fossil' 'records' of the manners and customs of primitive civilisations—has become a distinct vehicle of literary expression to men and women of the most diverse capacities and attainments. Competitors in the art of fairy invention have ridden forth, armed cap-à-pie from every side, and have entered the lists to contend for a prize which, in our day, must finally be adjudged by that most incorruptible of umpires—the nursery. Charles Kingsley laid aside his propaganda of muscular Christianity to compose his fairy morality of 'The Water Babies,' and his undeservedly forgotten 'Boy in Grey,' where Maggie Tulliver floats down the river reading her Thomas à Kempis, and the Blackbird on the Thorn at Michael's gate pleads the cause of the Magdalene. Mr. Ruskin suspended his gospels of art to indite the 'King of the Golden River.' Thomas Carlyle, governed by some lenient mood, translated Tieck's delicate fairy masterpiece of 'The Elves' and his 'Magic Goblet,' as well as many of the coarse-grained *Märchen* of Musæus. Mr. George MacDonald, in his short stories, and notably in his longer and most fastidiously imaginative 'Phantastes,' has achieved

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\* Volksmärchen, 1782.

the romance of fairyland. Lord Brabourne essayed its everyday prose in some half-dozen volumes. Or to go back yet further, Sara Coleridge, as early as 1837—when, as she herself stated, ‘to print a fairy tale was the very way to be ‘not read’—published her fairy novel ‘Phantasmion;’ and thirty-two years later Jean Ingelow forsook the art of graceful verse-writing to adventure her fortunes in the field with the author of ‘Alice in Wonderland,’ first issued in 1866. And whether in Sara Coleridge’s fiction of imaginative thought, or in Jean Ingelow’s ‘Mopsa’—the poet’s fiction of imaginative fancy—or in the fiction of the accomplished humourist, who used the incongruities of his wonderland for the exercise of his imaginative wit, the fairy tale thus presented in various shapes to the world commended itself to the suffrages of old and young, and has retained them to this day.

In the wake of these greater lights others have followed fast and thick. Moreover, setting aside works of original invention, tales, *favole*, *contes*, and *Märchen* have been appropriated from the storehouses of past centuries and introduced in ever-increasing numbers in English guise to English readers, while such series as those edited by Mr. Jacobs and Mr. Andrew Lang have, we may almost say, received their ultimate stamp as current nursery coin.

With regard to the past the English fairy-tale collector of to-day has a great tradition behind him. It is a tradition whose record is preserved, now more now less apparently, in each reissue of old stories. The nursery as well as the library has its classics; and fickle in its joys, transient in its attachments, childhood from generation to generation has kept a tenacious hold upon the stories it has once elected to crown with especial favour. Authors may come and authors may go, but in some version or another Puss in Boots, Cinderella, Beauty and the Beast, the Fair One with Golden Locks, and the rest of their company, live on, and few editors would care to challenge the imperious censorship of the nursery press without including some at least of these in their volumes. It is not in truth always easy to specify what is the intrinsic quality of incident or character of individual stories which has determined the selection of those, the few unforgotten, from amongst the mass of the many unremembered. Probably it has been but the happy favouritism of chance, the arbitrary residue of the ‘one ‘taken and the other left;’ and it is only when we view them from the literary standpoint that we can analyse the

qualities which account for the survival amongst us of the schools of schoolroom fiction represented by the eighteenth-century fairy tales of France and Germany.

The primary origin of both *conte* and *Märchen* was doubtless independent of the nationalities whose characteristics they assimilated. Their roots may well be said to lie east of the sun and west of the moon as far as the lay reader is concerned; like the baby in George Macdonald's rhymes, they have come to us 'out of the anywhere into here.' Yet, whencesoever they came, the Italy of the sixteenth century gave the first impulse towards the elaboration of the art of fairy fiction. 'All the best French fairy tales,' Dunlop asserts in his history of fiction of Mme. d'Aulnoy's as well as of most others which compose the *Cabinet des Fées*, 'are 'mere translations' from the *Piacevoli Notti* of Straparola. The statement, however, would seem to have been made somewhat at a venture, for Mme. d'Aulnoy alone has written tales which fill four volumes, while of Straparola's seventy-three *favole* only some twelve or thirteen can be properly classed in the ranks of the genuine fairy tale. Moreover, Dunlop himself in a later section of his work points out a debt of equal magnitude owed by the French *conte* to the *Pentameron* of Basile.

Nor, indeed, can the stories, stolen from the delicate Venetian framework of the old Italian storyteller, and placed amongst the forty-one volumes of the voluminous collection referred to by Dunlop,\* be described fairly as 'mere translations.' Even where the theme remains to a certain extent unaltered, the atmosphere is so wholly changed as to effect a complete transformation of the subject matter. The notes may be the same, but they are played upon a far different instrument. It is true that the 'Maître Chat' of Charles Perrault is nearly identical with the wise but bootless Cat of Costantino,† although even here there are characteristic variations. His 'Peau d'Ane' contains incontestably a reminiscence—but scarcely more than a reminiscence—of some of the incidents in the life of the small-handed Doralice.‡ And the well-known tales of *Les Illustres Fées* founded upon Straparola's Bianca Bella, Fortunio, Guerrino; Mme. d'Aulnoy's Dauphin, Prince Mar-

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\* *Le Cabinet des Fées, ou Collection choisie des Contes des Fées.* Genève: 1787-79.

† *Piacevoli Notti.* XI. Night, 1st Favola.

‡ *Ibid.* I. Night, 4th Favola.

cassin and Belle-Etoile, founded upon his Luciana, the bride of Peter the Fool, Il Re Porco, and Chiaretta and the Star Children, all deviate widely from their originals, while *La Belle aux Cheveux d'or* meets a disastrous and not undeserved fate at the hands of the Italian Avenant.\* It is hardly an exaggeration to say that in these the similarity of incidents does little more than emphasise the diversity of treatment. The pen of the brilliant Frenchwoman, with its faint undertone of satire, has metamorphosed almost past recognition the imaginations of the sixteenth-century Venetian.

But the difference lies deeper than the differences of treatment. The old Italian tale, if not in Straparola's case a work of literary art, was the work of an artist by race, sentiment, and instinct; and formless and diffuse as the stories are, they have the unity of purpose, the singleness of motive that art exacts. The French *conte* is, contrariwise, complex; the story as story is not seldom a subordinate element. The *conte* was above all things a *jeu d'esprit*, it was full of side thrusts, of double-entendre. Serving for the play of the keen-edged wit of its authors, it wholly lacks the serener grace, the tranquil sincerity and simplicity which constitute the supreme charm of elder fairy narratives. It has always about it the atmosphere of the extravaganza; and it is—according to the custom of its country—artificial to the core. 'Quelqu'un de parfaitement naturel chez nous 'devrait être montré à la foire—ce sera un phénomène,' said one of the most accomplished Frenchwomen of the century, and in this, as in most things, the *conte* bears the hall-mark of its time.

Nowhere does the distinction make itself more felt than in the lengthy descriptive passages. In Straparola these are touched with so light a hand that it is often difficult to find a single passage to justify the clear conceptions we gain of the loveliness of his damozels, and the fair seeming of his youths. We catch sight of their beauty, as it were, only by chance, and that but rarely. Of Guerrino we hear once 'tanto era bello che pareva una mattutina rosa;' a glimpse of the king's sad daughter, Doralice, mourning her untoward destiny by the open casement, in the tale of Fortunio, shows us 'la vermiglia guancia sopra la tenera e 'delicata mano.' It is merely by such passing phrases that we come unawares to our own vision of those faces of youths and girls as they rise before us, very fair and somewhat

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\* *Piacevoli Notti*. III. Night, 2nd Favola.

grave, recalling the semblance of the gentle Madonnas of the older Italian painters or the golden-haired St. Michaels and St. Georges of faded frescoes.

The heroine of Mme. Murat or Mme. d'Aulnoy, of Mademoiselle de la Force, the Comte de Caylus, Mme. de Villeneuve and the rest of their school, is dealt with otherwise. She, too, is fair to think on, but it is the fairness of the 'prince of Court painters,' Anthony Watteau's powdered ladies and brocaded shepherdesses. We are spared no detail of her features. 'De grands yeux, une petite bouche, le nez bien fait.' Her complexion must be of 'la fraîcheur des fleurs du printemps,' her hair curled in the last mode, her toilette a work of art in itself, and, in especial, she must be 'bien coiffée.' Rosanie, in Mademoiselle l'Héritier's *Ricdin-Ricdon* (the French version of *Rumplestiltskin*), even at twelve years old is endowed with skill to place 'une mouche avec d'aussi judicieuses réflexions que les femmes de cinquante ans.'

Straparola likewise delineates pictures of ideal outward grace, but it is chiefly to use the beauty of his heroes or heroines as an adjunct to some scene of fantastic imagery. In Bianca-Bella, discarding the fairy godmother and her baptismal gifts, he has made the bestowal of beauty serve for the introduction of an episode of pictorial loveliness. In the walled garden of Bianca-Bella's queen mother he evokes the wise snake-sister, Samaritana, and where the vase of milk and the vase of rose-water are ready set amongst the fragrant herbs and flowers, he describes how, at the hands of the glittering serpent-woman, the wondering child receives her baptism of beauty. Henceforth she is whiter than milk, the scent of the rose is upon her, and 'dalle candide mani vengono rose, viole, e di ogni sorti fiori.' In the French *Blanche-Belle* there is no parallel to this scene, while, in the same manner, the translator ignores the careful picturesqueness of the trial of Guerrino, when, at peril of his life, the prince must choose his true bride. Before him stand the two white-veiled, silk-shrouded sisters, Potentiana, of the 'chiome d'oro,' and that other princess whose fairer locks 'a guisa di finissimo argento rilucono.' The little incident is painted with that secret of visualising that belongs to the true artist of story-making. The silent white figures against a background of sunlight, the eager prince, who watches long for a sign, the advent of the 'humming bee,' who at noontide three times encircles the 'chiaro

‘viso e le chiome d’oro,’\* and whose insistent flight is three times warded off by the raised hand of Guerrino’s true love, do not so much as appear in the scene of the prosaic courtship of the French Guerino. Moreover, when there is no actual absolute omission, where episode follows episode in the translation, where the very same scene finds its place in the same sequence of events, the contrast of manner is as singularly manifest. In the tale of Luciana and Peter the Fool, where the baby of undiscovered parentage is brought into the crowd who throng the palace halls, while its unknown beggar father stands without, Straparola’s words are few—‘Tutti lo accarezzavano, dandogli chi un frutto, chi un fiore, e chi altra cosa; ma il bambino tutti con mano li ricusava’—the sketch is complete; babyhood, fruit, and flowers are in it, an harmonious triumvirate of earth’s fairest offsprings. At the touch of Mme. d’Aulnoy’s pen the suggested harmony is shattered. ‘Chacun venoit baiser sa menotte, et lui présenter une rose de pierreries, des fruits artificiels, un lion d’or, un loup d’agate, un cheval d’ivoire, un épagneul, un perroquet, un papillon. Il prenoit tout cela avec indifférence.’ Here and throughout the French *conte* is, one may almost say, the fairy tale of adjectives. ‘Se io havessi il re per mio marito,’ said Chiaretta, the baker’s daughter, ‘gli farei tre figliuoli. Ciascuno di loro harebbe i capelli giù per le spalle annodati e meschi con finissimo oro, e una collana al collo, e una stella in fronte.’ ‘Je me vante,’ said Blondine, whose birth was royal, ‘que j’aurois deux beaux garçons et une belle fille . . . que leurs cheveux tomberoient par anneaux, répandant de fines pierres, avec une brillante étoile sur le front, et le cou entouré d’une riche chaîne d’or.’

So it is that everywhere the Italian instinct towards the life beautiful is supplanted by the French impulse towards the life ornate. Decoration is piled upon decoration. Even the fairy element is subject to the same rule of exaggeration. Straparola’s fairies are few and far to seek. His enchantments belong to the pervasive and undemonstrative magic of the East; the thread of the supernatural is interwoven almost imperceptibly in the woof of events; the wonders that occur of speaking horses, transformations of man and beast, of moving puppets, of spells and incantations, are so simply taken for granted that they scarcely suggest any

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\* See also Grimm’s ‘Queen Bee.’

unwonted disorder in the economies of nature. But the *conte* added innumerable fairy personalities to the supernaturalism of the elder tales. Their magic is a violent and exterior agency, their spells are worked by a human being endowed with powers transcending those possessed by ordinary mortals. Yet this race is of no spiritual or ethereal essence. 'Une fée est une femme ordinaire, ce n'est pas 'une créature d'un ordre supérieur,' the translator of 'Les Aventures d'Abdalla' explains; they have no part nor lot in the spirit world to which the Eastern genii or the Celtic fairy belong. They have neither the mystery nor the glamour which hangs over both the one and the other; they are little more than the conventional agents for the dislocation of the common sequences of the events of common life. They are the crude conception of a nation whose literary genius embodied the essence of the creed of reason; they are fairies of the age of Voltaire, of Diderot, and of d'Alembert, thinking, feeling, moralising, speaking, and above all dressing, according to the latest Court fashion of the last days of Louis XIV. or the earlier decades of the reign of Louis XV. Their authors do not so much as pretend to believe in their own creations. 'Sieh! das ist eine wahre 'Geschichte!' the half-wistful phrase of Hans Andersen's—the expression of a would-be credulity, recurring so often in the course of his story-telling—conveys the extreme converse of their attitude. They would not, even if they could, believe, they do not even play at belief. The encyclopædists are at the gate, the citadel of the whole world's childhood (and the grown years of men have a childhood no less than the years of their infancy), fairyland itself, has surrendered its golden key into the hands of the infidel. Thus it is that the fairy of the courtly school of the French *conte* comes before us in hard outlines, without glamour and without illusion. The low-lying mists of marshland and moorland, the drifting sea-mists of grey northern seas, the twilight hazes, the moon mists and sun mists, the dusk of great forests, the echoes of solitary mountains and deep caves, the flame-forms and smoke-forms and shadow-forms which have given birth to the myriad spirit-images of other lands, play no part in her nativity. 'Sit outside your door 'to-morrow evening, and wait and watch until the shadows 'have crept up the heather, and, when the mountain top is 'gleaming like a golden spear, look at the line where the 'shadow on the heather meets the sunshine, and you shall 'see what you shall see,' said the bird in the modern Irish

legend \* to Connla, king-to-be in 'Erin of the Streams.' But the fairies of the *conte* were born neither of the shadows nor of the sunshine, neither of the mist or the gold or the purple of hill side or mountain summit. In them there is no blurring of the demarcation between the natural and the supernatural. They have no part or lot in the mysteries of sunset dreams. They are, in truth, little more than pieces of stage property—the purely mechanical inventions of a popular literary fashion.

Thus it is that the French *conte*, despite all its borrowings and adaptations of the fairy tales of other nations, stands so significantly alone, the creation of its own day and its own country. It reflects at every turn the unrealities of the atmosphere, moral and mental, of that one small section of humanity, 'la bonne compagnie' of unprovincial France, and it has undoubtedly the gains of its losses. Because of this narrow limitation it has attained a singular and concise perfection of its own. It appeals to the fancy with all the restless glitter of a Paris pageant of the period; it is a pantomime of flashing tinsel, mock gems, and artificial flowers. The open-air scenes are those of the Fêtes Galantes and Fêtes Champêtres of Watteau, where lords and ladies, princes and princesses, powdered and patched and rouged, play at ease their 'garden comedy' of life. The shepherds and shepherdesses belong to the pastoral scenes of Boucher. Their crooks are of jewelled ivory and inlaid mother-of-pearl; their flocks are duly be-curled and beribboned; and their pastures are the green fields of Elysium.

' There sheep are full  
Of softest grass and softest wool.  
There birds sing consorts, garlands grow,  
Cool winds do whisper, springs do flow.  
There always is a rising sun,  
And day is ever but begun.  
Shepherds there bear equal sway,  
And every nymph's a Queen of May.' †

We, looking backwards, may view a sombre background enough of reality to such Arcadian masquerades, a vision of La Bruyère's tragic peasant—a savage animal, black, livid, and sunburnt, uttering semi-articulate cries; groundward bowed figures which only when they start to their feet are seen by the passer-by to have the semblance of

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\* Irish Fairy Tales. E. Leamy.

† Andrew Marvel.



humanity. But such images were unseen by the eyes of the gay *noblesse* of eighteenth-century France, who, as de Tocqueville points out, found a favourite pastime up to the very brink of 1793 in depicting with glowing rose-colours the condition of those forlorn wrecks of human life—the peasantry and the poor, at whose hands they were so soon about to perish.

Yet even Arcadian shepherdesses appear but seldom upon the scenes of the *conte*. Where they do they are for the most part ladies of royal birth, whose adverse fortunes alone occasion them to wear the guise of a woodcutter's daughter or a peasant's fosterling. For the rest, the gardens represented are the gardens of the Grand Trianon, with its fountains, its clipped trees in their square tubs, its formal avenues, and flower-beds like those pictured in the Tuileries Pleasaunces, arranged in symmetrical embroidery patterns. We may imagine the French Cinderella a guest at some *fête* at Versailles, one of the crowd who thronged the royal halls, with its background of tall pillared windows, with statues standing each in its own recess, with gilded decorations and multitudinous candelabras suspended above the green gaming tables; the musicians playing in the high gallery, and dancers dancing stately minuets below; or, perhaps it might be, mingling with the gay groups at one of the less decorously magnificent masquerades of Paris which, if we may believe it, presented a no less gorgeous spectacle than did the memorable ball of the lost slipper. And undoubtedly the pumpkin carriage that bore Cinderella to the palace was modelled after the fashion of those sedan-chair shaped chariots we see pictured in Lacroix's annals of the century;\* carriages of tawdry splendour, as Horace Walpole saw them parading the Paris streets in 1740—'carriages which,' he says, 'might have served for the nuptials of Cupid and Psyche.' The very feasts and fairy banquetings mirror the importance attached to the art of cooking in its most brilliant epoch, when one of her intimates could assure Madame du Deffand more than half seriously that 'le souper est une des quatre fins de l'homme;' adding, 'Je ne me rappelle pas quelles sont les trois autres.'

And the manners, no less than the surroundings, the bowings, courtesying, complimentings, are the manners, bows, courtesies, and compliments of the same world of city

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\* The XVIII. Century, France 1700–1789. Paul Lacroix.

and Court. No breaches of etiquette, no neglect of the obligations of rank, are permitted even under the most extenuating circumstances. The dialogues are sustained with the utmost politeness. The small figures, clear cut as cameos, who play the lovers' parts in the little comedies, are always perfectly well bred and exquisitely decorous. They are invariably 'Sir' and 'Madam' to each other through the most critical episodes of their careers; there is never a point in the story where the strictest conventions of good breeding are relaxed. 'S'il ne faut transporter dans les arts que l'imitation de la bonne compagnie, les Français seuls en sont vraiment capables!'<sup>\*</sup> And in the *conte* 'la bonne compagnie,' if it still exists, may truly find its ideal in miniature. 'Elle lui dit mille choses obligeantes, auxquelles il répondit par mille autres qui ne l'étoient pas moins,' so the prince and princess in 'L'Oiseau Bleu'<sup>†</sup> pass the time of their courtship. Nor are fewer civilities interchanged elsewhere, although we learn, regretfully, that good manners were already on the wane—they were not what they were when in 'les vieux temps l'en complimentoit tout un jour.' Last, not least, the morals are the ceremonial morals of Madame de Maintenon's reformation. All the virtues are inculcated with an anxious assiduity which suggests they were rather of exotic than indigenous birth. Perrault appended a formal 'Moralité' in verse to each of his tales, Madame d'Aulnoy and her fellows in many cases followed his example, and fairies, kings, counsellors, and queens all combine, in a manner worthy of Fénelon himself, to minister to the instruction of youth. In both Italian and German stories, as far as character is concerned, a certain frank neutrality prevails. Luck rather than conduct determines the issues of the day. From the French *conte* such neutrality is rigorously banished. The smallest infringement of the precepts of the catechism is always—except in the matter of truth, for lying is an authorised licence—severely punished. The hero is almost always irreproachable. He is brave, modest, generous, courteous, and constant. The heroine adds to these qualities the grace of implicit obedience to those in authority over her, of infinite patience and infinite industry in the performance of her allotted tasks. Further, she must be capable of a profound sense of gratitude, and observe to the very letter the con-

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<sup>\*</sup> Allemagne. Mme. de Staël.

<sup>†</sup> Cabinet, vol. ii.

tract of a plighted promise. 'Une princesse,' says Perrault briefly when the princess in 'Riquet à la Houppe' weds her most uncomely bridegroom, 'n'a que sa parole.' The tragic endings of the yellow dwarf\* and the wonderful sheep†—two of the few tragic endings to be found in the fairy tales of the Cabinet—are both consequent upon the non-performance of a given pledge. It was in illustration of such an ethical standard of feminine honour that Laidronette, in her recovered loveliness, in 'Serpentin Vert,' sought the Green Worm in the dark realms of the under-world; and that Beauty (poor Beauty, whose gentle deeds met with such short shrift at the hands of the poet moralist Wordsworth, to whom Godwin in all innocence had presented the 'little 'booklet'), although at the eleventh hour, kept tryst with her Beast. 'En ce temps-là on ne savoit pas manquer à sa 'parole,' Madame d'Aulnoy observes in the course of one such tale. She adds elsewhere, 'La fidélité est rare dans 'le siècle où nous sommes; mais il le sera bien davantage 'dans les siècles à venir.'

And the accomplishments of these heroes and heroines are not less prominent than are their moral perfections. They are educated in the most approved fashion. They are skilled in all manner of arts, including most especially that of conversation. They hunt and they spin, they sing and they make verses; here and there a princess is bold enough to prize the adornments of her mind above those of her body—a preference always held up as worthy of all praise. More than all, they make love as love should be made—by princes and princesses. They make it gaily, lightly, gallantly, and gracefully. The prince is always, as it were, upon his knees, his sword by his side, his cap in his hand, his hand on his heart. And the princess, always complaisant, accepts his homage, and bestows her favours with just that tinge of reticent dignity which should be inseparable from the loves of royalty.

When Sara Coleridge was about, in her 'Phantasmion,' to deal with 'Love in Fairyland,' she tells us‡ she invoked the aid of Venus. But Venus had no opinion of fairyland love; she kept none in store. Nevertheless, the goddess sent out Cupid to gather cowslips and primroses enough to make a few small bottles, fermented with sea foam, for Mrs. Coleridge's service. And though Venus could spare neither

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\* Cabinet, vol. iii.

† Ibid. vol. ii.

‡ Letters. Sara Coleridge.

white-winged swan nor golden-breasted pigeon, she lent a sick dove, whose leg was broken, to give what help it might. The flowers from which Madame d'Aulnoy's inspiration was distilled were not, we may take it, of the nature of Mrs. Coleridge's wild flowers. But the wine of those life-wise Frenchwomen, if not of cowslips, has still its old-world fragrance, the scent of faded Court bouquets, of garlands worn at Court ballets, of orange flowers which bedecked some bygone marriage feast.

Indeed, concerning those fairy-tale loves, prince and princess, love and lover, lack but one charm—that is, diversity. They are all repetitions one of another—the self-same puppets, called by different names, and clad in different costumes. Whether their eyes are blue as heaven or black as ebony, whether their curled hair be fair as gold or dark as night, we know that behind the blue or the black, the gold or the ebony, it is the same identical player who acted in the last comedy. They are so like one to another that the Beast might wed Cinderella; Prince Charming, Goldilocks; or Percinet, Briar Rose; or Avenant, Rapunzel, without ever discovering they had changed partners. Yet, possibly, this very monotony enhances their effect. They are, it is true, simply marionettes—those delicate china royalties. They have borrowed nothing from life; their attraction consists in the fact that life has nothing to do with them. They are wholly, absolutely impersonal. They do not even reflect the individuality of their authors. They are the abstract creation of their own country, the country of ‘la bonne compagnie;’ they are the fragile toy figures of circumstances and surroundings, and they were, moreover, moulded in a paste of which the secret is lost, as all later imitations make manifest. If life ever had or ever could have touched them, their charm would be forfeited and their spell broken. Our only resource would be, with the incautious showman of Hans Andersen's animated puppets, to pack them away out of sight, to shut the lid and secure the lock. ‘Ich werde mich hüten,’ cried the marionette master; ‘euch wieder Blut und Fleisch zu wünschen.’ They are, in short, what they are, and we would not have them otherwise. ‘Vous avez envoyé la Belle et la Bête au grand-papa,’ wrote the charming little Duchesse de Choiseul to a friend (referring to her husband, Louis XV.'s exiled minister). ‘Cette attention lui a été d'un grand secours. A présent il ‘a un petit rhume qui le tient au lit . . . il se fait lire des ‘contes des fées toute la journée.’ It is a trait in the

character of the du Barry's fallen enemy which at once enlists all our sympathies on his behalf.

Yet besides the medley of the actual and the impossible, of scenes and sentiments which are mere portraiture of the life around, of heroes and heroines who bear as little relation to men and women as the figures on the leaves of a mother-of-pearl fan, the fairy *conte* in the hands of Perrault, Mme. d'Aulnoy and the Comte de Caylus has one incongruous characteristic independent of both plot and character. The romance of an elder day, the romances discarded by the eighteenth century, believed in its ideals of life and love and religion and humanity. France had discrowned that faith, and the writers of the *Contes des Fées* were, no less than Messieurs les Philosophes, the scribes of life's disillusionment. From the stories of Barbe Bleue, Chat Botté, and Le Petit Poucet (afterwards dramatised by Wieland, 'the German 'Voltaire') onwards, there runs the same thread, covert or open, of sceptical mockery. Phrase after phrase, the asides of the narrator to the audience, carries each its own delicate wasp sting. 'On ne trouve plus de femelle qui dormît si 'tranquillement' is Perrault's commentary on the hundred years' slumber of the Sleeping Beauty. Blue Beard's wife, during the period of his wooing, seeing the evidences of his great wealth, 'commença à trouver qu'il n'avoit pas la barbe 'si bleue.' 'Les hommes aiment fort les femmes qui disent 'bien, mais trouvent très inopportunes celles qui ont toujours 'bien dit,' he observes elsewhere; and when Le Petit Poucet with his seven-leagued boots is employed by the king to bear news to and from the army, 'une infinité de dames lui 'donnoient tout ce qu'il vouloit pour avoir des nouvelles de 'leurs amans . . . et il se trouvoit quelques femmes qui le 'chargeoient de lettres pour leurs maris, mais elles le 'payoient mal.' Mme. Murat's malevolent magician, in her Palais de la Vengeance, separates the lovers no tortures can divide, by obliging them to see each other continually, and 'leur fit trouver le secret malheureux de s'ennuyer du 'bonheur.' In 'La Grenouille Bienfaisante,' where hero and heroine are husband and wife, Mme. d'Aulnoy observes, as she describes the king's search for his lost queen, that 'un mari qui tient cette conduite pour r'avoir sa femme est 'assurément du temps des fées.' 'Car encore que les fées 'fussent très riches, elles vouloient toujours qu'on leur 'donnât quelque chose: cette coutume a passé depuis chez 'tous les peuples de la terre,' says another writer. 'Elle 'donna la dose de tendresse un peu trop forte: les malheurs

'des honnêtes gens n'ont presque point d'autre principe,' is a maxim occasioned by the mistake of a fairy godmother, whose want of prescience placed her in the inferior ranks of the *demi-fée*. When Prince Marcassin (the Swine Prince), breaking his word of honour, is reproached by his unwilling bride, the savage boar pleads in excuse that it is the man within him who is in fault—'Il faut bien qu'il y ait un 'peu d'homme mêlé avec le sanglier;' and Mademoiselle l'Héritier, in the series of *contes* supposed to be related by the captive Cœur de Lion to his faithful Blondel, anticipates with a far harsher irony Hans Andersen's familiar fable of the 'Emperor's New Clothes' in her 'Robe de Sincérité.'

But in the matter of satire the Italian *favole* of Straparola do not contrast more strikingly with the French *conte* than does the German *Märchen*, new or old, to which the English schoolroom owes as great or an even greater debt. It is true that the 'brillante liberté de plaisanterie' characterising the *conte* found its Teutonic imitators in the latter end of the eighteenth century. Musæus, of whom we catch a glimpse in Goethe's life, hurrying through the quiet little street of Weimar, a cup of coffee in one hand, his beloved gardening tools in the other,\* dealt with his famous collection, the 'Volksmärchen der Deutschen' (edited by Wieland) somewhat after the artificial manner of the French *conte* writers. But the grace, the gaiety, the lightness of touch, and, in especial, the courtliness is wanting. Musæus's princes have lost their ancestry, and have forfeited the distinctions of their caste; while, on the other hand, he has shorn the old German *Märchen* of all their simplicity and freshness, transposing them into prolix and tedious narratives. Snow White becomes the heroine of a ponderous recital of the misdeeds wrought by the cruel and beautiful Countess of Brabant towards her more beautiful step-daughter. The fairy-befriended little maiden of countless fairy tales, who, disguised as cinder-girl or herdmaid (Grimm's 'Allerleirauh,' Straparola's 'Doralice,' Mme. d'Aulnoy's 'Rosette'), wins her kingdom and weds her lover, appears in the garb of the kitchen wench in 'Die 'Nymphe des Brunnens' (which also includes a more brutalised version of the second part of the legend of 'The 'Sleeping Beauty'), and becomes the wife of Graf Conrad von Schwabeck. In 'Reinhold das Wunderkind' and his three sisters, in 'Swan Wings' (echoed by Hans Andersen's lovely

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\* Lewis's 'Life of Goethe.'

romance of the Marsh King's Daughter), in the first of the weird Rübzahl legends, the magic rings with a truer note, and the enchantments have retained some veritable glamour. But all are equally overweighted with their heavy settings of sham mediævalisms, overlaid with side allusions to current fashions, quackeries, charlatanism, to the literature of the day, to popular dancers and state dignitaries, secular and episcopal. The genuine fairy tale recedes from our view and is gradually lost to sight, while the attempted realism of the tales is lifeless, the irony blunt, the humour leaden, and the rude efforts at that *persiflage* upon which French genius prided itself are of the nature of those 'grosses 'plaisanteries' of which Mme. de Staël speaks, 'qui 'accablent les Français de tristesse.' Moreover, the conflicting elements, the coarse humourisms, the fantastic imaginations, the realisms and the enchantments he has been at pains to fuse and amalgamate remain, in spite of his efforts, a mere disjointed medley of jarring incongruities. The parti-coloured threads are intermixed to form, not the spangled many-hued tissue of the French *conte*, but a crudely assorted piece of elaborate and laboured patchwork.

Yet the fashion of the literary fairy tale, first set by Musæus, lived after him, albeit with widening divergencies of treatment. Setting entirely on one side for the moment the old-world tales collected from the lips of peasant women and inscribed by the learned Brothers Grimm for the delight of the unlearned of all ages and lands, the *Märchen* as fairy tale underwent a rapid change both in conception and method. With E. T. A. Hoffmann, whose fairy tales pure and simple are few; with Tieck, to whose *Märchen* both Hoffmann and one of the best qualified of English critics, Sarah Austin, accord the most unmeasured praise; and, lastly, at a still greater distance, with Fouqué—three writers familiar to English readers—the fairy tale became, in the course of a few years, what, for want of a more explicit term, we must distinguish as the tale of the supernatural. In the curious collection of stories known as 'The Serapion 'Brothers'—of which two, 'The Nutcracker' and 'The 'Stranger Child,' purport to be written for children—E. T. A. Hoffmann gives us the exposition of his theory, and presents us with a clue as to his treatment of all such subjects, whether the tale be for old or young. The basis upon which they are constructed is the conception common to the secular mysticism of every school and of every age, whether formulated or undefined. By the side of this daylight world

of ours, walling men in with apparently impenetrable barriers, he portrays another world, a world which, despite its spirituality, is still under certain undeterminate conditions, to be apprehended by the several senses of sight, hearing and touch, and where, as Friedrich von Hardenburg (Novalis), his contemporary, writes, 'Ideal trains of events 'run parallel with the real ones.' Between these two worlds, the natural and the supernatural, the doors are closely shut. Yet, as the blind hands of men grope their way along the surface of the partition, it chances, now here, now there, awares or unawares, that they encounter some hidden spring. At that touch locks fly back, hinges turn, the door opens, and through that aperture, whether for good or for ill, enchantments, the agencies or influences of that alien region, stream in to take up their abode in the human-tenanted chambers of the vast and hitherto unexplored dwelling-place we call the House of Life.

These hidden doorways, curtained either in man's blindness or in their own invisibility, are in many places and masked under various semblances. The spring which opens them may be a thought, a deed; it may be only a feeling. Yet, whatever it be, it is the finger touch that lets in the flood. 'Milo's killing of the raven,' so Hoffmann analyses one of his own tales, 'is what knocks at the brazen gates 'of the spirit realm. On that they fly open with a crash, 'and the spirits come swooping in upon the human life and 'immesh the mortals in the web of strange mysterious 'destiny which impends over them.' And when once the ramparts of this world are perforated, and the barriers between world and world are cast down, it is the aim of the author to obliterate the lines of demarcation. Nor are they content to rest here. It is a characteristic feature of the school that in its best works realities are so depicted as to produce upon the mind the effect of masks. Reality becomes in their hands an illusion—the illusion of illusions—a phantasmal semblance assumed temporally by the supernatural. They are, in fact, the exponents and apostles of an inverted scepticism. Where the sceptic discredits the supernatural, they discredit the natural; where he denies spirit, they aspire to a yet more trenchant unbelief and deny matter.

Scenes abound in their inventions where human life is balanced precariously upon the frontiers of the invisible, where the senses waver, as it were, upon the very verge of things inaudible, intangible, and unseen. In the story of Sintram—which has won with its companion tale of Undine



a sure footing in English 'household' literature—the two sinister apparitions of Death and 'Kleinmeister' Sin, gain a vivid actuality from the third figure in the spectral trio of Biorn's unbidden guests—the pilgrim-figure of the crazy, but living knight, Weigand der Schlanke. In Weigand the real takes upon itself the aspect of a phantom, and so doing endows the spectres, who have taken upon themselves the aspects of reality, with an illusion of truth few other authors have attained. In one of the opening episodes of the 'Magic Ring,' Fouqué makes a similar effort, although upon a different basis, to efface the distinctions of shadow and substance and to confound their outlines. On the eve of knighthood, as Otto—knight to be—watches his arms in the old castle chapel,

'it seemed to him that from the wall of the chapel a mailed figure stretched forth a long black arm between them and himself. Like a ready wrestler he sprang upon the dark apparition. But even as he seized it, its helmet and other equipments fell rattling to the ground, and from the dust cloud raised by the rusty furniture a fleshless death's head grinned forth jeeringly. Then Otto saw he had mistaken one of the armoured skeletons ranged along the walls for a moving and hostile figure, and had in his error hewn it down. It was a strange task to set up the ancient trappings in their place again, to repose the skull and relodge the rusty casque upon the shoulders. And it seemed to him as if he must have cleft a deep wound in the skull. It appeared contorted as if with pain. . . . Once more he tore the helmet from the death's head. Many blows, indeed, had dented the whitened bone. Yet one of these blows was of a surety his doing.'

Next day at dawn his father, Knight Hugh, seeks the chapel, and the old sword, Otto's weapon in his encounter with the dead, slides smoothly into the sheath which the night before it would only enter halfway. The grim old man regards his son, saying, 'It almost seems as if this old fellow had got a notch more or less over night.' Otto silently recalled the memory of the blow he had inflicted, and involuntarily he glances at the mailed figure he has restored to its former post by the wall.

"What!" exclaims the gloomy old warrior, following the direction of Otto's gaze. "Did he disturb you? I should hardly wonder at it," he adds, with a certain sinister humour. "It was quite his way in his lifetime."

With kindred touches, hints of vague suggestion, indefinite intimations, insinuating the existence of evasive possibilities, Ernst Hoffmann's vagabond fancy created for itself a strangely tinted atmosphere. Clothed in the rags and

tatters of genius in beggary—known to later years chiefly by his mad Capellmeister, Johannes Kreisler (whose name Schumann has immortalised)—Hoffmann, in ‘The Serapion Brothers,’ and his other tales, attained to some of the most curious failures of later eighteenth-century literary art, and attained likewise to some of those possibly illegitimate successes greater men strive after in vain. ‘Nussknacker und Mausekönig’ [‘Tell me,’ cried a Serapion Brother at its first reading, ‘how you can call this a children’s story’] stands almost alone in schoolroom literature, far surpassing its companion tale, ‘The Stranger Child,’ in its skilled intersection of the weirdness and grotesqueness of what Hoffmann calls ‘dream-fiction,’ with the commonplace fireside prose of middle-class German town life. It has in it all the panic of midnight transformations, when familiar noonday objects take upon themselves new aspects, when silence becomes articulate and sounds pass into voices, and shadows are invested with the menacing substantialities of matter. The clear regions of French fairy-taleland are left far behind with their spangled tissue of gleaming wings and jewelled wands, their stage sunshine and moonlight and starlight, and their theatrical magic displays. Sombre and threatening imaginings drift across these pages, terror lies in ambush in every sentence. By degrees the whole child-side of the elder German *Märchen* is obliterated, and the fairy framework of elves and dwarfs and giants is replaced, as in Hoffmann’s ‘Miner of Falun,’ ‘The Student Anselmus and the Green Snake,’ and ‘The Sandman,’ by a background of fantastic and often sullen supernaturalism. So in Tieck’s famous ‘Pokal,’ in Woltman’s pathetic legend of ‘The White Lady,’ fairy enchantments give precedence to sentiment, and sentiment henceforth plays a considerable, if not a leading, part in many another *Märchen*. In the spiritual fiction of the time there is a still more radical change. ‘Heinrich von Ofterdingen,’ Novalis’s unfinished romance, nearly all the works of La Motte Fouqué, as well as the little known, but curiously impressive, tales of his wife,\* and, later, in the serene quietism of the once popular ‘Story without an End,’† ideas are paramount; they form the basis upon which the superstructure of magic is up-reared, they dominate the incidents of supernatural adventures, and find an almost allegorical representation in the

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\* The Physician of Marseilles and other tales.

† ‘Das Märchen ohne Ende.’ Carové translated by Mrs. Austin.

characters. And as sentiment and idea encroached triumphantly upon the domains of fairy legend, they set the realm of enchantment, even while they perpetuated its tradition, in a new atmosphere of emotion and mysticism. Thus it is that Hoffmann, and, to a far greater degree, Fouqué and his school, link themselves not with the childhoods of generations to come, but rather with the works and literary aims of the so-called modern mystic; with dramas such as those of Maurice Maeterlinck's, 'L'Intruse,' 'Princesse Maleine,' or 'Pelléas et Mélisande,' where the structure of the dialogue, with its suggestive incoherence, has a striking resemblance to fragments we may find in earlier writings.

'Who told thee of me?' A pilgrim thus accosts a girl upon the mountains, as she invites him to her home.

'She shakes roses from her apron.

'She: "Our mother."

'Pilgrim: "Who is our mother?"

'She: "The Mother of God."

'Pilgrim: "How long hast thou been here?"

'She: "Since I came from the grave."

'Pilgrim: "Hast thou been already dead?"

'She: "How else should I be living?"

'Pilgrim: "How long hast thou known me?"

'She: "From olden time. My former mother told me of thee."

'Pilgrim: "Hast thou yet a mother?"

'She: "Yes, but really the same."

'Pilgrim: "Who was thy father?"

'She: "The Count of Hohenzollern."

'Pilgrim: "Him I also know."

'She: "Thou shouldst know him well, he is also thy father."

'Pilgrim: "My father is in Eisenach."

'She: "Thou hast more parents." '\*

It is not, indeed, with such mystic supernaturalism, nor with the eccentric phantasmagorias of Hoffmann, but with the authorless and ageless 'Kinder- und Hausmärchen' of the Grimms' collection that the Teutonic fairy tale of bygone days has taken up its abode amongst us as a genuine school-room classic. Nor is it any marvel, in this case, that the adoption should have been final, unquestioning, and complete. A critic (Sarah Austin) once wrote, in commendation of Tieck's *Märchen*, that they appeared not only to be written about, but by, fairies. The 'Volksmärchen,' as Grimm presents them, might seem to claim a yet higher

authorship; they come to us as if springing from life—the life they touch at so many points—itsself. Between their vigorous and brief simplicity and the graceful diffuse artificialities of the French *conte*, as it developed in the hands of Perrault's successors, there flows the unbridged river which divides a young world from a world grown old.

The true *Märchen*—the first-born among stories—rise like spontaneous imaginings of earth's April opposed to the laboured and self-conscious inventions of late years. They sprang up, preserved by peasant tradition, and they have survived amongst us, the free and buoyant growths of a lost world whose ways were not our ways, nor whose thoughts are our thoughts. In their very movement they are instinct with the impatient vitalities of their primogenitive youth. Their narratives pass on swiftly, with a brevity that allows no superfluities of detail. Straparola's Italian *favole* have the lingering laggard step that suggests the faint languor of long southern nights. The French *conte*—except in the hands of Perrault—has all the crowded garbilities, the contented dilatoriness of an empty day, when delicately chosen words, sharply turned sentences, wittily expressed sentiments had usurped the place of actions thought or done—a day when those youngest impulses of hope which are for ever demanding change had satiated their hunger, or learnt from experience that variety itself may become one of the most monotonous uniformities of existence. The *Märchen* tell their stories intolerant of delay. The pictures they paint are, as it were, painted by the way, yet the pictures are always there. They tell us of a world of vast forests, of grass-grown clearings in the midst of mighty woods, of scattered clusters of huts, with here and there the yet more isolated homes of woodcutters and huntsmen and wise-women. And the stories have all the freshness of that forest environment. Like uprooted mosses, they seem to carry with them the scent of the brown earth. The fragrance of the rust-red leaf-mould of pine woods clings to them, and the dew is still upon the transparency of their stems. The whole atmosphere of the outdoor open-air life of the body, and no less the analogous atmosphere of the outdoor open-air life of the hearts and minds of men, lies like the cool sunlight of spring mornings upon pages which tell of 'The Little House in the Wood,' of Snow White, Rose Red, and their big friend, black King Bear, or of the Man of Iron (Straparola's savage man, released by Guerrino?), or of the Goose Girl, or of the Twelve Brothers;

and it lies no less upon those other pages which treat of fawns and hares, of larks and nightingales, and bees and frogs and fishes, magic or unmagic. For the *Märchen* belonged to days when men had learnt to know and to tell of the haunts and hearts and customs of four-footed beasts as we learn to know and depict the customs of our next-door neighbours.

In them, too, we read of a world of little kingships possibly resembling those of old northern chronicles and sagas. They record a day when princesses baked and spun and wove, and milked their cows and herded their sheep by stream-fed pastures, when kings (not the 'court king,' as Mr. Karl Pearson points out,\* of the *conte*, but the farming of a primitive agricultural state) mated with herd-maidens and goose-girls, and when mill-boys wedded queens. And they chronicle, too, we are told, an age remote indeed, when the priestesses of an extinct mythology still held sway in the land; when kings were kings by virtue only of their royal brides; when the hostility of the wise-woman—the theme of many a tale—to the king's son was in truth but the hostility of the woman ruler, the term of whose dominion was past or passing to the encroachments of the new order of male ascendancy. A hostility by which finally the Druda of the ancient dispensation became the ill-famed and malevolent witch-woman of the patriarchal period, when the king ruled in his own right and the hero took home his bride to the country of his own inheritance; when, in fact, Hans, the Ashlad of an antique Teutonic tradition, who seeks his luck in wedding the princess, became with the march of successive centuries the Cinder-girl whose luck consists in her marriage with the king.

And the 'luck' is always found. The creed of the *Märchen* is the creed of a whole-hearted optimism. If the equities of fate are not always duly balanced, still destiny has not yet learnt to play its game against human joy with the marked cards and loaded dice of the fiction of later ages. Whatever intermediate vicissitudes fortune prepares, uncertainty has no place in the final issues of the runners' race. The office of chance is a sinecure. The luck child *must* win the prize; the true bride, whether it be Jungfrau Maleen or the Drummer's enchanted princess, or the faithful heroine in 'The Soaring Lark,' or the rightful wife in 'The Goose

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\* 'The Chances of Death: Studies in Evolution.' By Karl Pearson.

‘Girl,’ must find her own love, and the false bride must be, at length, cast forth from her stolen honours.

So the *Märchen* dwell amongst us. Like Keats’s immortal nightingale, they are not born for death. ‘No ‘hungry generations tread thee down,’ even in these days when, as a minor poet wrote, the last fairy of all the world died of the malady—mortal to much else besides—of not being believed in. And while to the folklore critic they may represent a history in shadows and a chronicle in echoes, the fairy tales themselves will fulfil their own mission in the abiding place of their best beloved. They will open the nursery window upon a landscape so wide that beside it earth’s widest panoramas are as a narrow cell. They will enlarge the circumference of the imagination to its utmost limit. They will create subterranean kingdoms, where Rübezahl is lord, before the imagination, people aerial continents and oceanic empires, and tenant the very elements with myriads of denizens. Such functions they have ever performed. Moreover, and even more, they will perpetually inculcate the instability of all material forms and semblances, the delusiveness of realities, and the irrationalities of experience, and expand the boundaries of the possible until they have reached the last outpost of the desired. They are the gospel of childhood’s imagination. Time and life beset the nursery gates; and the world is in a thieves’ conspiracy to rob the children’s eyes of their visions, to restrict their horizons and confine their fantasies. Yet the eyes of the child have a trick of lingering on in the grown brain of manhood, and more perhaps of eclipsed illusions cling to us than we guess. We may have learnt the silver path on the sea is nothing more solid than moonlight on the water; but there are chains, although they may be only chains of cobweb, which link the imagination of grown years with the fairy-nurtured imaginations of the nursery.

ART. III.—*Aristotle's Theory of Poetry and Fine Art.* With a Critical Text and Translation of 'The Poetics.' By S. H. BUTCHER, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. Second edition. London: 1898.

MANKIND is apt to analyse its pleasures, but not when it is best able to enjoy; and systematic criticism of art commonly begins when art has ceased to be productive. Even in the least reflective ages, of course, comments will be passed on this or that song, or sketch on bone, or newly fashioned piece of pottery. But men come very late to the effort at constructing a complete theory of art, of the rules and aims of art, and generally of æsthetic pleasures. Thus the epic, in Greece, was dead, or was a lifeless archaistic imitation; the great lyrists were silent, and tragedy had wandered into forms that have left but scanty relics, when Aristotle composed his 'Poetics.' That treatise was not unjustly styled 'most obscure and difficult' by one of the Italian critics who were publishing elaborate editions and commentaries in Florence or Venice, while our ancestors, Scots and English, were cutting each other's throats at Pinkie or Solway Moss. Though the despotism of Aristotle, as the Middle Ages knew him, was at this date overthrown by the followers of Erasmus, the real Aristotle regained what his Latin shadow had lost. No work has had so much influence on reasonings about the principles of poetry, and of the fine arts generally, as 'The Poetics.' Yet, after the flush of the Renaissance, at least, 'The Poetics' were misunderstood and mistranslated by men who were not thoroughly acquainted with the Stagirite's whole system of philosophy. In that coherent system 'The Poetics' are but a moment or an incident. Recent criticism, especially that of Germany, has improved the text and has elucidated the thought in the light of Aristotle's philosophy as a whole. Though Aristotle certainly does not impress us as a man peculiarly sensitive to æsthetic emotions, though (or perhaps because) he is never enthusiastic, but always coldly logical, though he came when the flower of Greece was fading, it is natural to be interested in the artistic theory of so great a mind.

In attempting to understand 'The Poetics,' English readers cannot have a better guide than Professor Butcher. His volume, 'Aristotle's Theory of Poetry and Fine Art,' offers a critical text and a translation of the highest merit, while the essays elucidate, with singular and luminous tact,

opinions which are often obscure, and are not always consistent. Mr. Butcher does not give us a running commentary, and does not touch on many curious points of antiquarian or historical interest. His essays deal only with the central ideas of the Greek critics, and especially with some vexed and important points. We shall not linger here over Mr. Butcher's critical text. His conjectures are rare and sound. He neither follows the great Aristotelian, Susemihl, in liberality of conjecture, nor does he adhere with what we may (*pace tanti viri*) almost call the bigotry of Vahlen to the authority of the Parisian MS. (A<sup>c</sup>). He is not inclined to regard that manuscript as the sole source of the others, which he believes occasionally preserve the true reading, when it is hopelessly obscured in the Parisian text. He makes discreet use of the Arabic translation of a Syriac version, itself drawn from an older text than the Parisian A<sup>c</sup>. The Arabic version (known as 'Arabs') was given in a Latin version, with elucidations, by Mr. Margoliouth, in his '*Analecta Orientalia*,' and has been handled by Herr Diels, for the reconstruction of some passages, with a learned ingenuity which we find convincing and even entertaining. On the other hand, Mr. Bywater, in an edition prelusive, it may be hoped, to a more elaborate work, 'has generally 'neglected Arabs.'

Leaving the question of the text, we must press on to the matter of this celebrated treatise.

First, as regards Aristotle's historical position in criticism and his point of view, we must note that behind him lay the world of Greek poetry with which we are most familiar. He knew almost all the poetry of merit which has descended to us, except Theocritus, such imitative epic writers as Apollonius and Quintus Calaber, the lyrists of the Anthology and the New Comedy. Greek poetry had already fulfilled its development in the normal way which Aristotle sketches briefly. First there were popular 'improvisations,' such as we still meet among the lower races, and in snatches of Romaic or gipsy song, love verses, ballads, magical chants, lullabies, hymns of labour, marriage verses, and dirges. Then arose the epic narrative on one hand, with its 'natural' vehicle, the hexameter; and, on the other hand, lampoons, or satiric verses, such as those of the Eskimo and the early Scandinavians. The vehicle of lampoon in Greece was the iambic, which, says Aristotle, of all forms of verse comes nearest to the unstudied prose of common speech. Allying themselves with music in the



dithyramb and with the ithyphallic procession, the epic narrative of events became, finally, the Tragedy, with its chorus; while the verse of raillery became Comedy, each form passing to completeness through various stages of evolution.

Whether because his treatise is incomplete or because his political way of looking at life made him little interested in what regards only the individual, Aristotle does not discuss the lyric, the dirge, nor such odes as those of Pindar and Bacchylides. To us, of course, these seem singular omissions in one who spoke the tongue of Sappho and Simonides. On the topics of gnomic and didactic poetry he is almost equally silent, and, from what he says of Empedocles, we may guess that he would have advised Lucretius to write in prose. Thus, out of the whole range of poetry, Aristotle is concerned with little but the epic, tragedy, and comedy, all of which appealed publicly (when the epic was recited) to multitudes of men. It is plain, were it only from the Greek words which mean 'reading,' that the Greeks read little, silently to themselves, as is our custom. They read aloud.

Thus the critical field of Aristotle is restricted, and it was otherwise restricted by the usual Greek ignorance of any tongue or literature except their own. Aristotle, who examined the political constitutions of barbarians, was in literature and art shut out from the comparative method. His tragic poets had also been long excluded, by custom, from the use of any themes beyond certain myths and the heroic legends of a few great families. The tragedies on the Persian war were a notable exception. In the same way the epic age of early mediæval France was confined to legends of families, *chansons de geste*. In Aristotle's day, however, Agathon and others had begun to invent plots, in place of exercising their imagination on legends already known and of ancient origin. Moreover, choruses had now been introduced with songs which had no relation to the action of the piece. Of these episodic songs Aristotle gravely disapproved.\* Agathon was the innovator in this, as in the invention of untraditional plots.

It is interesting to observe what Aristotle says as to whether Tragedy has completed her full evolution: 'Whether Tragedy has as yet perfected its proper types or not . . . this raises another question. . . . Having passed

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\* Poetics, xix. 30.

'through many changes, it found its natural form, and there 'it stopped.'\* We cannot say how he would have regarded Shakespearean tragedy, allowing, as he would have allowed, for the changes of conditions. The double plots and the wastefulness, as it were, of time in many Elizabethan plays would not have appealed to his judgement. As Mr. Butcher remarks, speaking of the moderns who have claimed for Aristotle 'a sovereign authority,' 'his judgements are based 'on literary models which, perfect as they are in their kind, 'do not exhaust the possibilities of literature; many of his 'rules are tentative rather than dogmatic; some of them need 'revision or qualification: for example, the requisites laid 'down in chapter xiii. for the character of the protagonist 'would exclude from the first rank of art some of the noblest 'figures of the Greek drama—Antigone, Clytemnestra, and 'possibly Prometheus.' We are in little danger of relapsing on Aristotle as a sovereign authority, but we should judge his criticism harshly if we did not take note of his inevitable limitations. Among these is his neglect of, or indifference to, what we call charm or magic of language. We cannot go to Aristotle for instruction about what we feel but cannot define in the magic of Virgil—

'All the charm of all the Muses  
Often flowering in a lonely word,'

or in phrases of Shakespeare or Keats, Tennyson or Sappho or Coleridge. Of course he would clearly have rejected the heresy that 'poetry resides, not in the ideas conveyed, not in 'the blending of soul and sense, but in the sound itself, in 'the cadence of the verse.' About music he has much to say, but he has nothing to say about the music of words. He comes perilously near, as Mr. Butcher observes, to the opposite fallacy of looking only to the thought which is to be conveyed. In short, Aristotle does not appear to the modern reader as a man by any means specially sensitive on the side of art. Though he is no friend of the doctrine that art should be instructive or didactic, or anything but a giver of high pleasures, he is thinking of the pleasures of man as 'a political animal' present with others in a great concourse at a theatre. He is not contemplating the enjoyments of the solitary student; he lives in the public life of his time and country.

Aristotle's criticism being thus restricted, the modern

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\* *Poetics*, x. 11-13.

general reader is apt to find him arid and bleak; he is never eloquent, still less is he effusive; his view does not cover all our literary interests, and the general reader is rather repelled than attracted by finding that 'The Poetics' are only a moment in a world-embracing Aristotelian system of philosophy. No reader could understand the work without understanding Aristotle's terminology, and his thought upon all topics of science. For lack of this knowledge modern criticism, at least in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, misunderstood Aristotle, often with unhappy results in practice. Shakespeare, of course, never dreamed of asking what Aristotle had to say when he wrote a drama, but Ben Jonson thought of it, and much more seriously thought Corneille and Voltaire. Mr. Butcher's essays illustrate 'The Poetics' by the light of complete knowledge of the Aristotelian system and mode of thought. Old *crucis* become plain, old controversies are practically closed, and critics may now study Aristotle with advantage, though 'we may confidently assert that many of the æsthetic problems which have been since raised, never even occurred to his mind.'

We may add that even the psychical conditions of civilised men seem to have altered since his time. Music no longer produces the moral effects which the Greeks agree in attributing to it; now, music was an essential part of the old tragedy and comedy. Moreover, we may be 'enthusiastic,' but not in the sense of the Greek *ἐνθουσιασμός*, 'rarely seen in this country, and whose proper home is in the East,' says Mr. Butcher. Like Saul, the Greek victims of *ἐνθουσιασμός* were soothed by music, but, contrary to what we should expect, it was music of a wild and tumultuous kind.

Thus the Greeks had not only an art different in details from ours, but were, psychologically, by no means exactly like ourselves. More highly civilised than we, in certain ways, the survival of their religion, with its conservatism of rites and fables derived directly from the savage state, left them nearer than we to the primitive psychical condition. They themselves obviously made allowances for their conditions, and knowledge of all this helps to explain, as we shall see, one of the most controverted passages of 'The Poetics.'

The first subject handled by Mr. Butcher is one on which there has been most error. The Aristotelian phrase 'Art imitates Nature' has been perpetually quoted and perpetually misunderstood. By 'Nature' Aristotle did not

mean the sensible aspect of things, and by 'imitate' he did not merely mean that art should copy *that*. He was not saying 'that fine art is a copy or reproduction of natural objects.' Nature, in Aristotle's terminology, is not the sum of natural objects, but the constantly productive, and, in his opinion, the constantly thwarted creative principle. 'Nature aims at this,' 'Nature *wishes* that,' are standing phrases of his. To Nature and to art alike are present matter and constitutive form (*εἶδος*), and, far from meaning that art should execute slavish copies of things seen, Aristotle insists that she should, as it were, improve on Nature, and carry Nature's design a step forward towards the unseen perfection, towards the end at which Nature aims. This can be done through 'discerning the true end by a study of 'Nature's principles, and then employing the method which 'she suggests for the attainment of that end.' To Plato's mind (at least, in some moods), art was a mere imitation of an imitation; things real are eternal in the heavens; things sensible are a copy or reflection of things real, and art, in turn, is a reflection of a reflection of the archetypes. When Aristotle says that the artist may 'imitate things as 'they ought to be,' we see how remote he is from what we call 'realism' or 'naturalism' in art.

It is not things as they are that art reproduces, but things as they appear to the senses, and the things are reproduced by art in matter not proper to the form of the actual object. This implies the severance of art 'from 'material reality and its corresponding wants. . . . Thus 'the æsthetic emotion is released as an independent activity.' We are brought by art into a new and free world of illusions and images.

If it were not thus free, art could not be what it essentially is, 'of the nature of the universal.' The central thought of Aristotle's doctrine Mr. Butcher states thus: 'Imitative art, in its highest form—namely, poetry—is an 'expression of the universal element in human life.' This follows from the constant tendency of art to reach and reveal that to which each object tends, its *εἶδος*, or form, the ideal, rid of the contradictions and thwartings of things sensible. That form is otherwise expressed as 'the thing 'as it ought to be,' 'the better part,' or however we should best render τὸ βέλτιον. In short, art produces an idealised representation of human life. 'Imitation, so 'understood, is a creative art.' Clearly, the theory of Aristotle is at the opposite pole from the practice, for

example, of M. Zola. In an admirable lecture lately given by Mr. Courthope, from the chair of poetry at Oxford, he illustrated Aristotle's theory for the general reader by the example of Scott's treatment of the trial of Effie Deans, in 'The Heart of Midlothian.' The chapter is not a mechanical copy of any trial; all the pathos and humour were not likely to be found in Nature, in any given case. There was selection, composition, omission of things actual. For example, Scott does not describe at length what M. Zola would certainly have dwelt on lovingly—the *smell* of the crowded court. To be sure, Scott, as Lockhart informs us, had no sense of smell. But, apart from that detail, any reader may observe that the whole scene, though nowhere inconsistent with truth to fact, is idealised; that what Scott imitates is τὸ βέλτιον, 'the ideal form imperfectly manifested' in any given case.

'Imitation, so understood, is a creative act.' Or, again, to quote Mr. Butcher, 'Fine art is a completion of Nature 'in a sense not applicable to useful art; it presents to us 'only an image, but a purified image, of Nature's original.' The useful arts, it should be noted, exist, in Aristotle's opinion, to help Nature out. An early example is the throwing-stick of the Australian tribes. In this implement Nature is at once imitated, and aided; it adds an additional joint to the arm, as it were, increasing thereby the velocity of the thrown spear. Fine art also helps Nature to the realisation of her aim—but not mechanically—and to the end, not of use, but of pleasure. The fine arts accomplish Nature's purpose by idealising facts.

Art, in truth, cannot help idealising, even if she would. The novels, for example, which are now called 'realistic' or 'naturalistic,' idealise as much as Sophocles does in the character of Antigone, or Shakespeare in the character of Cordelia. But they idealise inversely, they choose the worse, not the better, as the true form, or εἶδος, of human life—the end at which Nature aims. They kindly push her rapidly forward to what they obviously conceive to be her unconscious or subconscious aim—the disgusting, the base—for the authors have seen all things that they are very bad. Thus, between modern 'naturalism' and the idealism of Aristotle, there is not a difference as to the duty and object of art, but as to the aim and 'intention' of Nature. Art *must* compose, *must* select, *must* disengage 'the universal;' the only question is what should be selected, and what is the universal? If it be granted that 'the

'universal' is bad, and that the things selected should be disgusting, then the practice of 'naturalism' is in accordance with the principles of Aristotle. To be sure, he seems to take it for granted that a work of art must be a thing of beauty, and here there is a decided difference between the two idealisms developed in ancient Athens and modern Paris.\*

Being essentially free, and dealing with the universal in human life and its permanent possibilities, poetry, according to Aristotle, has a higher subject-matter than history. The work of Herodotus would still be history, not poetry, he declares, even if put into verse. Poetry speaks of what man does, or may conceivably do, in given circumstances, and thus 'The Persians' of Æschylus is poetry, while Herodotus's record is not. Poetry does not tell the story of the individual life—of 'what Alcibiades did or suffered.' Thus a question would arise as to whether 'The Bruce' of Barbour is poetry, or history told in verse. In fact, nobody can deny that it is both; but the *genre* was unknown to Aristotle. As compared with history, the drama 'observes a more strict and logical order than that of actual experience.' But Aristotle does not, on that account, insist on *vraisemblance*, in the sense of the older French critics. Voltaire remarked that, in Paris, the ghosts of Cæsar or Banquo would be laughed at; the very boys of Paris, he says,

'Nasum rhinocerotis habent.'

and that feature they would scornfully turn up. On the Greek stage the ghost of Darius was no more ridiculous than that of Banquo on the Elizabethan boards. Racine safely secured an even more powerful romantic effect by making Athalie recount her awful vision of Jezebel as a dream. But Aristotle permits the introduction of the romantically *invraisemblable*, for which his French followers did not allow, while they mocked at the barbaric licence of Shakspeare. 'The incidents of every tragedy worthy of the name are improbable,' says Mr. Butcher, 'if measured by the likeness of their everyday occurrence—improbable in the same degree in which characters capable of great deeds and high passions are rare.' In our modern literature a certain school, mainly American, appears to regard characters capable of great deeds and high passions, with all such passions and deeds, as practically impossible; at all events,

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\* *Poetics*, vii. 4, ἔτι δ' ἐπεὶ τὸ καλόν, κ.τ.λ.

as anti-democratic, and quite unworthy of modern notice as materials of art. We must restrict ourselves to ordinary life, it seems, on pain of being considered as reactionary — *rococo*—almost barbarous.

This was remote from the theory of Aristotle. 'The incidents of the drama and the epic' (for which the romance is, in a way, our modern substitute) 'are not those of ordinary life; the persons who here play their parts are not average men and women.' Recent critical efforts to assert the sole supremacy of average men and women as persons in art have been persistent, but futile. Human nature will not have it so. In the representation of persons, actions, and fortunes beyond his own, the nature of 'the common man' 'is for the moment enlarged by sympathy,' and takes pleasure in the process. There were, among the multitude of captious critics to whom Aristotle refers as existing in his day, narrow minds which censured the 'untrue' and 'impossible' persons and events of tragedy. He replied, in accordance with his fixed principles, that poetry is concerned with what transcends fact, what surpasses everyday reality, but is true to the aim of Nature. As Mr. Butcher says, 'things that never have happened and never will happen may be more true, poetically speaking—more profoundly true—than those daily occurrences which we may with confidence predict.'

The Greek poet, indeed, was sheltered from the reproach which creeping spirits bring against romance, by the traditional use of plots derived from legends of heroic families. These were accepted as historical; religion and politics appealed to them in notorious instances—for example, to the sheltering of Spartan Helen at Deceleia. Yet these heroic legends were but world-wide fairy tales, localised, and attached to the legends of ancient houses. The essence of the stories of Athamas and Nephele, Jason and Medea, is found in the *Märchen* of Samoyeds and Zulus. The Greek drama, like the Greek epic, had a fairy background, a fairy source; consequently the average man and the ordinary incident were excluded, except so far as the chorus represented the average man. Aristotle, practically, admits romance, because the incidents may be 'untrue, indeed, nay, irrational; but *so men say*'—so runs the consecrated tale. Voltaire, following a false conception of Aristotle, and of the meaning of the possible, would deride the English barbarism of 'Macbeth.' And, indeed, the mediæval legend of 'Macbeth' is not in accordance with

actual historical records, in Shakespeare's time unknown. But so the accepted story ran, and Shakespeare, with his Witches, his Banquo, and his prophecies, would, in Aristotle's view, have been quite within his right.

In epic especially Aristotle permitted the frankly fabulous, the incredible adventures, which are saved by poetic art. We are not to dispute the *πρώτον ψεύδος*, the original *donnée*, if the poet, granting his premises, can produce illusion in the sequence. Aristotle twice declares that 'probable impossibilities are preferable to improbable possibilities.\*' Things impossible in experience (or, in our opinion, impossible) may not be irrational in art. On the other hand, things which have 'really happened' in experience are not, therefore, necessarily fit for introduction into poetry or fiction. As Mr. Butcher points out, Plato had observed this distinction, which often escapes the modern novelist. 'Such or such an event,' he says in answer to objections, 'actually happened.' Cardinal Newman censured this attitude in Miss Edgeworth, and many cases have occurred. To which Plato replies: οὐδὲ γὰρ αὐτὰ πραχθέντα δεῖν λέγειν ἐνίοτε, εἰ μὴ εἰκότως ἢ πεπραγμένα.† The tendency of Aristotle's doctrine is to oppose the introduction of *moral* impossibilities. There is, perhaps, no such thing as a sheer impossibility in morals; yet the appearance of such a thing is a more severe shock to our illusion, in contemplating a work of poetic art, than is the *πρώτον ψεύδος*, or materially incredible premise of epic or romance.

The apparent moral impossibility, or wildly anomalous event, may 'really have happened,' but, if so, it was the result of what Aristotle regarded as the unreason of Chance. It must not intrude into art—a realm distinctly governed by design, a world more intelligible than that of experience.

Though art here seems to encroach upon philosophy, its end, according to Aristotle, is not instruction or edification, but pleasure, i.e. rational enjoyment. 'Parnassus,' says Swift, 'is not a cure of souls.' The source of the pleasure is emotional, not intellectual; and we know that an intelligence so wide and acute as Mr. Darwin's became incapable of tasting the pleasures of poetry. To Plato, Aristotle's frank assertion that pleasure is the end of art would have seemed intolerable and impious, οὔτε ἀνεκτὸν οὔτε ὅσιον.‡

\* Poetics, xxiv. 10, xxv. 17, ἀδύνατα εἰκότα μᾶλλον ἢ δυνάτᾳ ἀπίθانا.

† Phædrus, 272 E.

‡ Laws, ii. 665 D.



Mr. Carlyle, when he wished that 'the devil would fly away with the fine arts,' expressed the Platonic puritanism in his own way; pastime, including art, was to him what the Maypole was to Stubbes or the theatre to Prynne. But, while Aristotle probably (we can hardly say certainly) would rank comedy as mere pastime, to him tragedy is 'the imitation of a *serious* action,' and is a serious art. Its end is pleasure, but the pleasure of whom? In morals Aristotle appeals to a standard in the 'man of moral insight,' and so in art the pleasure which he esteems must appeal to *ὁ χαρίεις*, which Mr. Butcher translates as 'the man of sound æsthetic instincts,' the representative of 'the cultivated public.' The character of the uncultivated public may be indicated by the circumstance that, like Charles II., it prefers a tragedy to end well.\*

If we transport these ideas of Aristotle into modern life and criticism of modern art, we scarcely find that *ὁ χαρίεις*, with his approval, secures for a work of art a great popular success; rather the exact contrary is true. It seems to follow that the æsthetic pleasures of the literary multitude are not those which Aristotle would have regarded as 'serious.' Yet it may be observed that very successful modern novels, and even plays, have usually 'a serious moral purpose,' or a religious or social 'purpose,' or discuss a moral problem. They are all the less of the nature of art, according to Aristotle.

The average man of Greece before Aristotle was convinced, like Atterbury in opposition to Swift, that Parnassus is a cure of souls. Even Homer was regarded as the great teacher. The opinion is perhaps ineradicable, and Molière himself affects to give in to it in one of his prefaces. He takes it as established that 'the business of comedy is to correct the vices of men.'†

In Greece, Strabo went so far as to say, in opposition to Eratosthenes, that 'nobody can be a good poet who is not a good man.' Like Molière, and as sincerely, Aristophanes posed as a moral teacher. Perhaps, indeed, Aristophanes was really sincere, for he certainly thought Euripides a bad citizen, as well as, morally and æsthetically, a bad poet. Euripides was 'advanced' and 'emancipated,' and Aristophanes's Toryism was as much offended as his taste.

With real originality Aristotle abandoned this old didactic point of view. Poetry is not morals or politics any more

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\* Poetics, xiii. 7, 8.

† Preface to 'Tartuffe.'

than it is science.\* 'Parnassus is not a cure of souls.' Plato proscribed the myths as immoral; Aristotle admitted them as the material of tragedy. The great Greek artist in words was a Puritan; the austere Greek logician was none. To his mind the relative excellence of tragic heroes is not demanded by morality, but by the artistic necessity for awaking the blended emotions of pity and fear. Plato calls for 'poetical justice,' 'the perfect requital of vice and 'virtue;' Aristotle makes this appropriate only to comedy.† It does not in the least follow that Aristotle relaxes his objection to the exhibition of moral squalor and depravity. Wickedness is only admissible, he says, when 'demanded by 'the cogent necessity of dramatic motive'—*ἀ βούλεται ὁ μῦθος*. But this restriction is based on æsthetic, not on moral, grounds. The kind of pleasure which is the aim of art cannot be yielded by art which revels in pictures of the mean and depraved. In restricting tragedy, on the whole, to the exhibition of good moral characters, he practically means *great* characters. Even the bad persons permitted to comedy are only to have that specific form of badness which consists in an ugliness or deformity of character that is ludicrous. Aristotle, being a Greek, had aristocratic prepossessions. To him some things were common and unclean, and therefore unfit for art. Perhaps democracy will never quite remove this prepossession. The old didactic theory of art hangs about Aristotle though he explicitly rejects it, and he wavers as to the exact sense which he attaches to the *σπουδαῖος*—to 'excellence' in characters.

The theory that art should be a moral teacher is still with us, despite Aristotle and Swift, and despite Dryden with his 'I am satisfied if verse cause delight; for delight 'is the chief, if not the only, end of poesy.' We know the length to which Mr. Matthew Arnold carried the pre-Aristotelian doctrine. Aristotle would have dissented, but from the nature of his conception of the pleasure which is the aim of art, we could not expect to find him among the modern partisans of *l'Art pour l'Art*, with their doctrine that all subjects are fit for art. That, indeed, is a doctrine against which mankind naturally rebels; it is contradicted by the invariable secular tradition of art, and Nature, in the Aristotelian phrase, 'will not have it so.'

One of Mr. Butler's most interesting essays deals with

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\* Poetics, xxv. 3, i. 11, ix. 1-2.

† Ibid. xiii. 8.

an Aristotelian phrase on which whole libraries have been written—a phrase in his definition of tragedy.\*

We quote Mr. Butcher's translation :—

'Tragedy is an imitation of an action that is serious, complete, and of a certain magnitude; in language embellished with each kind of artistic ornament, the several kinds being found in separate parts of the play; in the form of action, not of narrative, *through pity and fear effecting the proper Katharsis, or purgation of these emotions*' (δι' ἐλέου καὶ φόβου περαίνουσα τὴν τῶν τοιούτων παθημάτων κάθαρσιν).

This passage has been the subject of 'a great historic 'discussion.' Contrary to Aristotle's explicit rejection of the didactic theory of art, critics have found here 'a reference to a moral effect which tragedy produces through the "purification of the passions."' The critics, Corneille, Racine, even Lessing, only agreed in making Aristotle contradict himself. Tragedy was bound to have a moral 'mission' and 'message.' It was left for Bernays (1857) to show what, once shown, was obvious, that *Katharsis* here is a medical metaphor, 'purgation,' and denotes a pathological 'effect on the soul analogous to the effect of medicine on 'the body.' Tragedy excites pity and fear, of which men are supposed to have an abundant store; it 'unpacks the 'bosom of that perilous stuff,' and thereby does not, morally, 'purify the passions,' but 'affords a pleasurable relief.' Plato had denounced poetry for feeding the emotions. Aristotle holds that poetry affords to the emotions a legitimate, and regulated, and agreeable indulgence. The passion, distressing when provoked by actual experience, is followed by 'a pleasurable calm, and an emotional cure.' Milton had taken a similar view, in the preface to the 'Samson Agonistes.' Tragedy, he remarks, 'is said by Aristotle to 'be of power, by raising pity and fear, or terrour, to purge 'the mind of those and such like passions; that is to temper 'or reduce them to just measure *with a kind of delight 'stirred up by reading or seeing these passages well 'imitated.* Nor is Nature herself wanting in her own efforts to make good his assertion, for so, in physick, things 'of melancholick hue and quality are used against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humours.' Mr. Butcher has attributed Milton's theory to 'the intuition 'at once of a poet and a scholar.'

Mr. Butcher observes that Aristotle, in this homœopathic theory, is pursuing the Greek idea that the religious ecstasy

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\* Poetics, vi. 2.

or 'enthusiasm,' of which we have already spoken, was to be soothed by 'a wild and restless movement.' The patients, as among savage races universally, were 'regarded 'as men possessed by a god,' or spirit.\*

In these 'possessed' persons the wild music produced a return to their normal state, as if they had undergone purgative treatment. 'The emotional result is a harmless 'joy.'† Aristotle could only have arrived at this comparison of the functions of tragedy with the curative functions of music among psychical conditions which, to us, are practically familiar only at the Salpêtrière and similar establishments. The Greeks, as we have remarked, were nearer to the primitive psychological state of mankind than ourselves. And it is part of Aristotle's theory not only that the superabundant passions are 'purged' by tragedy, but that they are also 'purified and clarified by being passed 'through the medium of art.' 'The tragic fear, self-regarding in its primary reference, becomes an almost 'impersonal emotion. . . . Pity and fear are purged of the 'impure personal element which clings to them in life. In 'the glow of tragic emotion those feelings are so transformed that the net result is a noble emotional satisfaction.' The sting of pain vanishes, in the universal air of art, with the taint of egoism. But to produce these ends the tragic action must be great, its effects far reaching, and the characters too must be great—Lear, Macbeth, Œdipus, Clytemnestra. 'Within the narrow circle of a *bourgeois* 'existence a great action is hardly capable of being unfolded.' Pity, of course, can be awakened, but can tragic fear be aroused, with solemnity and awe? Can the fate of Emma Bovary, to take a modern instance, affect us like the fate of the House of Ravenswood, with its roots in the past, and its wide resounding fall? These questions, about which Aristotle's mind is made up, will receive varying answers to-day. The tragedies of *bourgeois* life, as when a Parisian middle-class family rivals the sins of the House of Thyestes, had never even occurred to the Greek mind as materials for art of any sort. A scheme of the late Mr. Stevenson's for

\* In Mr. Tylor's 'Primitive Culture' there is a copious account of this psychical condition, and in Dr. Callaway's 'Religion of the Amazulu' we find curious native descriptions of the symptoms and treatment. See also Aristotle, 'Politics,' v. (viii.) 7. 1341. b. 32-1342. a. 15, and Aristides Quintus (*circa*. 100 A.D.), *περὶ μουσικῆς*, ii. p. 157; Butcher, p. 244, note 1; Plato, 'Laws,' vii. 790-91,

† Politics, v. (viii.) 7. 1342. a. 15.

writing a modern middle-class 'Ajax' shows how his ingenious mind, occupied with problems of art, had dwelt on this curious topic.

There is a position occupied by Aristotle which Mr. Butcher finds it difficult, if not impossible to defend. This position is the high value assigned by Aristotle to 'plot.' The Greek writes :—

'Most important of all is the structure of the incident (*ἡ τῶν πραγμάτων σύστασις*). For tragedy is an imitation, not of men, but of an action and of life, and life consists in action, and its end is a mode of action, not a quality. . . . Dramatic action, therefore, is not with a view to a representation of character; character comes in as subsidiary to the action. Hence the incident and plot are the end of a tragedy; and the end is the chief thing of all. Again, without action there cannot be a tragedy; there may be without character. . . . Besides which the most powerful elements of emotional interest in tragedy—reversal or recoil of the action and recognition scenes—are part of the plot. A further proof is, that novices in the art attain to finish of diction and precision of portraiture before they can construct the plot. The plot, then, is the first principle, and, as it were, the soul of a tragedy. Character holds the second place.' \*

To modern readers all this naturally suggests that Aristotle regarded the *charpentage* and the *scène à faire* as the essential things in a drama. We take the opposite view. Not incident, not plot, seem to us the supreme merits, but the action of character in the conditions given by the plot and incidents. We might excuse Aristotle by saying that only a good plot and incidents can afford reason and room for the play of character, but he has expressly denied that this is his meaning. To many modern critics plot appears to be a matter of almost contemptible mechanical ingenuity. We see in the field of fiction Gaboriau or Mr. Wilkie Collins successful in plots, while Scott is reckless, Thackeray indifferent to plot, and Dickens elaborately unsuccessful. The plot of 'Cymbeline' is to the last degree absurd. Creation of character is what we regard as the mark of genius, plot we may get in addition, as in 'Tom Jones,' or (in a very different sort) in 'Pride and Prejudice,' but we overlook failures in plot resignedly. The 'recognition' in 'Guy Mannering' is managed in a way which Aristotle would have approved, but it is of the characters that we are thinking when we praise 'Guy Mannering.' Aristotle's demand for 'action' is intelligible. Action naturally delights us (in spite of *les psychologues*), and Aristotle, when he speaks

of action, does not mean mere bustling incident. Action (*πρᾶξις*) 'is not a purely external act, but an inward process 'which works outward, the expression of a man's rational 'personality.'

Even so loyal an ally as Mr. Butcher has to admit that Aristotle sets plot and character against each other 'in 'sharp and impossible antithesis.' 'The plot is the ground- 'work, the design, through the medium of which *ethos*' (character) 'derives its meaning and dramatic value.' Precisely; but, alas, Aristotle directly contradicts his modern expositor; 'dramatic action is *not* with a view to a representation of character.' Aristotle deliberately closes that loophole. The play could not exist without the plot or story, the soul of the piece, but we moderns rather regard the plot as the mechanism than as the soul of the drama. Mr. Butcher's attempts to get what we now think a worthy critical sense into the dictum of Aristotle are scarcely successful. The English writer says what the Greek writer 'ought to ha' said' (as the Lincolnshire farmer puts it), but what he 'ought to ha' said' Aristotle did not say. He said the reverse of that. He said *οὐκ οὖν ὅπως τὰ ἥθη μιμῶσιντα, πράττουσιν*. We are obliged to admit that Aristotle is landed in what the late philosophic Mr. T. R. Green called 'the shallows of a false antithesis.' Plot and character are warp and woof, and inseparable. But when we regard each apart, assuredly character, not plot, is the essential, and the customary simplicity of Greek tragic plots proves that this was recognised by the tragedians. As Mr. Butcher observes, 'plot does not overpower character; it 'is the very medium through which character is discerned, 'the touchstone by which its powers are tested.' Thus the commentator complements, but also contradicts, his Grecian author.

On an important point, the poet's 'vision,' or power of 'visualising' what he describes, so that he will fall into no absurd inconsistency, Aristotle has a difficult passage—

'The poet should place the scene, as far as possible, before his eyes. In this way seeing everything with the utmost vividness, as if he were a spectator of that action, he will discover what is in keeping with it, and avoid inconsistencies. The need of such a rule is shown by the fault found with Carcinus. Amphiarus was on his way to the temple. This fact escaped the notice of one who did not see the situation. On the stage, however, the piece failed, the audience being offended (no wonder!) 'at the oversight.' \*

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\* Here Mr. Butcher, doubtless justly, elides *τὸν θεατῆρα*, which destroys the sense. *Poetics*, xvii. 30.

Carcinus does not appear to have been present at a rehearsal, and did not 'visualise' his scene as he wrote, and so apparently made a conspicuous blunder. An extraordinary instance of a similar error, which we have never seen remarked, occurs in 'Kenilworth.' Sir Walter is describing Leicester's astrologer:—

'His beard was long and white. . . . His hair was of the same venerable hue. But his eye-brows were as dark as the keen and piercing black eyes which they shaded, and this peculiarity gave a wild and singular cast to the physiognomy of the old man.'

No doubt it did, but in the fourth page forward Scott speaks of 'the penthouse of the wizard's shaggy white eyebrows.'\*

This blunder would prove to the higher criticism that 'Kenilworth' was the work of at least two hands. Happily it is just as easy to prove that Fick's criticism of the second book of the Iliad is by at least two Ficks. For, in arranging the real Iliad as originally composed, Fick makes Agamemnon put on a soft doublet and a pair of sandals, summon the Greeks to war, rush into the fray, foremost, and kill a man—without putting on his armour! Herr Fick had not visualised the scene when he made this interesting and valuable reconstruction. But from the point of view of the higher criticisms, there must have been two Ficks, two Carcini, two authors of 'Kenilworth.' On no other system are such errors conceivable. We have not room for a discussion of Aristotle's treatment of the epic. He thought the Iliad and Odyssey 'as perfect as possible in structure; each 'is, in the highest degree attainable, an imitation of a single 'action.'† We could wish that Mr. Butcher had made this a text for an essay on the modern theories which regard the Iliad and Odyssey as haphazard masses of incongruities, compiled, nobody knows how, or when, or why, of patches from different hands in different ages. The theme of the Aristotelian 'Unities,' so often misunderstood and misapplied, is treated by Mr. Butcher with his wonted taste, tact, and lucidity.

The topic of the 'Generalising Power of Comedy' is also handled with discretion. An observer of the Old Comedy would probably, like Plato in the 'Philebus,' or Hobbes, have thought that comedy yields but 'the malicious pleasure 'afforded by the discomfiture of another,' say of Cleon. But comic pleasure, according to Aristotle, lies in a *painless* ugliness or distortion. 'Incongruities, absurdities, cross-purposes,' are included in the range of comedy. In the comedy of his time, personalities were banished, it was a

\* Kenilworth, ii. 157, 161, 1821.

† Poetics, xxvi. 4-8.

comedy of types or of 'humours.' To ourselves it appears that the citizens of Aristophanes, and perhaps especially his women, as in the '*Ecclesiazusæ*,' were comic in the central manner, as much so as '*Les Femmes Savantes*,' or M. Jourdain himself. They are 'invested with the attributes 'of a class' or of a sex, and so are as much generalised in the comic as any characters in the tragic sphere. Mr. Butcher thinks them 'grotesque,' which is sometimes an exaggerated view. We might maintain that caricature is, in comedy, an idealising effort. Mr. Pickwick is ideal. Nature strove towards a Mr. Pickwick. Hints of him occur in Socrates and Dr. Johnson, Pickwicks of genius. Nature never quite attained to Mr. Pickwick. Dickens aided her in her thwarted effort; quite legitimately, we think, if Aristotle's whole theory of Art is correct. 'Even Molière,' says Mr. Butcher, 'portrays abstract qualities rather than 'living men.' He does in *Tartuffe* (as Dickens does in Mr. Pecksniff) or in *Alceste*, but not in '*Gorgibus, bon Bourgeois*,' or in *George Dandin*, or in *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*. These are slightly idealised human characters. Nature never made a Monsieur de Pourceaugnac, but, as the gilly said when asked whether an angler swore when he lost a fish, she 'was aiming at it.' Humour generalises, and, so to speak, 'through mirth and laughter 'effects the proper purgation of these emotions,' of which some of us possess a large stock. Aristotle does not make this observation, but his remarks on comedy are perhaps incomplete. It has been thought by some students that Aristotle had not a keen sense of humour, so there was nothing to prevent him from expressing the conclusion which we have ventured to suggest.

We must take leave of Mr. Butcher's excellent work, without discussing all his topics. His book, so free from the eccentricities and wilful spasms of much contemporary criticism, would be a cure for these contortions, if the 'enthusiasts' (in the Greek sense) of the press were capable of reading and appreciating the work of a scholar. We may not exactly hold with Lessing that 'The Poetics are as infallible as the 'elements of Euclid.' But Mr. Butcher enables every educated man to avoid the *naïf* wonder of a representative intelligent *bourgeois*, that 'a heathen, dead two thousand years ago, 'can be appealed to in this enlightened century as an 'authority on literature and art.' While art evolves new forms, in new political, social, and religious conditions, the brief pregnant sentences of Aristotle contain the root and universally applicable truth of the matter.



- ART. IV.—1. *The Two Duchesses : Family Correspondence of and relating to Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire ; Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire ; Frederic, Earl of Bristol (Bishop of Derry), &c., 1777-1859.* Edited by VERE FOSTER. London : 1898.
2. *The Autobiography of Arthur Young, with Selections from his Correspondence.* Edited by M. BETHAM-EDWARDS. London : 1898.
3. *The Hamilton and Nelson Papers, 1756-1815.* From the Collection of Autograph Letters and Historical Documents formed by ALFRED MORRISON. Printed for private circulation : 1893.

THE part played for a brief season in the Irish politics of his day by that Earl of Bristol who united with his temporal dignity in the kingdom of Great Britain the rank of a spiritual peer in the kingdom of Ireland, as Bishop of Derry, is familiar to all students of the troubled period of Irish legislative independence. In connexion with the part played by Lord Bristol in the volunteer movement Froude has drawn in a few graphic touches the portrait of ‘the most singular representative of the class of bishops who had been chosen to preside over the spiritual destinies of the ‘Irish people.’ Mr. Lecky has painted the same picture with more detail, and with a more serious attempt to understand the inconsistencies of a character which, though notorious in the Bishop’s later years for a degree of licence and libertinism which scandalised even a scandalous age, was yet able to win the approbation of Wesley by the apparent exemplary discharge of episcopal duty, and to earn the encomiums of the philosophic Bentham by a combination of intelligence, learning, and personal charm. But even the patience of Mr. Lecky owns defeat in the attempt to ascertain ‘whether any real change had passed over the character and opinions of the Bishop, which might help to explain ‘the strange want of keeping between the different descriptions or periods of his life.’

Upon this problem, as well as upon the general story of Lord Bristol’s career, not a little light is thrown by the letters from and to Lord Bristol contained in the correspondence of his daughter Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire, better known as Lady Elizabeth Foster, a lady whose remarkable gifts and graces shared with those of Madame Necker the distinction of having seduced Gibbon from his

resolution of celibacy. To the revelation of character afforded by these letters, which range over a space of two-and-twenty years, and by those addressed to Sir William Hamilton, some passages in the autobiography of Arthur Young add the estimate of a keen observer, who was long on terms of intimacy with Lord Bristol. Joined to the materials already explored, of which the fullest and most important are the manuscript authorities and letters in the library of the British Museum, and to the results of a careful endeavour to collect the memories of the Bishop which remain in his Irish diocese, the volumes before us may aid us, if not to the complete solution of Mr. Lecky's problem, at any rate to a clearer understanding of that dual nature which made it possible for Lord Bristol to merit equally the maledictions of Charlemont and Horace Walpole, the patronage of Chatham and the friendship of Shelburne, and the encomiums of acquaintances so dissimilar as Wesley, Bentham, and Arthur Young.

Few characters in English history present a stranger medley of incongruous opposites than that of Frederick Hervey, Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry. Combining high rank in the English aristocracy, and a splendid estate, with the wealthiest of Irish bishoprics, and uniting to the manners of a *grand seigneur* a devotion to art which would have done no discredit to a Medici, the fourth Earl of Bristol resembled rather a prince-bishop of the Middle Ages than an English nobleman or an eighteenth-century divine. Yet with political talents that would have sufficed to sustain the rôle of a great ecclesiastical statesman he combined extravagances of speech and action which rendered co-operation with him impossible, reducing to the level of pure Quixotism an adventure in Irish politics which, ballasted by good sense, and dignified by the most ordinary decorum, might have exercised a useful and liberalising instead of a disturbing and injurious influence on the course of Irish history. And with tastes for painting, sculpture, and architecture as remarkable as his means of gratifying them were splendid, he joined, especially in his later years, a looseness of morals which, however venial the fashion of the day may have deemed it in a layman, was unpardonable in the wearer of a mitre.

The chameleon-like personality which united these extraordinary contradictions and inconsistencies was the offspring of parents scarcely less remarkable than himself. John, Lord Hervey, eldest son of the first Earl of Bristol, who, in Walpole's Administration, as the occupant of a

Court office in the *entourage* of Queen Caroline, and afterwards as Lord Privy Seal, exercised a direct and often commanding influence on the opinions and policy of George II., was among the most notable Englishmen of his day, and one of the most eminent figures in the Court of which he has left so unflattering a picture. He had the misfortune to earn the malevolent enmity of Pope; and the pen of the satirist was never dipped more deep in gall than when, smarting under personalities which exaggerated his normal spitefulness to the dignity of a fiercer passion, the poet drew that savage portrait of 'Sporus,' which no one who reads it can forget. The poet's satire was, perhaps, in some respects justified by the curious effeminacy, characteristic of the mental qualities, as well as the physical features, of Lord Hervey, which prompted the epigram of his friend and correspondent Lady Mary Montagu (sometimes ascribed to (Chesterfield) that 'at the beginning 'God created men, women, and Herveys.' But Pope's jibes at his understanding were altogether inapplicable to one of the most capable politicians, shrewdest observers, and most caustic writers of his time; and the author of the 'Secret 'Memoirs of the Court of George II.' has had intellectually a posthumous revenge for the oblique slanders of the 'Epistle 'to Arbuthnot,' and the direct insults of the celebrated 'Letter to a Noble Lord.'

Much as Lord Hervey occupied the attention of eminent contemporaries, his lady was no less the object of interest, though in her case criticism took the happier form of compliment. The universal testimony of a host of admiring contemporaries has left Mary, Lady Hervey, in no need of the posthumous evidences of her charm and vivacity, which survive in her published letters. In early youth Mary Lepel, the fair maid of honour to the Princess of Wales, divided with Miss Mary Bellenden the homage of the courtiers of St. James's and the toasts of the wits of White's; and Lady Hervey preserved in middle and even to old age the qualities which gave distinction to her beauty. Even at a time when it was the fashion to celebrate in verse the charms of Court beauties not many could boast of tributes from both Pope and Gay, and Chesterfield's mature testimony to the charms of mind and manner possessed in her fiftieth year by a lady whose maiden beauty he had, with Pulteney, celebrated in a ballad, enables posterity to understand the sources of a fascination which inspired Voltaire to the only set of English verses which he is known to have written.

From Lady Hervey her son, the Bishop, appears to have derived the two characteristics which had the strongest influence on his career—viz. his love of Continental life and that *penchant* for Roman Catholicism which so shocked his contemporaries, and which, to say truth, sat somewhat strangely on a bishop of the Establishment half a century before Catholic emancipation.

Of the early years of the future earl-bishop, who was born on August 1, 1730, few authentic details are available. Lord Hervey, though called to the House of Peers in his father's lifetime, died before the first Earl of Bristol, in 1743, and the care of the children devolved on Lady Hervey, aided by the counsel and assistance of their grandfather, an amiable and accomplished nobleman, to whom, as appears from his letters, published by Mr. Sydenham Hervey, Frederick seems to have been an object of peculiar interest and affection. Young Hervey, with his younger brother William, was educated partly at Westminster School and partly under the tutelage of a Mr. Morris, a Hampshire rector, the correspondent of Lady Hervey, whose letters he edited. The letters of Mr. Morris to Lady Hervey were such as justified in the mother high hopes for the future of her son, and his progress at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, whither he went in 1747, confirmed this favourable augury. Cole, the Cambridge antiquary, who knew Bristol well, states that his application to study was as remarkable as it was unusual in persons of his rank; and his grandfather's letters show that the delight in travel and love of art which always marked the Bishop were developed early. The young student consults his grandfather as to the purchase of a reputed Vandyke portrait of the old Earl's mother, and discusses schemes of foreign travel with his tutor and Lady Hervey.

Originally designed for the law, in the pursuit of which he got as far as to enter at Lincoln's Inn, Frederick Hervey suddenly resolved to enter the Church. Upon the causes of this change of purpose no information is forthcoming. The worldliness of his subsequent character naturally suggests the hope of speedy ecclesiastical preferment as his incentive. But if this were so he must have suffered disappointment, for, though ordained in 1754, he remained for thirteen years without any clerical appointment save that of chaplain to George III., a post to which he was appointed in 1762, and which he combined with the lay office of Clerk of the Privy Seal. He was thus, as his friend Cole observes, a singular instance of a man of his learning, family, and

connexions that never attained any ecclesiastical preferment till he was made a bishop.\* Possibly the change was dictated by his very early marriage, contrary to the wishes of the parents of both parties, when barely two-and-twenty, to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Jermyn Davers, a lady older than himself, to whom the Bishop in later years was in the habit of referring disrespectfully as a 'majestic ruin,' but for whom he undoubtedly entertained in the earlier years of their marriage a genuine affection.

There are no family papers available, if any exist, which belong to the career of young Hervey prior to his elevation to the episcopate, and it is, therefore, impossible to follow his development during those years of early manhood when character becomes fixed and set in the mould of circumstance. While such indications as remain show that the clerical courtier spent his time in the pursuits and relaxations natural to a young Englishman of rank and position, the letters of Lady Hervey seem to indicate that he undertook with some seriousness a course of theological study, though he chose for his Mentor a divine whose views were unorthodox enough to leave him open to the charge of infidelity; and the Deism of which the Bishop of Derry is accused by Charlemont was probably imbibed at the feet of Dr. Conyers Middleton. But whatever the young clergyman's private aberrations from the strait and narrow pathway of the Thirty-nine Articles, it is certain that he must have applied himself seriously to the study of divinity. Some of the Bishop's manuscript sermons survived long enough to be perused by his most distinguished successor in the see of Derry, and the present writer is enabled to add to Wesley's eulogy on 'his Lordship's useful and judicious sermon on 'blasphemy of the Holy Ghost' the testimony of so eminent an authority as the Archbishop of Armagh (Dr. Alexander) to the theological erudition of Lord Bristol.

Much of Bristol's time at this period seems to have been devoted to the gratification of the dominant passion of his life—the passion for travel—by which his later years were entirely absorbed. Neither the temporal duties of the Clerk of the Privy Seal nor the spiritual ministrations of the chaplain to George III. were so engrossing as to interfere with frequent and extended visits to the Continent. In 1765 he started on a lengthened tour in Italy, visiting Vesuvius in company with his old schoolfellow Sir William Hamilton, and undertook in the following year, in company with Mr. Burnaby, the English chaplain at Leghorn, a tour

through Corsica. The visit to Vesuvius was made on the eve of an eruption, and, approaching incautiously too close to the volcano, Hervey was severely wounded in the arm. Volcanic and geological phenomena appear to have henceforth had a great attraction for him. In subsequent travels he continually visited both Vesuvius and Etna, and in his communications with Sir William Hamilton, who published a volume of 'Observations on Volcanoes of the Two Sicilies,' he constantly alludes to the subject; while the letters of the Bishop to Sir John Strange, the English Resident at Venice, testify to the interest he took in that great natural curiosity adjacent to his diocese, the Giants' Causeway, to the geological peculiarities of which he was among the first to direct the attention of scientific men.

In 1767, during his elder brother's brief tenure of the Irish Viceroyalty, Hervey was nominated to the bishopric of Cloyne, it is said at the instance of the King, who, according to the gossip of the day, charged his Viceroy to exercise his first piece of ecclesiastical patronage in favour of a brother who, it was hinted maliciously, would not have been so readily advanced had fraternal affection not been reinforced by the suggestion of the sovereign. But there is no warrant for this malicious assumption. The appointment to the see of Cloyne, which was made in February 1767, was near being snatched from the grasp of the new prelate by the accident of his brother's resignation of the Lord-Lieutenancy before the formalities connected with the nomination had been completed. An attempt was made to induce Lord Bristol's successor to bestow the office on another aspirant, and Hervey seems to have owed the confirmation to the see to the powerful intervention of Lord Shelburne, whose friendship was destined to exercise a notable influence on the Bishop's political career.

The new bishop, who was still travelling on the Continent at the time of his appointment, lost no time in assuming the active duties of the episcopate, on which, like many of his colleagues in an age when it was customary to bestow lawn sleeves upon the cadets of noble houses as the reward for the political services of their relatives, he entered in the full vigour of early manhood. He arrived in Ireland at a moment of peculiar interest in the political history of the island. The year 1767 marked a fresh chapter in the relations between the English Government and the Irish Parliament, and a change of method on the part of the British Cabinet had led to the resignation of the viceroyalty

by Lord Bristol before he had discharged any of the functions of his position save that of nominating the successor to Bishop Johnson in the see of Cloyne. The system prevalent through the first half of the eighteenth century, under which the Viceroy spent only a few weeks in Ireland each alternate year, at the opening of the biennial sessions of the Irish Parliament, had made the Lords Justices, who governed the country in the absence of the Lord Lieutenant, the sole depositaries of power and patronage, and the rivalries of these partisan substitutes for the Sovereign had led to difficulties and embarrassments of a very serious kind. With the object of checking more effectively the power of the great nobles George III. insisted on putting a stop to this viceregal absenteeism, and announced to his ministers that his viceroy would in future be expected to perform in person the duties of his office. Lord Bristol at once resigned, and Lord Townshend was sent to Ireland to initiate that new system of managing the venal politicians of College Green which has given his vicerealty and that of his successor, Lord Harcourt, so bad an eminence in the annals of Parliamentary corruption.

The new era in the political relations of the two islands was coincident with the first dawns of the liberal movement, which in the course of the ensuing generation was to lead Ireland to the apogee of her legislative independence. The Roman Catholics of Ireland were beginning to feel the first stirrings which betokened their awaking from the long slumber that followed the violation of the Treaty of Limerick; and, though some years were still to elapse before any formal relaxation of the severity of the feudal laws was wrung from the Irish Parliament, the more thoughtful observers of Irish affairs were beginning to apprehend the nature of those difficulties which the revolt of the American colonies and the French Revolution were ere long to press home on the attention of the least considerate.

Hervey, however, though he applied himself from the first to a study of the social and political conditions of the country, was content for a time to stand aloof from parties; and the devotion to his diocesan duties and the abstinence from political intrigue which marked the first years of his episcopate are in striking contrast to the complete indifference to the duties of his office which he manifested in later years and to the mischievous violence of his intervention in politics in the era of the Volunteer Convention. His tenure

of the see which had been dignified by the episcopate of Berkeley lasted for little more than a year; but he left his mark upon the diocese by bringing to a termination, with results very advantageous to his successors, a long-standing agrarian dispute which for more than a generation had impaired the cordiality of the relations between the dwellers on the Church lands of Cloyne and the occupants of the Palace. The account of this dispute and its termination, as narrated in Brady's '*Records of Cloyne*,' strikingly attests the vigour, resolution, and business capacity which, when he chose to exert himself, marked all Hervey's actions.

Early in 1768 the young prelate was nominated by Lord Townshend, at the instance of Shelburne, to succeed Bishop Barnard in the opulent see of Derry. A well-authenticated anecdote records the jest with which the fortunate bishop received the news of his translation. He was amusing himself with some youthful companions in a jumping competition when the letter announcing his promotion was placed in his hands. 'I will jump no more,' said the Bishop, withdrawing from the contest, 'for I have distanced you all. I have jumped from Cloyne to Derry.' Arrived in the North of Ireland, Hervey appears to have applied himself at once and with diligence to the affairs of his very important diocese, and, whatever his subsequent failings, it must be acknowledged that he brought to the discharge of his duties, both as bishop and as citizen, an activity, a public spirit, and a zeal for improvement which were then far from common among his brethren of the episcopal bench. He inaugurated a movement for providing a new and splendid bridge over the Foyle, and headed the subscription list with a contribution of 1,000*l*. He also undertook at great expense operations for prospecting the coal-fields of the North of Ireland, and employed armies of labourers in the construction of roads through the more remote districts of his diocese. At the same time he gratified his passion for architecture by building in two of its wildest and most distant extremities the magnificent mansions of Downhill and Ballyscullion, which divided with the splendid edifice of Ickworth those treasures of Italian painting and sculpture for which in late years he ransacked the Continent, and to procure which he not only lavished the whole of his episcopal income, but even crippled the resources of his successors in the family estates.

Nor, in these earlier years at least, was the activity of the



Bishop limited to the merely personal and selfish objects which ultimately engrossed his regard. He found on his arrival that the majority of the incumbents of the diocesan livings were non-resident, and that, although in the enjoyment of incomes ranging from 250*l.* to 1,500*l.* a year, they provided for the duties of their cures by paying 50*l.* a year to a curate, which, as the Bishop observed, was their own estimate of the worth of the service for which they received such rich emoluments. Hervey did whatever his episcopal authority permitted to enforce residence, and insisted on raising the status of these deputies. He also busied himself in a scheme for providing pensions for the widows of deserving rectors, to which his own contributions were constantly given on a large and liberal scale. He marked his first year by an exhaustive visitation of every parish in the diocese, and a layman, writing towards the close of the year 1768, after recounting the various instances of the new bishop's energy, concluded his report by observing that 'if he goes on as he has begun we shall not grudge him the 'monstrous income of his bishopric.' Before the close of 1768 his energy and public spirit had so impressed the citizens as to win him the honour, never previously accorded to a Bishop of Derry, of the freedom of the city. Another outlet for his superabundant energies, which enabled him to combine the improvement of the diocese with the gratification of his delight in architecture, was the adorning of his cathedral and of many of his churches with elaborate spires. He presented the cathedral with a handsome spire of cut freestone; and in one of his letters to John Beresford, the well-known head of the Irish revenue, whose kindred taste for architecture is commemorated in Gandon's *chef-d'œuvre*, the Dublin Custom House, the Bishop develops his views on this question of spires with much elaboration. 'Let the 'Church decorate the country, if it cannot receive it,' he concludes, 'and let its steeple and spire make it the visible 'as well as the Established Church.' So favourably did Hervey's energy contrast with the apathy of most of his episcopal brethren that in a striking speech of Shelburne's in 1779, on the state of the Irish Church, the Bishop of Derry was bracketed with Primate Robinson in honourable contrast to the rest of the bishops, and his example held up for imitation.

But the most curious trait in Hervey's relations with his diocese was his cordiality towards both Roman Catholics and Protestant Dissenters, to the building of whose chapels

and meeting-houses and to the support of whose clergy and ministers he contributed almost as freely as to those of his own communion. At a time when Roman Catholic places of worship were barely tolerated by the Protestants of the North of Ireland the Bishop was anxious to encourage the erection of decent chapels, and when he built a new church for his own flock he would hand over the old one to the parish priest. He was on the best terms with the Presbyterian ministers, and in the dispensation of his episcopal hospitality would invite the clergy of all denominations to his table. A set of apartments at Downhill were known as the Curates' Corridor, and their use was not confined to clergymen of his own Church. The Rev. Classon Porter, who in a little pamphlet, published some years ago, has collected many of the traditional stories which attest the eccentricities of this very original prelate, has preserved a capital anecdote of one of the Bishop's clerical festivities, at which, after regaling his guests with an excellent repast, he ordered his horses out of the stables, and, desiring the reverend gentlemen to mount, set the representatives of the rival communions to an equine contest on the sands at Downhill. According to the Dissenting historian of this comic competition the Presbyterian ministers, being of lighter substance than the portly clergy of the Establishment, were in every instance victorious over their rivals, and the Bishop heartily enjoyed the discomfiture of his clergy.

Though the later career of the earl-bishop conclusively negatives the hypothesis of his having been animated by anything approaching to real spirituality, his curiously compounded nature was certainly not devoid of an admixture of religious feeling. The 'admirable solemnity' with which, according to Wesley, he celebrated the Holy Communion was not a mere exhibition of hypocrisy assumed in deference to the exigencies of his position and profession. His invitation to the well-known divine Skelton to become his chaplain and preach his consecration sermon appears to have been prompted by a sincere admiration for the learning and piety of that writer, who was personally unknown to him except by the merit of his theological books. There were occasions, too, when he could exhibit real feeling. There is a pretty story of a confirmation held by the Bishop in his cathedral, at which there appeared among the candidates a young girl, the orphaned darling of her aged grandfather, who attended her to the ceremony. As the maiden knelt to receive the episcopal benediction the

old man moved forward and placed his hand on the head of his grandchild. The chaplain intervening to check this irregularity, the Bishop, touched with the old man's tenderness, forbade the interference of his subordinate. 'Nay,' he said finely, 'mine is the benediction of office, 'his the benediction of love. Why should they not be 'joined?' To these illustrations of the better side of the Bishop's character must be added the examples of real benevolence and kindness of disposition which even so hostile a critic as Charlemont felt constrained to record.

Hervey's first intervention in Irish politics was prompted by the difficulties which he experienced in his diocese through the operation of the tithe system. He writes in November 1773 from Dublin to his friend Strange, 'I have 'been so immersed in politics as to be totally engrossed by 'them. My object is to change the whole system of our 'ecclesiastical property, to abolish tithes, and to give the 'clergy land in lieu of them.' The measures which Hervey recommended for securing this object exhibit singular acuteness and foresight. In a letter written long years after, he gave the then Chief Secretary of Ireland, Pelham, the results of his experience, and diagnosed Irish discontent in some remarkable sentences as due mainly to oppressive tithes and to the dependence of the Roman Catholic clergy and Dissenting ministers on their flocks.

To mitigate the exactions of the tithe proctor Hervey submitted proposals to the Bench of Bishops which received their sanction, and which, he says, it was arranged should be tried experimentally in Derry, but to which his own ill health had prevented him from giving effect.

To this question of tithes the Bishop does not seem to have recurred; but the condition of the Roman Catholic priesthood long occupied his attention. His frequent residence in Italy gave Hervey opportunities of learning much that was hidden from his colleagues at home, and from English statesmen, as to the ideas entertained at the Vatican on the one hand and among the members of the Irish Brigade in France on the other, in regard to the future of Ireland. In a striking letter to his daughter he describes the means he took to arrive at a knowledge of the intrigues of the Irish abroad with the Court of Rome, and the result of these inquiries convinced him that the outbreak of war between Great Britain and France, following on the American War of Independence, would give to Irish disaffection an opportunity which, if not counteracted by concessions and

precautions, might prove fatal to the English connexion. In a letter addressed to Sir William Hamilton, whose schoolfellow he had been, and with whom he preserved through life a friendship which the equivocal nature of his intimacy in later years with the wife of the ambassador does not seem to have disturbed, the Bishop indicates very clearly his view of the situation in Ireland and the policy demanded of Great Britain in circumstances of difficulty which had, not for the first time or the last, been hailed as Ireland's opportunity, condemning in strong terms the maintenance of the Penal Code, and laying stress on the serious danger to the connexion between the two countries involved in the refusal to sanction the free exercise of the Roman Catholic religion.

Impressed with the reality of these dangers, with which, as both his letters in 'The Two Duchesses' and those in the manuscript correspondence with his friend Sir John Strange show, his thoughts at this time were much occupied, and sincerely detesting the odious severity of the penal laws, Hervey applied himself with great energy to the task of pressing upon Ministers the desirability of making the concessions embodied in the Catholic Relief Bill of 1778 as wide as possible. In two letters addressed from Rome in that year to Pery, long the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons and one of the most liberal-minded Irishmen of his day, he not only urges the importance of concession while concession could be gracefully yielded, but he sketches a policy for the future which exhibits a remarkable appreciation of the enduring difficulties of Irish politics, and suggests expedients for removing them which are far in advance of his time. He proposed to secure the loyalty of the priesthood by vesting the appointment of the Roman Catholic bishops and clergy in the Crown, and by giving them an endowment in land; and, 'in order 'to perpetuate the political orthodoxy of our Irish priests,' suggested the establishment in each of the Irish provinces of a seminary for the education of the priesthood. It is to be observed that these letters, though they advocate a policy more liberal than any which the ideas of the time would sanction, are distinctly Unionist in tone, and show no trace of that Separatist spirit subsequently imputed to him and which seemed to mark the Bishop's actions when a few years later, dissatisfied at the inadequacy of the concessions, he threw himself into the volunteer movement.

The reader who would measure the degree by which Hervey's

views on Irish questions were in advance of his time must remember that these letters, which in their constructive statesmanship anticipate the policy which led, twenty years later, and on the compulsion of the French Revolution, to the endowment of Maynooth, and after a lapse of fifty years was applied in part to the problems raised by Catholic Emancipation and the Tithe Legislation, were written before the first of the measures by which the severity of the penal laws was gradually relaxed had reached the Statute Book. Grattan was as yet a novice in the debates of the Legislature in which he was soon to eclipse all competitors, the volunteers had not yet been formed, and the era of reform was still undreamt of. Whatever the value of the Bishop's suggestions as a contribution towards practical statesmanship at the time they were offered, it is impossible to deny him the credit of having discerned and set forth a very important factor of the Irish problem with a candour and clearness which no contemporary equalled, and with a breadth of tolerance quite remarkable at a time when the attitude of the dominant party towards Roman Catholics and Dissenters was still the same mixture of contempt and disgust which had animated the writings of Swift.

The views urged by the Bishop upon those among Irish politicians who came nearest to himself in opinion were not adopted; and it was reserved for a later generation to apply to the problems of the education of the clergy and the collection of tithe the specifics thus early foreshadowed for disorders which alone among his contemporaries Hervey appears to have appreciated. But the relief afforded by the Act of 1778 proved sufficient to obviate the immediate fear of a Franco-Irish alliance and to gratify, though not to satisfy, the Bishop. 'The countenance of the French Ministers in this place upon the first intelligence of the Roman Catholic Bill,' he wrote from Rome to his daughter in the autumn of 1778, 'was the clearest proof how salutary that measure was, and that the medicine would go, if the faint-hearted physicians permitted it, to the root of the evil; but remember, dear child,

"Truths would you teach, and save a sinking land,  
All fear, none aid you, and few understand."

'The prejudices of some, the interests of others, the fears of still more, and the indolence, indifference, and supineness of all are barriers which even Lord Chatham found insurmountable.'



The reference to Chatham, for whom the Bishop never lost an opportunity of expressing his admiration, suggests a clue to Hervey's liberalism in Irish affairs, which has not, we believe, been hitherto noticed; and seems to indicate that the Bishop's political principles and his peculiar views of Irish politics were formed under the inspiration of the elder Pitt, as their developement was certainly most closely paralleled by the opinions of Shelburne, the remarkable statesman who, for a time, wore the mantle and, in the divided Cabinet of Rockingham, led the disciples of Chatham. Hervey's tenure of his lay office at Court had been coincident with the grand period of the elder Pitt's career, and during Chatham's second Ministry he was an official in the Premier's own department. It may well have been that this young scion of a family which had played a great part in the Court politics of the preceding generation was admitted to a share in the ideas on Irish politics of the great object of his political veneration. But whether or not there was any sort of connexion between the great commoner and the young cleric who became a bishop while Chatham was still Premier, the closeness of Hervey's connexion with the brilliant leader of the Chathamite Whigs is no more matter of conjecture than the correspondence of opinion between the two men which is demonstrable from the writings of both. In his leaning towards democracy, which caused Bentley to say of him that he was the only Minister he had ever known who did not fear the people, in his tolerance for Papists and Dissenters, and in his attitude towards Parliamentary reform, Shelburne had no fellow among his contemporaries who shared his opinions as cordially as the Bishop of Derry, with whom he was on terms of intimacy and confidence. The ideas upon Irish politics expressed by Lord Shelburne in a paper published in Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice's valuable life of that statesman are identical with the views of his friend as expressed in such papers of the latter as survive. This alliance between two of the most original characters of their day was not lost upon some at least of their contemporaries, and the peculiar venom of all Horace Walpole's references to the Bishop may be accounted for in some degree by the latter's friendship for the statesman he so constantly vilifies in his correspondence and memoirs. In a letter to Sir Horace Mann in 1783 Walpole denounces 'that mitred Proteus the Count-Bishop,' whose crimes, he says, can only be palliated by his profligate folly, and adds that 'his brother-Proteus' (Shelburne) would have sent him the

previous year to Versailles to negotiate the peace, had the Bishop consented to act. 'But to be a peacemaker,' Walpole acrimoniously adds in explanation of his refusal, 'was too much the character of a bishop for such a bishop to accept.'

Upon the motives which a few years later led to the incongruous apparition in the midst of the armed volunteers of Ireland, for which the Bishop is best known in history, and of which Jonah Barrington and Froude have left pictures too vivid and too familiar to justify any attempt to sketch it here, neither the 'Hamilton Papers' nor the letters printed in 'The Two Duchesses' throw any vivid light. Indeed, they serve rather to intensify the inconsistency between the calm and even statesmanlike appreciations of the political situation which the Bishop was capable of writing, and the violence of the actions into which he plunged at the very moment when, judging by ordinary standards, it was to be expected that his accession to the title and estates of the earldom of Bristol should have served to strengthen his ties with England. More of his time was spent at home at this period than had been usual with him for some years, and the gout, which was the ostensible reason for his constant trips to the Continent, seems to have troubled him little from 1778 to 1785. The summer and winter of 1782 were spent at Ickworth, when he became intimate with Arthur Young, who was in the habit of dining with him every Thursday, in company with other persons of learning and distinction, gatherings of which Young says that the conversation was such as to make these weekly visits to Ickworth the most agreeable days he had ever known. He renewed his connexion with Shelburne, whom he visited at Bowood, where Bentham, who met him, was much struck by his conversation, and praised him in his diary as 'a most excellent companion, pleasant, intelligent, well read and well bred, liberal-minded to the last degree, has been everywhere, and knows everything.'

But intemperate and inflammatory as was the action of the Bishop of Derry in the famous Volunteer Convention, and natural as it was that the violence of conduct and demeanour, which was far more noticeable in the case of an English nobleman than it would have been in an Irish politician, should provoke the most angry hostility, and give rise to the gravest suspicions, we are disposed to question the justice of the view of his motives and designs which, adopting the adverse estimates of contemporaries who wrote as partisans, even when they were not, as in the case of

Charlemont, the judgements of avowed enemies, has been followed by most historians. Mr. Lecky considers that the Bishop, had he procured his election to the chair of the Convention, would have pushed matters to a rebellion, and refuses to admit that the assertion of Clare, in 1798, that there was not a single rebel in the Convention, or a man who would not willingly have shed his blood in defence of his Sovereign and of the Constitutions, was true of the violent Bishop. Froude writes, with palpable extravagance, that the Bishop clung, even after the dissolution of the Convention, to the dream of a separate Ireland, of which he was to be king. It is, indeed, unquestionable that, both during the sittings of the Convocation and afterwards, the Government viewed the effects of his dangerous activity with suspicion and even alarm. Lord Northington, the Lord Lieutenant, is said to have actually authorised his arrest, and in the following year the violence of his language, in acknowledging the addresses which were presented to him at Derry on his return from Dublin, led to grave discussion between Pitt and the succeeding Viceroy (the Duke of Rutland) as to the propriety of an impeachment. But, upon the other hand, it is remarkable that even the least charitable character that has been drawn of the Bishop—that by Lord Charlemont, who had the best possible knowledge of his designs—though vehement in its denunciations of his advocacy of the movement for Reform, and his encouragement of the Roman Catholic demands, does not accuse him of separatist ideas; and, although the extravagance of speech and action were the Bishop's own, it will, we think, be found that in his policy he was not animated by any wild revolutionary notions, but rather that he was pursuing, by methods peculiar to himself, objects in which he was cordially supported by some of the most eminent of English statesmen.

For it is a complete misapprehension to suppose that the leaders of the volunteers were Irish agitators, who acted without the concurrence and encouragement of English politicians. Not only did Fox and Burke, and their immediate connexions, approve and assist the early policy of Grattan, but there was a considerable section among English Whigs who were prepared to act with those who went beyond Grattan in their views as to Reform. In November 1779 Lord Shelburne gave utterance in the House of Lords to an animated vindication of the volunteers, and his approval of their aims was not alienated by their later action.



The demand of the Convention was a demand for Parliamentary reforms, and Shelburne was an ardent Reformer, who not merely favoured the extension of the franchise among Protestants, but, like Lord Bristol, was in favour of the admission of Roman Catholics to complete political liberty. In the year 1782 he had actually mooted a Reform Bill in the Rockingham Cabinet, and when, in the following year, Flood broke with Grattan on this question, the natural sympathy with advanced opinion, which would have led him in any case to side with the elder patriot, was confirmed by the alliance between Grattan and Shelburne's rival Fox. There is, in fact, good reason for the conjecture that, in insisting on driving Reform to the front in Ireland, Flood, who, be it remembered, became himself a member of the English House of Commons in 1783, was not acting solely with an eye to Ireland, but was aiming to provide his English allies with a precedent from College Green which might be successfully relied upon at Westminster. That this is no extravagant hypothesis no one who has studied the history of Parliamentary Reform can doubt. Favoured by Chatham, Reform in England had at this period attained a firmer footing than it was to reach again for half a century, and, could Shelburne have secured the co-operation of Fox in the Chathamite Ministry which he formed in 1782, and in which the younger Pitt first held Cabinet office, the great measure of 1832 might have been anticipated by nearly two generations. The suspicion that the Bishop's behaviour at the Convention was inspired by treasonable motives, or anti-English ideas, is further negatived by what is known of his political opinions in later years. The language of his letter to Pelham in 1797, already referred to, is as strongly Unionist in tone as his letters to Pery in 1778, and his last recorded public act is his concurrence in an Address in favour of the Union. All his letters on public questions breathe a strong Imperial patriotism, and in the very year before the meeting of the Convention he was the author of a proposal, which Shelburne encouraged, for building war ships by private contributions, and wrote desiring his friend Strange, if possible, to buy vessels from foreign Powers for the English navy to his order.

Viewed in this aspect, there is much to modify the harshness of the judgement hitherto passed upon the objects and motives of the Bishop's participation in the Volunteer Convention. But, to whatever degree his programme may have been approved by his political allies in England, his conduct

was such as to forfeit all confidence, and to render co-operation impossible. The extravagance of his language and the wildness of his demeanour suggest that his natural eccentricity had at this period passed the border-line of sanity, and that the congenital infirmity which in his father had taken the physical form of epilepsy had in his case shown itself in temporary disorder of the brain. The extravagance of his semi-regal entry into Dublin on the occasion of the Convention, so vividly described by Barrington's pen, might be set down to a desire to dazzle the public by a display of magnificence. But there were also ebullitions of purposeless eccentricity of a kind which made it plain that his reason was seriously affected. Horace Walpole, indeed, whose rancour against the Bishop seems to have been prompted by some personal grudge, suggests no such charitable hypothesis for the vagaries which at this time astonished society in London and in Dublin alike, and seriously attributes the Bishop's fervour in behalf of the Roman Catholics to a design to procure a cardinal's hat. Innuendoes such as this seem to be almost as fanciful and extravagant as the actions of the Bishop himself were wild and unaccountable. On his return to the North of Ireland after the Convention, a return which, according to Charlemont, was hastened by the apprehension of arrest, he busied himself in raising fresh corps of volunteers, and in holding levées and receiving addresses laudatory of his recent proceedings from a number of local bodies and corporations, in acknowledging which he used language of extreme violence, such as, in the opinion of the Duke of Rutland, rendered him a fit object to be dealt with by law. Pitt, however, took a more cool-headed view of these displays, and evidently knew enough of his man to reckon on the certainty that he would never translate the rashness of his language into action, whilst, at the same time, he dreaded the effects of a prosecution directed against one who, whatever his faults and excesses, had become a popular hero with the volunteers of the North.

Of this popularity there could be no question. One of the incidents in the Bishop's conduct which had most staggered Charlemont and the more moderate of the popular leaders had been his patronage of a character almost as exceptional as his own, the famous or infamous Fighting Fitzgerald. This extraordinary being, who was at this time notorious not only as the most daring duellist, the most reckless libertine, and the most lawless and most turbulent

desperado in Ireland, who had not long before been condemned to a term of imprisonment as the result of a long and unseemly dispute with his father and brother, and who, not three years later, was executed for murder at Castlebar, was the Bishop's nephew by the marriage of his sister, Lady Mary Hervey, with a Mayo squire. He had acted during the proceedings of the Convention as the captain of the guard of cavalry which attended the Bishop to and from the Rotunda during its meetings, and the open alliance between the prelate and the outlaw had aggravated in many minds the offences of the Bishop. Yet such was the influence which the latter possessed, and so marked was the deference shown him, that the corporation of Londonderry voted the freedom of their city to Fitzgerald and entertained him at a public dinner. Fitzgerald, in acknowledging the compliment, attributed it to the desire of the citizens to do honour 'to that illuminated and illuminating constellation,' his uncle. Nor were the Presbyterian ministers of Londonderry behind their laity in approving 'the liberality of 'his Lordship's religious sentiments.' The Presbytery of Derry, 'rejoicing in the opportunity of giving their tribute 'of deserved praise to a character in every respect so 'dignified,' expressed in a public address their approbation of the liberality of his Lordship's sentiments, and in reply received the grandiloquent assurance that 'the very rock which founds my cathedral is less immovable than my purpose to liberate this high-mettled nation from the petulant and rapacious oligarchy which plunder and insult it.' The popularity in his own diocese which these resolutions attest seems never to have been forfeited. In 1788, at banquet in commemoration of the centenary of the shutting of the gates of Derry, the Bishop's name was honoured in his absence, in the commemorative ode composed for the occasion, as the friend and benefactor of mankind; and in the celebration of the relief of the maiden city in the following year the Bishop headed the procession to the cathedral, and laid the foundation stone of a memorial arch. In 1790, on the opening of the bridge at Derry, he received addresses from the corporation, the citizens, and the volunteers of the city, and eulogised in his reply to the last-mentioned body that 'unbought auxiliary to 'an almost impotent Government which secured the internal 'peace and fixed the external safety of this kingdom.' A permanent memorial of the feelings which this singular bundle of inconsistencies inspired among men of opposite

creeds survives in the obelisk reared in the park at Ickworth by inhabitants of Derry of every denomination, including the Roman Catholic bishop and Dissenting ministers, which attests the munificence of his public expenditure, the purity of his administration of his patronage, and the influence of his example in softening and reconciling the bitterness of sectarian animosity.

From the letters published in 'The Two Duchesses' it appears pretty clear that it is from this period that the change in the Bishop's character which Mr. Lecky suggests must be dated. There is a good deal of evidence of this in his altered relations with his wife and family. Prior to 1783 the Bishop appears to have acted as a good husband and an affectionate father. His early letters to his daughter Elizabeth are couched in the language of affection, and are full of pleasant domestic allusions to his wife and their youngest daughter, Louisa, afterwards Lady Liverpool, who were the constant companions of his travels abroad. But in 1783 Lady Bristol's letters show a change in his demeanour. It does not appear, however, that the final estrangement with his wife and the complete abandonment of private ties and public duties which disgraced his latter years took place until considerably later. His absences abroad became more frequent and more prolonged, but not of a kind to provoke the scandal which the subsequent entire neglect of his duties ultimately aroused. So little does he seem to have anticipated in 1790 the voluntary exile in which the last ten years of his life were spent that, in replying to the address of the citizens of Derry in that year, he actually enlarged on the duty of residence as one of the obligations of his episcopal office. 'The duties of an extensive and opulent prelacy wear a superior character and a more binding tie. They summon loudly to residence and discipline; and a pious discharge of such duties can alone vindicate or insure the splendid rent-roll annexed to the office.' Yet in 1793 he left Ireland never to return.

The taste for foreign travel and the fondness for art which had marked Hervey from the outset of his career, and made him, perhaps, the best informed Englishman of his time, outside the ranks of the professional diplomatists, on Continental affairs, seem to have grown more and more absorbing between 1784 and 1790. But he would appear, nevertheless, to have continued down to his final departure in 1793 to give tolerably close attention to that portion of his episcopal duty which concerned the business admi-

nistration of his see. On his return from the Continent in 1789 he remained for over a twelvemonth in Ireland, largely occupied, doubtless, with the building of Ballyscullion, the second of the two great mansions he erected in his diocese. To this edifice, though never completed, he devoted enormous sums, and he continued to the day of his death to despatch to Derry no inconsiderable share of the treasures he collected abroad. In 1792 he visited Ickworth, and appears then to have conceived the design of that splendid residence. To this object his last years were almost exclusively given up. He appropriated 12,000*l.* a year to the building, and in the ten years between his final departure to the Continent and his death he seems to have been continually occupied in giving orders to countless artists for the adornment of a palace in which he declared he would never set foot until it had been completed, and which in the result he never saw. From this time on, his self-imposed expatriation seems to have been complete, though he kept up a correspondence with his daughter Elizabeth, to whom he occasionally wrote suggestions for the family aggrandisement, of which the most extraordinary was one for an alliance between his heir, Lord Hervey, and the Countess de la Marche, a natural daughter of the King of Prussia by the Countess von Lichtenau. The separation from his wife and the break in his domestic relations evidently cost him no pang whatever, and at sixty-three this episcopal pagan, abandoning all his duties as husband and father, as bishop and peer, gave himself up to a life of the most absolute worldliness and the most doubtful morality. ‘*Pour moi, j’irai mon train,*’ he wrote to his daughter in 1796, ‘and if I cannot be the Cæsar nor the Cicero, I will be a less splendid but a more useful citizen, the Lucullus of my time, the midwife of talents, industry, and hidden virtues.’

It is but just to admit that in his efforts to achieve an ambition so incongruously unepiscopal he was not wholly unsuccessful. Not only did he get together a collection which, exclusive of what he had sent home, was valued in 1798 at 20,000*l.*, but he appears to have really been at pains not merely to add to his collection but to encourage art and assist struggling artists. The eminent sculptor Flaxman, writing to Sir William Hamilton in 1794, congratulates himself on being detained in Rome three more years by the patronage of Lord Bristol, and adds, ‘I cannot conclude this letter without telling you how the liberality

‘of Lord Bristol has reanimated the fainting body of art in Rome; for his generosity to me I must be silent, for I have not words to express its value.’ The extent of his munificence was even more strikingly attested when, on the occupation of Rome in 1798, the Administrator of the Army of Italy was petitioned by no fewer than 343 artists to spare the collections of the Bishop, which had been seized by the French. The petition was not without effect, for though the Bishop, who was himself detained a prisoner in Milan for several months, was for a time terrified for the safety of his treasures, General Berthier ultimately had the generosity to accept the trifling ransom of 400*l*.

It had been well for the Bishop’s reputation had this mania for art been the sole incongruity between his private tastes and his professional character. Unfortunately his relations with the fair sex were of a kind to provoke the scandalous stories which soon began to spread about him. Although there is no proof that the impropriety of his conduct went beyond a highly unepiscopal freedom of language and heedlessness of decorum, the character of the ladies with whom his name was chiefly connected was of a kind which gave probability to the grossest suggestions as to the nature of his *liaisons*. From 1792 to 1798 he was intimately associated with the notorious Emma, Lady Hamilton, and when the attentions of this elderly and episcopal cavalier had been eclipsed by the more ardent devotion of Nelson, the Bishop became no less closely attached to a lady of equally dubious virtue, the Countess von Lichtenau, the mistress of Frederick William II. of Prussia. His acquaintance with Nelson’s unhappy mistress originated in a lifelong friendship with her husband, Sir William Hamilton, whose schoolfellow he had been, and with whom, as the Nelson-Hamilton papers show, he maintained an active correspondence on political and scientific subjects throughout his career. The marriage of Hamilton and Emma took place in 1791, while the Bishop was in England, and on returning to the Continent the resumption of old relations with the husband was accompanied by the formation of the most intimate friendship with his wife. The easy-going character of the Ambassador at Naples encouraged and sanctioned an intimacy which was so far innocent that it was maintained with the entire cognisance of Sir William, to whom in his letters the Bishop constantly desired his ‘best and constant love to dearest Emma,’ or, to use the odd language of one of

these epistles, 'ten thousand good wishes to dear, *respectable* Emma.' The letters of Lady Hamilton evince without disguise the cordiality of her relations with the Bishop. 'Lord Bristol is with us at Caserta,' she writes to her old lover Greville. 'He passes one week at Naples and 'one with us. He is very fond of me and very kind.' It would appear, however, that the homage of the Bishop, however ardent, was not unmixed with admonition or rebuke; and while he was capable of complimenting Lady Hamilton in the extravagant couplet—

'Ah, Emma, who'd ever be wise  
If madness be loving of thee?'

he is said to have stung her on one occasion, when his visit was interrupted by a lady of questionable character, by departing with the sarcastic observation, 'It is permitted to 'a bishop to visit one sinner, but quite unfitting that he 'should be seen in a brothel!'

Of the nature of his relations with the Countess von Lichtenau the history is more obscure, but the scandal was not less widespread. Several contemporary memoirs contain references to this *liaison*, and, whatever the extent of the intimacy, there is no doubt the lady exercised a strong fascination on the Bishop down to the close of 1796, when, returning to his allegiance to Lady Hamilton, he broke off all relations with her on the curious ground that the Countess had entered into intrigues with France. If, however, the scandalmongers testify to the doubtful morals of this 'Comte-Evêque,' and to the extravagance of his garb—it was his habit to wear a white hat edged with purple, a coat of crimson silk or blue velvet, a black sash spangled with silver, and purple stockings—they do not fail to mention also his accomplishments, the liveliness of his conversation, his fund of anecdote, and the vein of satire which made his company much sought after; whilst the letters published in Mr. Foster's book show him to have been a man of lively imagination and piquant wit, who could hold his own in any assembly. Yet, according to a reminiscence of Goethe published in Erckmann's conversations with the poet, the Bishop met more than his match in the author of the 'Sorrows of Werther.' According to the poet, the Bishop, when passing through Jena, invited him to dinner, and in the course of conversation upbraided Goethe for having in his 'Werther' painted a character 'in 'every way immoral and damnable,' and given encourage-

ment to the crime of suicide. The poet, however, met the charge with spirit, and turned the tables by inquiring what the Bishop had to say for the theology which drove weak-minded people to the madhouse by preaching the horrors of hell.

Of the concluding five years of the Bishop's life, from the date of his imprisonment by the French at Milan to his death, not much is known, though a few anecdotes which seem to belong to this period show that they were passed much in the same way as the five which preceded them. He died at Albano on July 18, 1803, having, according to a letter from Nelson to Lady Hamilton, torn up a few hours before a will 'giving everything to those devils of Italians about 'him.' His remains were sent to England on board the 'Monmouth' for interment, and by a grim irony Mr. Elliot, the British Minister at Naples, obliged to humour the superstitious dread with which sailors regard the presence of a corpse on board ship, caused the body of this magnificent patron of sculpture to be packed and shipped as an antique statue.

We have not sought in the foregoing pages to trace the career of the earl-bishop more closely than it has hitherto been followed merely because the eccentricity of his character gives piquancy to the record of his life and opinions, though in this respect few, if any, characters offer a more interesting study in human nature. We have been mainly led to it by the belief that Lord Bristol's opinions on Irish affairs and his action in Irish politics have not hitherto been correctly represented. The elucidation of the views by which, notwithstanding many apparent inconsistencies, Lord Bristol appears to have been continuously guided seems to us to illustrate and illuminate with fresh light the most fascinating chapter in the annals of the people to whose national vanity the Protestant and English Bishop of Derry ministered for a moment more acceptably than the greatest of Irish patriots, and the sources of whose opposition to the interests of his own country the inspiration that is sometimes joined to eccentricity enabled him to gauge more accurately than any other Englishman of his time.



ART. V.—*The History of the Society of Dilettanti.* Compiled by LIONEL CUST, M.A., Director of the National Portrait Gallery, and edited by SIDNEY COLVIN, M.A., Keeper of the Prints and Drawings in the British Museum, sometime Secretary of the Society. London : 1898.

MODERN London is so large, and society in London, in consequence, is broken up into so many cliques, that few or no opportunities ever occur for gathering at one dinner table all the men who are most distinguished for culture, for wit, and for the many other qualities which make conversation brilliant, instructive, and entertaining. The social conditions, indeed, which sixty years ago enabled Lord and Lady Holland constantly to welcome at Holland House such good talkers as Sydney Smith and Luttrell, Moore and Rogers, Macaulay and Jeffrey, Lord Melbourne and Lord John Russell, and many others, no longer prevail; and we who read the stories of these dinners, and contrast them with some of those at which we ourselves have been present, are tempted sometimes to conclude that society, as it grows older and more complex, is becoming a little dull; we feel, at any rate, that it has not been our lot to witness week after week gatherings so brilliant as those at which it was the privilege of a former generation to assist.

Yet, when we ponder on these things, we are sometimes disposed to conclude that the disappearance from London life of the houses to which all the recognised and all the rising intellect naturally gravitated does not prove the absence from among us of men naturally formed to excel in conversation. The stars still illuminate the social heavens; but, instead of being collected in constellations, they shine in comparative solitude. They are drawn off, one by one, to throw a little life into the conversation at the tables of some rich or exalted personage who finds, according to the old saying, that 'the society of the very great when unrelieved by men of talent is, like tableland, high and flat.' And their own brilliance is partially obscured by the process. For conversation must be kindled into wit by the conflict of minds; and the talker who depends on himself alone, and is not stimulated by those with whom he is conversing, degenerates into monologue, and becomes a bore.

That brilliant talkers, however, still shine in modern London, and that they are still imbued with a natural desire to come together, will be recognised, we think, by any of

our readers who have had the good fortune to be present at the meetings of the great dining societies. In one sense, indeed, these gatherings can never quite replace the dinners for which, in a previous generation, Holland House was famous. Men and women are, in a social sense, never quite at their best when the two sexes are not brought together. And dinners at which men only are present lack, in consequence, some of the charm which accomplished and agreeable women bring to every entertainment. But, notwithstanding this defect, the great dining societies of London collect periodically at their tables many of the most agreeable talkers of the day, and perhaps no one can quite appreciate what conversation in London still is who has not had the privilege of attending one or more of these gatherings.

The publication by the oldest of these societies of the elaborate history of its proceedings, the title of which we have placed at the head of this article, furnishes us with an excuse and an opportunity for making a few remarks on the subject. Forty years ago, indeed, some account of the Dilettanti Society was given in these pages by a writer whose taste and whose culture peculiarly qualified him for dealing sympathetically with the more serious work of a body of which it is understood that he was himself a distinguished member. But the article of 1857 dealt especially with the Dilettanti's services to art. While we cannot be wholly silent on that portion of the subject, our chief object to-day is to dwell on the social services which this Society and its fellows are discharging.

Before, however, proceeding any further we must congratulate the society on the book which is before us. Its illustrations, its type, its paper, and its binding are worthy of the Dilettanti. But if the publishers have done their work well, the same praise may be extended both to the author and to the editor. Mr. Lionel Cust has brought to his task a knowledge of the manners and of the memoirs of the eighteenth century which has proved eminently serviceable to him. Mr. Sidney Colvin speaks of the more serious work of the Dilettanti with an authority which no one can dispute. The result of their combined labours is a work which will interest everyone who is attracted by the revival of classical taste, which the Dilettanti have done so much to encourage and promote. Into the more serious matters with which the book deals, however, we are not going to enter in this article. We propose only to concern ourselves to-day with the Dilettanti as one of the oldest dining

societies of London. We want, if we can, to illustrate one of the many phases of society in London with which necessarily only a few people are familiar, but which is well worth a little attention.

At the very outset, indeed, we are arrested by one difficulty: the dining societies of London are so numerous that it is impossible to deal with all of them in a single article. Many of our readers, for instance, must have noticed paragraphs in the newspapers telling how the 'Odd Volumes' met on a particular day, or how 'the Savages' entertained some civilised guest. We all know that the Fox Club still commemorates the name of a great man, and that the Eighty Club still perpetuates a great victory. The members of the Royal Society Club, which was founded in the middle of last century, still periodically dine together. The Smeatonians, consisting chiefly of civil engineers,\* have since 1771 similarly met (according to the sentiment still given at their dinners) to dam[n] our canals, sink our coalpits, blast our quarries, disperse our commerce, and to utter other sentiments, some of which are perhaps hardly suitable for reproduction in pages intended for general reading. The Economists venerate the memory of Malthus by dinners at which some abstract question in political economy is discussed. We are not sure, however, that we have the knowledge to give any adequate account of such societies as these. And they all differ in one respect from the societies to which we propose to devote this article; for they all tolerate and even welcome the habitual presence of strangers, while the societies with which we deal to-day are more exclusive in their character. With the exception of the Literary, which permits its president to invite as the guest of the Society any one individual,† no stranger is, we believe, seen at their tables. A proposal so to invite a distinguished man, who had done the Society

\* We say chiefly because some distinguished military engineers and one distinguished parliamentary counsel are, so we are informed, members of the Smeatonians.

† We believe we are right in saying that this privilege is very rarely exercised, and that Mr. Lecky is the only Englishman alive who has been so invited. He dined with the Society after the publication of his 'History of Rationalism,' some years before he became one of its members. But the Society has usually invited each successive American Ambassador to its table. And the present French Ambassador and one other distinguished French author have also been among its guests.

much service, raised a revolt in the ranks of the Dilettanti.\* All the societies, therefore, with which we deal to-day are exclusive in their character. They are (we arrange them in the order of their formation): The Dilettanti Society, The Club, Nobody's Club, the Literary Society, and Grillion's Club.

The constitution of these various bodies is not uniform. The Literary Society and Nobody's Club have permanent presidents, who regularly preside at their dinners. Each member of The Club, on the contrary, takes his turn in presiding; the Dilettanti and Grillion's select at each of their meetings one of their members, whom they place in the chair. The affairs of each society are regulated largely by a secretary, who is responsible for its finances, and who, in the case of The Club, is called the treasurer.

The qualities which make men apparently eligible for office of this character are, we must suppose, comparatively uncommon, since the same men have been found in the past, and may still be seen, discharging the same functions in one or more of these societies. The late Sir Robert Inglis, for example, or Mr. R. H. Inglis, as he was at the time, 'possessing a competent knowledge of arithmetic and an unimpeached character,' was made one of the joint secretaries of Grillion's in 1820. He continued to occupy that office till 1843, when 'the Club of Clubs'—to quote their own language—'released their honorary (and much-honoured 'ex) secretary from all duties, principles, and emoluments.' In the meanwhile, however, he had become president of the Literary Society in 1824, and he continued to hold that office till 1850. To take another example, Sir John Coleridge became president of Nobody's in 1861, and was succeeded a few years afterwards by Mr. Spencer Walpole, who was already president of the Literary Society, and Mr. Walpole was succeeded in the chair of the latter Society by the late Lord Coleridge. Sir Henry Englefield, to quote a third case, was secretary to the Dilettanti and treasurer to The Club. Mr. Henry Reeve was for many years the treasurer of The Club and the secretary of the Literary Society; and Mr. Sidney Colvin—to give one more instance—the present secretary of the Literary Society, discharged for some time with equal efficiency the same functions for the Dilettanti.

\* The Society, however, on one or two occasions has made—as we are informed—an exception to this rule. The latest was in favour of the author of the history which we are reviewing.

It is probably due to these circumstances that the same men who are members of one of these societies may be frequently found at the tables of the others. Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff, for instance, is a member of four of them—the Dilettanti, The Club, the Literary, and Grillion's; Sir Alfred Lyall, Sir George Trevelyan, Mr. Lecky, of three—The Club, the Literary, and Grillion's; and other examples of the same kind might also be given. Yet we believe that we are right in saying that, though the same men may be found at the tables of all these societies, the conversation at each of them bears a character of its own. Nobody's—we assume that we may draw the inference from its constitution—is the more serious. Grillion's has always made a point of gathering at its tables the leading members of each of the great political parties, and politics, we believe, are in consequence only touched on in a spirit of banter. The atmosphere of The Club, affected, we suppose, by traditions of Johnson and Gibbon, induces graver talk than the lighter ripple which enlivens the tables of the Literary Society. Alive again to their traditions, their customs, and their surroundings, the members of the Dilettanti Society indulge in more open fun. If we may say so without offence, its very respectable and respected members delight on their Sunday gatherings for a few short hours to play the fool.

The Club possesses two portraits—‘that of Sir Joshua Reynolds, presented by his niece, the Marchioness of Thomond; and that of Dr. Johnson, a copy of the Peel portrait in the National Gallery, presented by George Richmond, Esq., R.A., and Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A.’ Grillion's possesses no pictures. Yet it has been instrumental in obtaining the most important collection of historical portraits of the present century. Some time before 1826 its founder, Sir Thomas Acland, had ‘employed a clever artist of the name of Slater to take likenesses in crayons of such of his friends as consented to sit for the purpose. It was now (May 6, 1826) suggested that if Sir Thomas Acland had no objection to lend his portraits for the purpose of engraving, each member might have a set who would go to the expense of having his own portrait engraved.’ The proposal was formally adopted by the club, which decided to bear out of its own funds the expense of engraving the portraits of its deceased members. And, in pursuance with this decision, a really admirable collection of portraits of distinguished men has been gradually accumulated. For many years these portraits

were executed in crayon by the late Mr. Richmond, and many of them are types of the very best work ever performed by that eminent artist, whose social qualifications made him one of the most agreeable members of The Club, of Grillion's, and of the Literary Society.

The Dilettanti has a gallery of its own, which is now open to public view in a room in the Grafton Gallery, where the Society's dinners are held. This collection had its origin in 1741, when it was formally ordered that 'every member of the Society do make a present of his picture, in oil colours, drawn by Mr. George Knapp, a member, to be hung up in the room where the Society meets;' and four years later it was further ordered that every member 'who had not had his picture painted shall pay one guinea per annum till his picture be delivered.' This fine of a guinea, which was known as face money, was paid by the members of the Society, at any rate until 1812.

Under the influence of these two resolutions twenty-three of the earlier members of the Society had their portraits painted between 1741 and 1749; and these portraits, though they have little merit as works of art, are interesting, because the members are painted in characters and costumes assumed for the purpose.

'There is Lord Sandwich in the character of the great Mahomedan heretic, the Persian Hafiz; there is Lord Holderness as an Italian Gardener; there is Lord Galway as a Cardinal, and Lord Le Despencer as a Franciscan Monk, very ill behaved . . . ; there is Lord Blessington as a Spanish Minstrel, and Lord Bessborough as a Turk; there are the Duke of Dorset and Lord Barrington as Roman Generals.'\*

Some of these portraits have been admirably reproduced in the history of the Society which we are now reviewing. If, however, the portraits of the Society had been confined to these pictures, little importance would have attached to them as works of art. In 1766, however—two years after he had founded The Club—Sir Joshua Reynolds was elected a member of the Dilettanti, and presented his own portrait to the Society. As it does not appear that he ever paid face money, there is little doubt that he presented this portrait, painted by himself, as soon as he became a member. In 1769 Sir Joshua was declared painter to the Society, and in 1779 he painted in that capacity the two

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\* We have ventured to reproduce the description of these portraits from the article in this Review of 1857.

famous groups of members which are among the most admirable of his works, and which, from the facts that they have been excellently well engraved, and that they were lent for many years by the Society to the National Gallery, are well known to the art-loving public.

Sir Joshua Reynolds was succeeded by Sir Thomas Lawrence not merely in the inferior office of President of the Royal Academy (which he filled, however, only from 1820), but also in the superior position of painter of the Society; and in the latter capacity he painted three pictures—one of Richard Payne Knight, who presented this portrait to the Society, of which he was a well-known member, in 1805; a second of Sir Henry Englefield, who in 1812 was ‘commanded with all possible expedition to put his face into the most picturesque order in his power, and, as soon as he shall have succeeded in this great and difficult work, to present himself to Mr. Lawrence, the painter to the Society, to the end that a portrait of the said Secretary be painted with all speed by him for the use of the Society;’ a third of Lord Dundas, who, as the venerable ‘father of the Society,’ was painted five years afterwards.

The other portraits of interest in the Society’s possession are one of West, which he gave to the Society in 1818, and which he requested the Society’s indulgence to reproduce in the two portraits of himself which he had been asked to present to the Capitol in Rome and to the Uffizi Gallery in Florence; another of Morritt of Rokeby as arch-master of the ceremonies, dressed in the ‘long crimson taffety-tasselled robe of that great and most respectable office, which was painted by Shree in 1832;’ and a third of the late Sir E. Ryan, in the garb of secretary to the Society, the work of Lord Leighton. Since Lord Leighton’s death the Society ordered a copy of his own portrait in the Uffizi Gallery, which has now been added to their collection; and Mr. Sidney Colvin’s portrait, on his retirement from the office of secretary, was ordered to be painted by the present painter to the Society, Sir Edward Poynter.

It is now, however, time to say something of the origin of these societies, and in doing so we shall avail ourselves of the privately printed annals of *Grillion’s* and *Nobody’s*, to which we have had the advantage of having access, as well as of the more elaborate history of the *Dilettanti*, which forms the text of this article.

Of the five societies, *Nobody’s* is the only one which has any political tendencies. From its first foundation, in 1807,

to the present day it has upheld the old principle of Church and State; its ordinary members consist of an equal number of clergymen and laymen; and, though Whigs and Liberals are elected to it, we think we are safe in saying that its tables have never been profaned by the presence of a strong Liberal who was not also a strong Churchman. Nobody's, or Nobody's Friends—to quote its proper title—was founded in 1807 by William Stevens, a partner in a large hosiery business in London, who, as the inscription on his monument tells us, 'Educated, and his whole life engaged in trade, found time to enrich his mind with English, French, Latin, Greek, and especially Hebrew literature.' In addition to these literary pursuits he was known among his contemporaries as one of the most charitable of men and as one of the most profound theologians of his age. He was the author of numerous anonymous pamphlets, which he subsequently collected into one volume as *Οὐδενὸς ἔργα*. This title gave the name to the Club. If Stevens were willing to assume the modest *nom de plume* of Nobody, its members were delighted to call themselves Nobody's Friends. To this day the Club keeps the memory of its founder green by drinking, as the first toast at each of its dinners, to the immortal memory of Nobody, the founder of this Club.

On February 7, 1807, so the privately printed annals of the Club relate, 'William Stevens "Nobody," the founder of this Club, entered into his rest. No meeting of the Club took place during this month, but in May 1807 it was resolved unanimously that the Club be continued, and meet at the accustomed times, which, according to the rules, were the last day of February, the 29th of May, and the 29th of November.'

Since that time the Club has increased the frequency of its meetings and added to the number of its members. In 1875, 'in consequence of the numerous candidates for admission to the Society known as Nobody's,' it was decided to enlarge its numbers to thirty lay and thirty clerical members; and in 1880 it was further determined that, when a bishop or a judge is a candidate for election, he shall be balloted for at once, and if elected considered an honorary member. This rule seems to have added inconveniently to the size of the Club, for in the following year it was decided to reduce its numbers gradually to fifty ordinary members. We notice, however, that when the account of Nobody's Friends was prepared for private circulation in 1885 the Club still consisted of fifty-nine ordinary members.



The rule which enables Nobody's, like the Athenæum, to elect bishops and judges out of their turn has, perhaps naturally, led to another result. The Club seems to prefer men of high position on the Bench to preside at its dinners. From the foundation of the Club to 1885 (when its annals were written) its successive presidents had been Sir R. Richards, Sir J. Park, Sir John Patteson, Sir John Coleridge, and Mr. Spencer Walpole. Mr. Walpole, it may be added, wrote, at the request of the Club, a Notice of his Two Predecessors, which was privately printed by Mr. Murray, an old member of the Club, and presented by him to his colleagues as an offering from Nobody for Nobody. Thus for eighty years the Club had as its successive presidents men who had made their name at the Bar, and who, with one exception, had risen to the Bench.

Grillion's was formed some years later than Nobody's, and in very different circumstances. A few college friends 'who lived together in the most cordial intimacy at Christ-church,' and several of whom reassembled later in Edinburgh to attend the lectures of Dugald Stewart, Playfair, and Hope, decided, on commencing life in London, to form a small society at which they could meet. They dined together three or four years in succession at Grillion's Hotel, and in the beginning of 1813 decided to make these gatherings more frequent and to enlarge their own numbers. Up to that date they had met as the Christchurch Club; but the title seemed a little too narrow for a society which was gradually attracting to its table persons who had never been at Christchurch, and in 1817 its members were invited to suggest some new name by which it could in future be known. The names thus suggested failed, however, to command any support, and the Club during the first ten years of its existence seems to have been known as the Wednesday Club, and the Club at Grillion's. The latter title was gradually abbreviated into Grillion's Club.

The most prominent name among the earlier founders was that of Stratford Canning (Lord Stratford de Redcliffe), who continued for more than sixty years to attend its dinners. But the two men whose names are most intimately associated with the earlier history of the Club are those of Sir Thomas Dyke Acland and Mr. (afterwards Sir) Robert Inglis. These two men, in Lord Houghton's language, 'had in common a combination of gaiety of temperament and earnestness of purpose which gave a peculiar charm to their public and private life. In Sir Robert the sincerity often

‘deepened into intolerance, so that he rather permitted the differences of opinion which the other comprehended and enjoyed. To Sir Thomas Dyke Acland the well-filled life of the country gentleman gave a larger freedom of thought and action; and the rare honour conferred on him of the statue erected during his lifetime in the midst of his provincial capital, of which a reduction in silver adorns our table, is at once a testimony to his intrinsic worth and delightful social bearing.’

Well known as the founders of the Club were in political circles, it was perhaps natural that it should be chiefly recruited from the members of the two Houses of Parliament, and we believe that it was for many years a tradition that the majority of successive Cabinets should have seats at its table. In later years the Club has enlarged its recruiting ground, and men who have distinguished themselves in literature, in the public service, and in other ways have been frequently elected. But, notwithstanding its political composition, it has been always free from party asperities. As the fourteenth Earl of Derby said of it in 1897—

‘The characteristic of our Club is that, the great majority being members of Parliament, and comprising, as you will see, men of the most opposite politics, Grillion’s has always been, in the utmost heat of parties and throughout the most keenly agitated sessions, an absolutely neutral ground; and if the reminiscences of Grillion’s were interleaved with Hansard’s Debates, I do not believe that any human being would believe in the fidelity of both reports.’

Three years after writing the letter from which this extract has been given, Lord Derby (if we may trust our memory for an anecdote which was told us by a member who had been present at the occurrence) was one of the chief actors at a scene which singularly illustrated his words. In the closing months of the Melbourne administration party politics ran high, and on one especial occasion Lord Derby (or Lord Stanley as he was then) waxed warm in attacking a measure which Lord Morpeth (as Irish Secretary) was defending. The debate had raged—we can apply no milder word—round a particular clause which had been subjected to amendment, and which was again and again referred to as the Amended Clause. When the members of the Club sat down to dinner that evening only one chair, as chance befell, remained vacant, and that chair was next the one which Lord Morpeth occupied. After dinner had commenced Lord Stanley entered the

room, and naturally had to take the only vacant seat. The other members present held their breaths, doubting whether even the traditions of Grillion's would keep the peace between two such antagonists after such an encounter. Sir Thomas Acland, however, who was in the chair, summoned a waiter, and, pointing to a dish of dressed lobster on the table, said, 'Take that dish of dressed lobster immediately to Lord Morpeth and Lord Stanley. Lord Morpeth! Lord Stanley! the amended claws!' the laughter which ensued drowned the possibility of strife, and the fun became as boisterous and as good-humoured as ever.

The predominating influence which politicians have always exerted in Grillion's has never been perceptible either in The Club or in the Literary Society. Both of these institutions have drawn their members from persons distinguished in every branch of life; and, though statesmen and politicians have been welcome at their tables, they have never formed a majority. Since 1780 The Club has comprised thirty-five members, with a resolution that its members should never exceed forty; the rules of the Literary Society declare, in the same spirit, that it shall consist of thirty-six ordinary members, with a power of enlarging the number to forty. Both societies, therefore, contain practically the same number of ordinary members. But while The Club makes no provision for the retirement of a member, the Literary Society allows its members full freedom to retire. In consequence, the average age of the members of The Club is greater than the average age of the members of the Literary Society; The Club contains, perhaps, the men of greater eminence, but the Literary Society comprises more regular diners. The atmosphere of The Club is the more venerable, the conversation of the Literary Society is the more lively.

Of the ordinary members of The Club, twelve—viz. Lord Acton, Mr. Lecky, Lord Wolseley, Sir G. Trevelyan, Sir A. Lyall, Sir M. E. Grant-Duff, Sir Donald Wallace, Mr. Courthope, Sir Spencer Walpole, Sir W. H. Flower, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Pember (we give the names in the order of their election to the older institution)—are also members of The Literary Society. Lord Dufferin and Professor Jebb are ordinary members of the Club and honorary members of the Literary Society. Practically, therefore, more than one-third of the members of each society belong to the other.

The Club was founded in 1764. Among its eight original members were Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, Mr.

Burke, and Oliver Goldsmith. Garrick and Boswell joined it in 1773, Gibbon and Fox in 1774, Adam Smith in 1775; Sheridan, Lord Ashburton, Sir Joseph Banks, Windham, Lord Stowell, and Lord Spencer in 1778. These are a few of the men who have met at its tables. But these are only examples of the men of eminence who have been members of this historic institution. During the last eighty years there have been fifteen prime ministers in England. Seven of them—Lord Liverpool, Mr. Canning, Lord J. Russell, Lord Aberdeen, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, and Lord Rosebery—have also been members of The Club. Hallam, Grote, Milman, Macaulay, Sydney Smith, and Tennyson have been among the men of letters who have belonged to it.

A club which in the past has contained men of such mark as these has naturally stood high in the opinion of men of culture, and there are few people, whose other avocations permitted them to join it, who would not probably regard it as a high honour to be elected as one of its members. And The Club itself recognises the distinction which it thus confers; for it still addresses, through its chairman of the evening, a notice of his election to every successful candidate in the following terms, which were originally drawn up by Gibbon:—

‘SIR,—I have the pleasure to inform you that you had last night the honour to be elected a member of The Club.

‘I have the honour to be, Sir,

‘Your obedient, humble Servant,  
‘\_\_\_\_\_.’

The younger institution, the Literary Society, can hardly claim equal distinction in its founders, or, perhaps, even in its later members. Its first president was Sir James Bland Burgess, a gentleman widely known in London society during his own lifetime, and whose Memoirs have made his name familiar to the present generation. But among its original members were such men as William Scott, Lord Stowell; Sir Martin Shee (the President of the Academy); Kemble (the actor); Gifford (of the ‘Quarterly Review’); Agar Ellis, Lord Clifden; Sharon Turner (the historian); Sharp (Conversation Sharp); Wordsworth; Pye (the Laureate); and poetasters like Spencer and Fitzgerald. It is evident from this list that literature was largely represented at the tables of the Society from its first formation, and the Society ever afterwards made literary merit one great qualification of membership. Such men as Croker, Crabbe, Washington Irving, Lockhart, Southey, and Elwin,

none of whom were ever elected to The Club, became members of the Society. And, even in the case of those authors who ultimately joined both institutions, the Society usually anticipated The Club in its election. Hallam, for instance, joined the Literary Society in 1811, and was not elected to The Club till 1823; Sir James Mackintosh joined the Society in 1812, The Club in 1814; Sir Walter Scott became a member of the Society in 1815, and of The Club in 1818; Milman joined the Society in 1818, and The Club in 1836; Owen joined the Literary in 1844, and The Club in 1845; Froude became a member of the Literary in 1862, and of The Club in 1865; Mr. Lecky in 1873 and 1874, and Huxley in 1883 and 1884. The Club throughout the century, in other words, has shown a disposition to elect the men who have already displayed their social qualifications at the table of the Literary Society.

We believe we are right in adding that while The Club, outside the ranks of literature, has shown a preference for politicians and statesmen, the Literary Society has shown a preference for law and the Church. Since 1850, for example, five chancellors—Lord Cranworth, Lord Hatherley, Lord Cairns, Lord Selborne, Lord Herschell—and five other judges—Lord Romilly, Sir A. Cockburn, Lord Coleridge, Lord Bowen, and Lord Davey—have been elected to The Club; but it will be observed that, with one exception, all these men were not only judges, but were also, or became, peers of Parliament. In the same period the judicial bench contributed to the Literary Society fifteen judges—Lord Romilly, Sir Lawrence Peel, Lord Justice Turner, Lord Kingsdown, Lord Chelmsford, Sir W. Erle, Lord Cairns, Lord Coleridge, Sir James Colville, Lord Selborne, Mr. Justice Denman, Sir James Stephen, Lord Bowen, Mr. Justice Wright, and Lord Justice Collins. Excluding the five names common to both societies, the Literary elected ten judges, eight of whom were commoners, while The Club elected five judges, four of whom were, or became, peers.

Taking next the Church; since 1850 five clergymen—Hawtrej, Provost of Eton; Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury; Stanley, Dean of Westminster, and the present Bishops of Oxford and London—have become members of The Club. But in the same period, Stanley, Dean of Westminster; Trench, Archbishop of Dublin; Alford, Dean of Canterbury; Elwin, the editor of the 'Quarterly'; Longley, Archbishop of Canterbury; Thompson, Archbishop of York; Magee, Bishop of Peterborough; Church, Dean of St. Paul's;

Liddon, Canon of St. Paul's; Dr. Bradley, the Dean of Westminster; Canon Ainger, and the present Bishop of Winchester, have joined the Literary Society.

It is difficult to describe the brilliancy of the conversation which may occasionally be heard at either table. Those of our readers who are old enough to remember, and who had the advantage of knowing such men as Lord Coleridge, Lord Bowen, Magee, the Bishop of Peterborough, Sir James Stephen, Dean Church, and Mr. Venables—we purposely refrain from including any living person—may perhaps imagine what the conversation was when these men were all gathered round the same table. The unfailing memory and copious knowledge of Lord Coleridge made him perhaps the most powerful talker among them all. But, if he and Sir James Stephen and Mr. Venables brandished the heavier weapons, Bishop Magee and Lord Bowen wielded far lighter and keener rapiers. It was at the table of one of these societies that, on the casual mention of a book entitled 'The Creed of the Church of England, by a Beneficed Clergyman,' Lord Bowen, with his quiet smile, exclaimed, 'Yes, I see—the Thirty-nine Articles, by a *bona-fide* holder for value.'

The Dilettanti has a longer history than any of the societies which we have mentioned. More than one hundred and sixty years ago 'some gentlemen who had travelled in Italy, desirous of encouraging at home a taste for those objects which had contributed so much to their entertainment abroad, formed themselves into a Society under the name of the Dilettanti.' From 1736 they decided to keep regular minutes of their proceedings; and, as their first minutes, so kept, are dated Anno Societatis tertio, it is presumed that the formation of the Society took place in 1733.

'The majority of the original members were young noble-men or men of wealth and position, between twenty and thirty years of age . . . brimming over with fun and animal spirits.' Foremost among them, 'if not the actual projector and founder of the society,' was Sir Francis Dashwood, the man who scandalised a not very fastidious generation 'by his performances as high priest of the blasphemous and indecent orgies at Medmenham Abbey.' Associated with him both in the Society and at Medmenham was the fourth Earl of Sandwich. Very different in his character and reputation was Sandwich's intimate friend, the fourth Duke of Bedford. Among other well-known men who seem to

have been original members of the Society were Lord Middlesex, afterwards Duke of Dorset; Sir Henry Smithson, afterwards Duke of Northumberland; the second Lord Harcourt, and the first Lord Bessborough.

Probably, however, the two most important members of the Society, from its own point of view, were two brothers, James and George Gray. James, or Sir James Gray, was British resident at Venice from 1744 to 1753, and he was afterwards appointed envoy extraordinary to Naples and the Two Sicilies. 'His position at Venice and Naples brought him into contact with many of the young men whose travels and tastes qualified them for membership, and the Society looked to him to supply candidates for admission.' His brother George was almost equally indispensable to it. He discharged the office of its secretary for no less a period than thirty-three years.

Horace Walpole, in one of his letters to Mann, says of the *Dilettanti* that the nominal qualification is having been in Italy, and the real one being drunk; and it must be confessed that the original meetings of the Society were characterised by a great deal of hilarity. Some traces of its hilarious habits may perhaps be gathered from some of the customs which are still followed by the Society. For example, when a ballot takes place for a new member, it is ordered that the chairman of the evening, preceded by the arch-master of the ceremonies, walk round the table, followed by all the members present, and that each, on completing the entire circuit, place his ballot ball in the box. And it is a reasonable conjecture that this rule had its origin in a time when it was not easy for gentlemen to walk round dinner-tables after dinner. Perhaps, too, this was specially the case in a Society which formally ordered, in 1778, that every member who shall produce on the table a dish of tea or coffee do pay to the general fund one guinea for every such drink.

Whether, however, Horace Walpole was or was not right in thinking that drunkenness was the real qualification for membership, there can be no doubt that foreign travel and travel in Italy were held to be essential. The original regulation was this: 'No person can be proposed to be admitted of this Society but by a member who has been personally acquainted with him or her in Italy' (ladies were, therefore, apparently eligible), 'and at their request.' But in 1748 this rule was enlarged by a resolution 'That it is the opinion of the Society that Avignon is in Italy, and that no other town in France is in Italy.' This remarkable resolution,

which proved the Society stronger than congresses and cartographers, remained in force till 1757, when all persons who could prove that they had been ever out of the king's dominions were declared eligible for the Society. Finally, in 1764, an amended version of the original rule was adopted, and it was resolved, 'That no person can be proposed to be 'admitted of this Society who cannot bring sufficient proof 'of his having been in Italy, or upon some other classic 'ground out of the king's dominions, and at his own request.'

We believe that this rule is still in force, but in these days of travel it has naturally lost its meaning, as it would probably be difficult to find anyone otherwise eligible who had not been upon some classic ground out of the Queen's dominions.

As soon as dinner, in the ordinary sense of the term, is finished, the business or fun of the evening commences. In accordance with the resolution passed in 1741, the president puts on 'his Roman dress,' which was at the same time ordered to be of scarlet, and takes his seat at the head of the table, exchanging his previous chair for a rather uncomfortable 'sella curulis,' which was provided in 1739 for the use and dignity of the office. At the same time the secretary, provided with a seat at the president's left, arrays himself in the costume which is preserved in Sir F. Leighton's picture of Sir Edward Ryan; for in these degenerate days he no longer wears the dress of 'Machiavelli, the celebrated Florentine secretary,' which was prescribed for him in the eighteenth century. If there are any new members to introduce, the arch-master of the ceremonies is also arrayed in the dress peculiar to his order. The Society, with a discretion which seems a little unnecessary, has refrained from giving any account of the ceremonial on the introduction of new members. If rumour may be trusted, the new member, preceded by the arch-master of the ceremonies, and supported by his proposer and seconder, is led to the foot of the table, amidst profound silence, and required to make the lowest of obeisances to the chair. He is then brought up to the president, congratulated on the distinguished honour which his admission to the Society has conferred on him, and his health is drunk in bumpers by the members present.

The health of the newly elected member is only one of the toasts drunk by the Society at each of its meetings. Besides the usual loyal toasts, the others are 'Esto præclara,' 'Esto perpetua,' 'Seria ludo,' 'Absent members,' 'Viva la



‘virtu,’ and ‘Grecian taste and Roman spirit.’\* These toasts are given by the president without remark. But there is a tradition that Lord Leighton on one occasion, when the late Sir Charles Newton was present, transgressed the rule by giving ‘Grecian taste and Roman spirit,’ and adding, ‘I should like to combine the two, and say Sir Charles Newton.’

In the course of its long career the Society has had a singular financial history. Its income was originally derived from subscriptions, face money, and fines. We believe that to this day anyone venturing to speak of the Society as a club is liable to be fined. In the beginning of 1744, however, the Society passed a resolution, which is still read at each of its dinners:

‘That after the 1st of March, 1744, every member who has any increase of income, either by inheritance, legacy, marriage, or preferment, do pay half of one per cent. of the first year of the additional income to the general fund; but that every member, upon payment of 10%, shall be released from such obligation.’

Very many men—some of great distinction in history—have contributed to the Society’s funds under the terms of this resolution. But even with this assistance the Society probably would have only been able to pay its way. In the middle of the last century, however, it was induced to purchase several tickets in the various lotteries for building Westminster Bridge, and it seems—though the account in its History is far from clear—to have won several prizes in these lotteries. Its consequently increasing wealth induced it to contemplate the erection of special premises for its meetings, and a plot of ground was purchased for the purpose on the north side of Cavendish Square. The idea of building was after many years abandoned, but the ground acquired for the purpose was sold at a considerable profit, and the Society found itself with 3,000*l.* or 4,000*l.* in its pocket.

This wealth enabled the Society to embark on a course which forms its chief claim to recognition from the general public. It devoted its means to exploring, measuring, recovering and illustrating the great works of ancient art,

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\* The last two toasts are supposed to be illustrated by Sir Joshua’s famous pictures, to which we have already alluded—one of them in which three members—the Duke of Leeds, Lord Seaforth, and Lord Dundas—are examining gems representing ‘Viva la vertu;’ the other, in which Sir W. Hamilton is comparing the engravings of a vase with the original, representing ‘Grecian taste and Roman spirit.’

and its members liberally added their own contributions to the general fund for the purpose. There can be no doubt that the Society in this way performed a very great service to the cause of art. We are not going to dwell upon this service here, since we discussed it fully forty years ago in an article to which we have already referred. So remarkable, however, was it that a German author, Professor Kruse, in writing on the antiquities of Greece, divides the information which the world has gained upon the subject into five periods: the first, that in which Greece tells her own story through her poets, historians, and geographers; the second, that of the Roman dominion; the third, that of the Byzantine Empire; the fourth, extending from the fall of Constantinople to the foundation of the Society of Dilettanti; and the fifth, from this period to the present time. He adds:—

‘With the foundation of the Society of Dilettanti begins a new period of the discovery of Greece, in which the greatest geographical and topographical accuracy was combined with the most accurate measurements of the ancient buildings. All the celebrated Englishmen to whom we are strictly indebted for the more intimate knowledge of Greece were members of this Society, and some were completely fitted out for their travels by the Society itself.’

Into this, the most important result of the Society’s existence, we cannot, however, enter in the present article. We have endeavoured here to discharge a much humbler purpose, by describing a phase of London life and London society which is perhaps too little known. In doing so we have endeavoured shortly to trace the history and constitution of five societies which are eminent for the names of those who have belonged to them in the past, and for the abilities and social charms of their present members. We suppose that such institutions could hardly flourish in any country but our own; and that, with the single exception of the Academy of France, no institution in any other country contains so much that is excellent in science, in art, in literature, and in affairs. At their table the Radical and the Conservative, the Churchman and the sceptic, the philosopher and the novelist, the painter and the architect, meet on common ground. And all men, whatever their opinions, become welcome members if they can contribute culture and wit to the conversation at the table.

The records of The Club and the Literary Society only preserve the names of the members present at their gather-

ings. The Dilettanti and Grillion's occasionally record more extended notice of their proceedings and conclusions. Grillion's, for instance, on one occasion formally censured its secretary, Sir Robert Inglis, for allowing his duties in the House of Commons to interfere with his attendance at its dinners. A committee of the Dilettanti in 1747 arrived at two resolutions: (1) That it is the opinion of this committee that Mr. Brand \* will be damned. (2) That it is the opinion of this committee that all public pious charities are private impious abuses. But none of the societies have ever attempted the impossible task of preserving even samples of the conversation which may be heard at their tables. We shall not attempt a task which they have wisely avoided; for the best conversation, from its very nature, dies in the hour of its birth, and is incapable of reproduction. The talker passes from subject to subject, as the bee flits from flower to flower, without leaving any visible trace of its progress. Yet the talker, like the bee, is fulfilling a useful purpose. With the pollen which he extracts from one mind he fertilises another, while he enriches his own stores with the sweets which he extracts from others.

If, however, these societies have wisely refrained from attempting to reproduce the conversation at their tables, two of them—The Club and Grillion's—have recorded the few occasions on which either no members were present or only one member dined alone. Lord Liverpool, in the closing months of his prime ministership, dined alone at The Club in December 1825, and cheered his solitude with a bottle of Madeira. In March 1864, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe found himself alone in his glory at Grillion's. On that occasion Lord Stratford entered in the dinner-book the speech which he supposed himself to have addressed to Mr. Grillion and the waiters, and in which he asked them to 'drain the uncorked bottles in drinking prosperity to the Club, which owes its celebrity in equal proportions to the merit of its members and the name of Grillion.' At the dinner in the following week, when the Bishop of Oxford was in the chair, Lord Clarendon proposed that the Club should acknowledge the noble maintenance of its character in all its relations as recorded in the words of its late noble

\* Mr. Brand joined the Society in 1741-2. His portrait by Knapton hangs on its walls. The resolution of the Committee probably marks his popularity. Societies like the Dilettanti damn those whom they love most.

chairman, and appoint to Lord Houghton, as the poet-laureate of the Club, to write an appropriate ode thereon. Lord Houghton executed his task in the following manner:—

1.

‘Alas, my Bishop! you in vain invoke  
A muse whose joints are stiff with gout and time  
To gambol with you in prelatic joke,  
Or raise, to Stratford’s height, the serious rhyme.

2.

‘Rather might you, in your embroidered prose,  
Draw some fine moral from his wondrous fate—  
How on the worthiest fall the heaviest blows!  
How never lonely are the really great!

3.

‘I will but ask that, if this book records,  
Ever again a solitary feast,  
Be he who dines and he who notes his words  
As brave a statesman and as bright a priest!

ART. VI.—1. *Le Duc d'Aumale*, 1822–97. Par ERNEST DAUDET. Paris: 1898.

2. *Le Duc d'Aumale*. Par le Commandant GRANDIN. Paris: 1898.

THE eminent man whose career we shall attempt to sketch, if not one of the most conspicuous was one of the most attractive figures among the great personages of the second half of this century. Nature gave the Duc d'Aumale many of the highest qualities of the princely *noblesse* of old France; he was fashioned, so to speak, by his early training to serve his country, whether in the camp or in council, in the difficult crises through which it has passed; his youth was one of brilliant, nay, of splendid, promise. It was his hard destiny, however, that though afforded opportunities in which he gave proof that he had the powers of a real soldier and statesman, he was not permitted to exhibit these in their full perfection; he was shown, as it were, only to Fortune; he did not play the part on the stage of contemporaneous events which he certainly would have played under more happy auspices. Nevertheless, all who came in contact with the Duc d'Aumale felt instinctively that they were in the presence of one who, but for the accidents of life, would have risen to greatness; and history will say of him, with a slight change in the phrase of Tacitus, that he would have been ‘capax imperii si imperasset.’

If his public career, too, was in a great degree marred, his whole life was a noble example of moral and intellectual excellence, and of his virtues as a man and a citizen. The Duc d'Aumale possessed, as became him, the sense of independence and the dignified pride characteristic of the grand seigneurs of the past; but a disposition naturally just and impartial, and an education admirably fitted for his age, made him reverent of law and established power, and free from the insubordination of that order of men; and he was inspired with a patriotism superior to distinctions of class, and concentrated in a love of a common country scarcely felt by the Montmorencies or the La Tremouilles. It was one fortunate result of his long years of exile that he had leisure to devote himself to letters, to which he had been attached from youth; his ‘History of the Princes of the House of Condé’ stands in the front rank of the great biographies of France, and many even of his fugitive writings are of sterling value. As for his mastery of art

in most of its branches, Chantilly, restored and embellished by his hands, is a monument of his skill and taste in this sphere; the world knows how his gift of this magnificent domain, with all its glories and treasures, to France was at once the noble and the only revenge he took on mean and unscrupulous French faction. Nor should we forget the wealth and the charm of the Duc's converse, the stores of knowledge set forth with intelligence and grace, the dignity and ease of his bearing as a host, the perfection of manner which could equally please a crowned head and a humble peasant, the flowing courtesy which sprang from a sympathetic heart. The volumes we have placed at the head of this article—one from the accomplished pen of M. Ernest Daudet, the other from that of Commandant Grandin—are popular biographies of the Duc d'Aumale, and the first especially is not without merit. But, in Bacon's phrase, they give us 'prenotions' only of a more perfect work reserved for the future; a complete life of the Duc d'Aumale cannot be written until his large correspondence and that of his father, which came into his hands, shall have seen the light.

The Duc d'Aumale, the fifth son of the Duke of Orleans, by Marie Amélie, a princess of the Bourbons of Naples, was born in 1822. His parentage and its associations, happily for him, kept him apart from the circle which, at the Tuileries, formed the *émigré* Court of Louis XVIII., and from the White Terrorists of the Pavillon Marsan. The vote of Philippe Egalité in the Convention for the death of the king had made the house of Orleans odious to the house of Bourbon; the Duc de Chartres had won his spurs at Jemmapes, and pledged himself to the regicide Republic; in his maturity he had shown his aversion to the faults and the follies which had caused the fall of the Government of the Restoration in 1815. An Orleanist faction, as Napoleon at St. Helena had seen, was already conspiring against the throne; and although the Duke of Orleans had no part in these intrigues, the relations between him and the crowned head of France were those of suspicious distrust, and were never cordial. Louis XVIII. characteristically took malicious pleasure in snubbing his kinsman when he appeared at Court; at the receptions at the Tuileries one fold only of the door of the great room of state was thrown open for the Duke of Orleans; two, with marked emphasis, were opened for his wife; and the ingenuities of royal French etiquette were tasked to the utmost to draw a distinction

between a pair stamped, as it were, as being of very different degree.\* The Duke and Duchess of Orleans lived as much as possible in seclusion at the Palais Royal and Neuilly. Both parents lovingly devoted themselves to the education of a family still remembered as the handsomest and the most accomplished of the families rising around the thrones of Europe. The Duke had reason to watch over the early years of his children. He had been treated with extreme severity, when a boy, by that equivocal personage, Madame de Genlis, in exaggeration, perhaps, of the teaching of Jean Jacques; and the training of his sons and daughters was altogether different. They were brought up with affectionate care and insight, under the eyes of a fond and judicious father and mother. Separated as they were from the reactionary and frivolous Court, they were formed to become good and useful men and women in a princely, but a not ostentatious, household. The Duke impressed three things especially on his sons. They were to regard the interests of France as paramount to every other interest, however august; they were to devote themselves to the service of the State and to obey every distinct expression of the national will; they were to look up as much as possible to the future head of their house, at this time the youthful and promising Duc de Chartres. These precepts unquestionably had a marked influence on the conduct and the career of the Duc d'Aumale, and even explain, in part, certain passages of his life.

The schooldays of the Duc d'Aumale began about the time of the Revolution of July. Louis XVIII. had attempted to meddle with the education of the elder sons of his cousin. He had sneered at the Grand Condé when the remark had been made that that great captain had been trained at the College of St. Marie, a foundation of the Jesuit fathers of Bourges; he wished the young Princes to be brought up in the purple. The Duke of Orleans, however, politely refused, and King Louis Philippe educated the Ducs d'Aumale and Montpensier as he had educated the Ducs de Chartres and Nemours—that is, in seminaries open to all French citizens. The Duc d'Aumale had as his first preceptor a secretary of Louis, the discrowned King of

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\* The ceremonial as to the folds of the door was employed by Louis XIV. to mark the inferiority of his great feudal vassal, the Duke of Lorraine. See St. Simon and d'Haussonville's '*Histoire de la Lorraine*,' and the '*Edinburgh Review*' of July 1860.

Holland. He was sent in his first teens to the College of Henry the Fourth, where, with his brothers Joinville and Montpensier, he received the same treatment as the other youths, who happened to be his fellows. His fine intellect quickly expanded; he carried off several college prizes, bestowed without regard to distinctions of rank, and soon showed the eager taste for letters, the keen perception, the buoyant and happy spirit, and the turn for animated and easy converse which were characteristic of the man through life. Curiously enough, Shakespeare and Walter Scott were in those days his favourite studies; indeed, in after years he was almost as versed in the best English as in the best French literature, and those honoured with his acquaintance know how complete was his mastery of our English tongue. Louis Philippe, however, though called the 'Napoleon of peace,' devoted all his sons to the profession of arms, with a clear perception of French instincts; and the Duc d'Aumale, at the age of sixteen, was made a sous-lieutenant of the 4<sup>e</sup> Leger. During the next year and a half he applied himself to military reading of many kinds, and especially to the exercises belonging to his arm. For a youth he acquired a knowledge of the noble art of war very different from that of the 'miriflours of the camp.' The spirit of his race was already strong in him; a phrase of his at this time has been handed down: 'I ask no more from Fortune than to be the forty-third Bourbon slain at the head of his men, on a stricken field of battle.'

The Duc d'Aumale was sent, in 1840, to serve in Algeria, under the immediate command of his brother, now the Duke of Orleans. Ten years had passed since France had attempted to conquer the old realm of Syphax and Massinissa, and a French army, under the too well-known Bourmont, had made a landing on these half barbarous shores. The progress of the invaders had been difficult and slow; the territory along the coast had been formed into separate provinces; the Arab population had been gradually driven inland; and the foundations at least had been laid of cities which were to represent the civilisation of the West. But the French arms had not yet broken through the barrier of the spurs of the Atlas, stretching as a rampart on a parallel line to the sea, or penetrated into the regions beyond; and the horsemen of Abd-el-Kader, the Jugurtha of that day, repeatedly burst from the mazes of defiles, and from the valleys of the rivers in the ranges of the hills, and swept down in formidable



swarms on the infidel settlements. The conquest was still precarious in the extreme; nor did the chiefs in command of the French armies, all veterans of the First Empire, and trained in Continental warfare only, understand how to cope with an active and bold enemy, who eluded the shock of their heavy columns, encumbered with *impedimenta* of many kinds, but hung on their flanks and harassed them with fatal effect. The difficulties, too, which at all times have beset French colonisation in distant lands, had been made manifest in this instance; and even at this period it was doubtful whether France would not abandon a costly enterprise, or whether she would only try to establish a feeble protectorate along the verge of the seaboard.

At this conjuncture a most distinguished soldier gave a new turn to the state of affairs in Algeria, and, in fact, determined the policy of the Government at home. Bugeaud was placed in supreme command of the province in the first months of 1841; in a short time it became apparent that a complete and successful change had been made in the military operations conducted by the French. Bugeaud was one of the ablest tacticians France has produced; he had long served against the guerillas in Spain; he was perfectly versed in this mode of warfare; and he perceived from the outset how Abd-el-Kader and his levies could be encountered with effect, and how Algeria could be ultimately subdued. Rejecting a system that had proved fruitless, he divided the French armies into light flying columns, supported by bodies of horsemen, but very few guns; and he sent them far and wide into the enemy's country, destroying hostile detachments wherever these were met, and pitilessly carrying devastation in their train. Guerillas, in a word, were assailed by guerillas better armed, better led, and under better discipline; the results became by degrees manifest. Atrocious deeds of ravage and blood were done; but the French arms made their way in a few years across the range which had kept them back, and subjugated the tribes of this wild region; Abd-el-Kader, after many heroic efforts, was overthrown, and reduced to impotence; the battle of Isly deprived him of his last ally; and Algeria at last was completely pacified. Bugeaud too, happily for France, was continued in office as Governor-General until 1847, and proved himself to be not only a great soldier, but a civil ruler and administrator of no ordinary powers. He insisted, from the first, that a policy of half measures and vacillation must be given up, and that

at any sacrifice Algeria should be thoroughly conquered. But at the same time he laid down excellent rules for colonising and settling the country when subdued; these have never yet, perhaps, been effectually carried out.

The Duc d'Aumale served for nearly seven years under this able and far-sighted chief. The impetuosity of his nature, as a soldier, was already known, and the King had entreated Bugeaud not to expose his son in the field; but recommendations like these were vain as the winds; and Bugeaud, indeed, gave the Duc the freedom he would have secured for himself. It would be untrue to assert that his rank had no part in the brilliant promotion he rapidly gained; but he fought up his way fairly by fine deeds of arms; he rose from the grade of captain to that of *maréchal de camp* with the approbation of companions in arms, like all Frenchmen, jealous of military renown. His name repeatedly appeared in Orders of the Day; he distinguished himself in remarkable feats of war, as the French slowly and painfully broke through the many obstacles which checked their progress; he fought brilliantly in attacks on hill forts, and in bloody skirmishes in narrow defiles; he swept Algerian plains with well-directed *razzias*, and over and over again scattered the Arab horsemen with the newly raised *Zouaves*, *Spahis*, and *Chasseurs d'Afrique*. The most famous, however, of these exploits, and in which he really showed distinctive qualities in war, which the Grand Condé exhibited on many a field of fame, was the capture of the *smalah* of Abd-el-Kader, a splendid example of the ascendancy which troops of the West, if ably commanded and well handled, can gain in African or Asiatic warfare.

The *smalah* was a huge and far-spreading camp, in which Abd-el-Kader had collected from still friendly tribes a host of warriors, with their followers, their women, their herds, and their household stuff; it stretched, like a city of tents, over many miles of space; it was a kind of movable fortress, into which the Emir had gathered all that was most devoted to him. Bugeaud had long tried to make himself master of this prize, but the position of the *smalah* was being constantly changed. In May 1843 his forces having advanced beyond the mountains into the plains of the Taguine, better known as the Cheliff, in its lower course, he ordered Lamoricière and the Duc d'Aumale to endeavour to make this important capture, two flying columns being detached for the purpose. The Duc began his movement from Borghar on the 10th; he was at the head of some

thirteen hundred men, in part\* Zouave infantry, in part light cavalry, and he had reached the head of the Taguine by the 16th, Lamoricière's column being far away, and his own footmen being many miles distant. He had, in fact, but five hundred troopers in hand, for no intelligence had arrived of the enemy, when suddenly breathless scouts hurried in, announcing that the smalah had been descried in a valley hard by, its lines bristling with thousands of well-armed men. Every officer entreated the Duc to fall back, but with true military insight he bade his men charge; and we may accept the legend that he let drop the proud words, 'I belong to a race that does not retreat; I will be worthy of it.' The rapid onset of the horsemen had a magical effect. Though a mere handful, they burst into the hostile camp; the weltering masses of the enemy, taken by surprise, and huddled together, made little resistance; the smalah was in a few moments a scene of confusion and despair, the Arab warriors in hundreds laying down their arms, and terrified multitudes imploring the conqueror's mercy. The victory, in a word, was instantaneous and complete; the booty taken was immense and of great value. Abd-el-Kader never recovered from this crushing blow. And this decisive success was, beyond question, due to the daring and judgement of the young commander, who, rightly scorning the counsels of timid routine, struck boldly home at the right moment, and plucked not only safety, but victory, out of danger.\*

The capture of the smalah proved that the Duc d'Aumale had many of the gifts of a true—nay, a born—soldier. The praises of the camp were enthusiastic and sincere; the Republican Charras, no friend of royalty, described the feat as extraordinary for its daring and skill; Bugeaud judiciously wrote that 'this success was not a freak of fortune: it was due to the ready decision of the chief and the boldness of the attack; the chance was seized at the right moment, when hesitation might have lost all. This was one of those occasions when rashness itself is prudence.' The Duc was raised to the grade of lieutenant-general; it was not mere flattery when Bugeaud declared that he preferred him to his distinguished elders, Changarnier, Lamo-

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\* Compare Napoleon's remarks on the conduct of the Grand Condé on an occasion in some respects similar. *Comment* 6, 203, ed. 1867. 'Condé a mérité la victoire, par cette opiniâtreté, cette rare intrépidité qui le distinguait. . . . C'est dans cette audace, dans cette opiniâtreté, que se trouvent le salut et la conservation des hommes.'

rière, and Bedeau, the most brilliant stars of the Algerian army. The young Prince, in fact, had previously shown that he possessed the military capacity which marked him out as a real chief of the future. Algerian warfare had developed in the French officers what has in every age been one of their defects—a kind of negligence when an enemy is near. The student of the campaign of 1870–71 will recollect how general this grave fault was, and how deplorable were the results in not a few instances. The Duc d'Aumale had remarked this perilous disregard of duty. He insisted on watchfulness as a main part of discipline, and always had his troops on the alert and in hand. He was never surprised by Abd-el-Kader, a master of sudden and unforeseen attacks. The Duc, too, had given proof of much tactical skill and of a knowledge of war on a grander scale than could be exhibited in Algerian contests. He had admirably commanded a camp on the Gironde; his orders for the manoeuvres of his corps, original, and far in advance of the ideas of the day, may even now be read with advantage, great as the progress has been in this branch of the art. When Bugeaud retired in 1847, the Duc was placed at the head of affairs in Algeria. He had already been governor of two provinces, and the appointment was made at the express instance of the veteran, who had formed a just notion of the fitness of his young lieutenant for his high office. During the few months when he was Governor-General, the Duc d'Aumale generally followed his predecessor's policy; but on some points he had special views of his own. He dwelt much on the importance of decentralisation as a *sine quâ non* of success in Algeria, and on the unwisdom of ruling a great territory from a desk in Paris. He maintained the necessity of diminishing the host of functionaries, civil and military, who ate the colony up, and subjected it to bureaucratic rule. He urged the development of a system of public works, and he insisted that it was a real duty of the State to protect the conquered population, and to secure it in its rights. Experience, often dear bought, has shown how sound were these counsels.

The surrender of Abd-el-Kader set, as it were, a crown on the governor-generalship of the Duc d'Aumale. The Revolution of February 1848 suddenly brought to an end an administration marked with judgement and forethought; had it continued it would have made the position of France in Algeria better and more secure than it was during the

twenty years that followed. The Duc disposed of a large and devoted army; the Prince de Joinville had a squadron in Algerian waters, and had the princes listened to the advice of friends of the dynasty hastily sent from Paris, they might not impossibly have saved the throne—they could at least have greatly embarrassed the scarcely formed Republic. But the precepts and the example of Louis Philippe had sunk deeply into the minds of both; the Duc d'Aumale, especially, had felt the influence of his elder brother, the Duc d'Orleans, lost to France, unfortunately, a few years before, who had always professed his father's faith in politics; the two princes at once obeyed the orders of the provisional Government as representing the will of the nation, and left Algeria without a word of murmur, handing over the military and naval force of the colony to the new authorities. On their voyage to England they received messages from Berryer, and perhaps from Bugeaud, inviting them to attempt to land in France, and assuring them of powerful armed support; but they were true to the resolve they had formed, and the king, in his place of refuge at Claremont, approved their conduct. In his dis-crowned old age he was still the Duc de Chartres who had followed Dumouriez because the Convention bade him. Twenty-two years of exile now awaited the Duc d'Aumale; many as were the solaces of adverse fortune, he felt deeply the bitterness of his destiny. He was, indeed, happy as yet in the ties of family; he was perhaps the favourite son of his parents; he was the husband of a devoted wife, a daughter of a Neapolitan Bourbon, who had brought him a magnificent dower and had borne many children to continue his name; he was the possessor of great wealth which confiscation could not reach; he was the valued kinsman and friend of the Queen and her Consort; he was free of, and welcome in, the best social life of England. But a career of glorious promise had been cut short; he was doomed to comparative inaction in the prime of manhood; if a son of France, he was not a citizen who could devote his fine powers to her cause and her interests. Those who knew him well have recorded how, at Orleans House, he used to gaze mournfully on the uniform he could no longer wear, and in his old age he would make excuses for the youthful follies of his grand-nephew, the Duc d'Orleans, 'because everything had been against him, he 'was but an exile.'

During this long period the Duc d'Aumale had one oppor-

tunity of returning to public life; he might have obtained the crown of the Hellenic kingdom in 1861. He preferred, however, not to renounce his allegiance to France; with the approbation of all the members of his house, he refused to become in any sense a foreigner. As may be supposed, his active mind was chiefly directed to his country in these years of exile, and dwelt especially on its fortunes under the Second Empire. The Orleans princes had still many friends among the heads of the Liberal parliamentary party which had shone in the Chambers in the reign of Louis Philippe. The Duc d'Aumale corresponded a great deal with the Broglies, Decazes, the d'Haussonvilles, and others, and through his own observation and these associates he was kept perfectly acquainted with the state of French politics. He wrote much on France from about 1852 onwards, and on the spirit of the Government and its policy. These writings, for the most part, are short essays, but are very instructive, and may still be read with profit.

The Orleans family was badly treated by Napoleon III.; the confiscation of their great possessions, though happily incomplete, was an act of ingratitude and of unjust tyranny. The whole system, besides, of the rule of Louis Philippe was the very opposite of that of his imperial successor; the one rested on a close and weak electorate, was corrupt and abounded in grave defects, but it maintained parliamentary liberty and peace; the other was a democratic despotism that looked to the masses for support, disliked free institutions of all kinds, and more than once sought in war a vent for passions and movements which it distrusted or feared. As was to be expected, therefore, the comments of the Duc d'Aumale on the *régime* of 1852-70 are sometimes one-sided and to be taken with reserve; but they are always able and well considered, and often singularly just and even prophetic. The Duc never despaired of what he called French liberty—that is of a revival of the parliamentary system which had formed Guizot, Thiers, and many other worthies; as early as 1863 he perceived in the elections in Paris a symptom of the turn of the tide against the Empire, and he predicted that the edifice could not endure, even when its strength and its splendour seemed most imposing. About this time he often turned his attention to the state of Algeria, as indeed became him, and to the condition of the army of France. The colony was not a creation of the Napoleons; it had not flourished under the Second Empire; it had been neglected since the Chambers had lost their power; it had

suffered from the rule of commonplace soldiers, and especially from evils which the Duc had tried to diminish, excessive centralisation and official meddling, natural accompaniments of despotic government. The Duc d'Aumale clearly exposed these mischiefs, but they long continued to exist, and have not yet disappeared. As for the French army, supposed in those days to be by many degrees the best in Europe, the Duc was not deceived by a halo of largely fictitious splendour; he freely laid bare its increasing defects. He proved that in spite of Italian and Crimean triumphs, it had become inferior to the army formed by Soult and St. Cyr, of which Bugeaud was the chief ornament, and he dwelt with emphatic warnings on one of the worst faults of its organisation under Napoleon III., the abandonment of substitutes for the conscription, and the commutation of military service for a money payment. This vicious system, which since the days of Carthage has been a symptom of decline in a state, was most ably denounced by the late General Trochu; it lessened immensely the supply of good soldiers, filled the ranks with bad and worn-out troops, gave scope to infamous frauds that starved the service, and was one among the many causes of the ruin of 1870.\*

The most effective, however, of these comments were those on the policy of the Empire at home and abroad, and the conclusions drawn by the author from them. The generation which has grown to manhood in the last thirty years can hardly understand how great was the position of France from 1855 to 1863, and how secure the throne of Napoleon III. appeared. The wealth of the country was advancing by leaps and bounds; the material prosperity, which it had been a chief object of the Government to promote in many ways, had seemed to set democratic passions at rest; the masses had rallied around the Empire; the Opposition in the Legislature was all but powerless. France, too, had triumphed in two great wars; she had made Savoy and Nice her own; the Continent was divided and weak; the Emperor, leaning on the English alliance, had apparently avoided the worst of Napoleon's mistakes, and had made it scarcely possible that the League of 1805-14 could revive. The Empire, in fact, at this juncture overshadowed Europe; the treaties of 1814 seemed to have lost all force; France had made a step to regain her 'natural frontiers;' the dynasty of the Bonapartes was deemed to be established on a firmer

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\* 'L'Armée Française en 1867.'

basis than it had been even after Jena and Tilsit. The Duc d'Aumale, however, steadily adhered to an opposite view; the glare of success did not deceive him. As we have said, the Empire, he was convinced, could not be enduring. Democratic despotism, he persistently maintained, was an anachronism in the nineteenth century. France might be sunk in torpor, as she had been sunk before, but assuredly she would rise from her sleep; her intellect, her aspirations, her restless energy could not be satisfied with mere material wealth; she would not be the *cochon à l'engrais* of Sieyès; she would throw off a *régime* of gilded but debasing servitude. The ablest, however, of these strictures, if not always well founded or just, were the attacks on the foreign policy of Napoleon III. That policy, the Duc d'Aumale contended, from the nature of things was double-faced and false; it was that of a potentate, who called himself a pillar and champion of European order, and yet trafficked with revolution and turned it to account, who flattered the Czar and the Carbonari alike; it was precarious, and doomed before long to disaster. It was, moreover, a dynastic, not a French policy; it made wars, which were gamblers' ventures, for personal objects, not in the interest of France; it tended to promote Italian and German unity, which the greatest French statesmen had laboured to prevent; it sought to compass its ends by systematic perfidy. And even the boasted English alliance was a broken reed; England would either compel France to follow in her wake, or would throw her off and become an enemy; this, it will be recollected, being a charge often made against the *entente cordiale* promoted by Louis Philippe.

The bold criticisms of the Duc d'Aumale gave umbrage to the Imperial Government, jealous, like all despotisms, of independence of the pen. Napoleon, irritated at being 'brained by a fan,' banished Madame de Staël, as 'an evil-minded woman;' his nephew, the son of Jérôme, tried another method of revenge. With singular want of tact, he assailed the Orleans princes, and notably the Duc d'Aumale, in the Senate; this, it is fair to say, was without the Emperor's knowledge. The Duc retaliated by a publication, famous in that day, which crushed his adversary, and did the Bonapartes no good. The 'Letter on the History of France' has been compared to those of Junius; it is without the 'cobra touch' of that great writer, but it is rich in the persiflage of French satire, and in places it rises to severe invective. The materials in the hands of the



Duc were excellent; he certainly turned them to excellent account. Could a princeling, gorged with the spoils of the Tuileries, and just married to a daughter of the House of Savoy, ape, without ridicule, the Republican faith? What had been the military career of a soldier, known in the Crimea as 'Tête de Veau,' and in Italy as the 'Cinquième roue,' when misplaced at the head of the Fifth Corps; what had been his government of Algeria amidst the excesses of Paris? Passing to higher topics, the Duc contrasted the conduct of the House of Orleans and the House of Bonaparte, in the case of conspirators against the Government. These words must have made the Emperor wince:—

'Il y a eu une incursion à Strasbourg et une descente à Boulogne, et il n'y a eu personne de fusillé! Grave faute sans doute! Eh bien! ces d'Orléans sont incorrigibles, et ce serait à recommencer que je crois vraiment qu'ils seraient aussi cléments que par le passé. Mais pour les Bonapartes, quand il s'agit de faire fusiller, leur parole est bonne. Et, tenez prince, de toutes les promesses que vous et les vôtres avez faites ou pouvez faire, celle-là est la seule sur l'exécution de laquelle je compterais.'

Prince Napoleon had very unwisely referred to the calamities of the reign of Louis XIV.; the Duc seized the occasion to compare them with the disasters of 1814–15. This part of the 'Letter' is really fine; the passages in which he reminds his countrymen that, unfortunate as was the War of the Spanish Succession, the great King had added six fine provinces to France, while the great Emperor had lost her 'natural boundaries,' after immolating victims by tens of thousands in Spain and Russia, are eloquent in their sincerity and truth. The ambidextrous policy of the Empire is also well condemned; but the conclusion, in which the writer predicts that France will yet call the Empire to account for misfortunes rightly to be laid to its charge, is perhaps the most striking of the Duc's remarks:—

'Vous qui traitez avec l'arrogance de la bonne fortune, et avec l'injustice inhérente aux succès immérités, ces races antiques qui ont régné longtemps sur une nation généreuse, et qui, tour à tour rejetées et ramenées par le flot des révolutions, s'étaient enfin associées à sa liberté comme jadis à sa grandeur; vous qui jouissez du fruit accumulé de tant de travaux, de tant de sagesse et de tant de gloire, et qui le mettez tous les jours en péril, sachez bien que si vous ne sortez pas des mauvaises voies où vous êtes si profondément engagés, ce n'est pas aux Bourbons ni aux d'Orléans auxquels on n'a jamais pu du moins adresser un tel reproche, c'est à vous et aux vôtres qu'on pourrait alors renvoyer les paroles de votre oncle au Directoire, "Qu'avez-vous fait de la France?"'

The 'Letter on the History of France' was an affront and a challenge; but Prince Napoleon thought discretion the better part of valour; the Empress Eugénie, who had no liking for him, maliciously asked at the Tuileries why 'he had not gone to London'? The Government, however, was true to its instincts; it seized the copies of the 'Letter' that could be found in Paris, and prosecuted the publisher for an offence against the State; the conviction it obtained did it no little harm. The same impotent vindictiveness was displayed on another occasion, a few months afterwards. The Duc de Bourbon, the last of the Condés, had bequeathed Chantilly to the Duc d'Aumale; this magnificent gift included, with other gifts of almost untold value, the family papers, and the archives of the House of Condé; and the Duc had employed many leisure hours of exile in writing a biography of the Condé princes. The first two volumes were complete in 1862; but the Imperial Government seized the proof sheets; they contained 'dangerous matter,' and were summarily suppressed. The Duc appealed to the French Courts of Justice; but the prosecution sheltered itself behind one of the worst provisions of the Constitution of Sieyès, borrowed, indeed, from edicts of the Old Monarchy, which prevented redress, in cases of the kind, if not sanctioned by the Conseil d'Etat; and the publication was indefinitely postponed. The 'dangerous matter' complained of is supposed to have been found in passages referring to a mock trial of the first Prince of Condé, and to a project of Henry IV. to violate the frontier of the Low Countries; but, as we wrote at the time, 'the diseased imagination of a Tiberius' could not find 'treason' in allusions like these, even if the tragedy of the Duc d'Enghien was glanced at; and the 'real object of the dread and hatred of the Imperial Government was not the book but its illustrious author.' The work was kept under lock and key for more than six years; but public opinion, in France at last, compelled the Conseil d'Etat to withdraw its veto. 'It became impossible to maintain this ignoble line of defence, and the authorities gave way, well knowing that they had no plea which could be judicially and legally supported.' As in the case of the 'Letter,' in fact, this was another of those blunders that are worse than crimes.

The first two volumes of the 'History of the Princes of Condé' are not the best part of the great work, which has happily been made complete. To an English student of the

'History of France,' the Duc d'Aumale, in describing the march of events, appears to lean too much to the Catholic side, especially in his account of the wars of religion, and the civil discord of the sixteenth century; he is mastered by the idea that the triumph of the Catholic cause developed the monarchy of Louis XIV. He is, therefore, hardly just to the Huguenots; he softens down the treason and atrocities of the League; he is not fair to that great man Coligny, the first Frenchman, we think, of that age; he is, like other French writers, 'plus catholique que chrétien.' The volumes, nevertheless, are of real merit; they are rich in original documents, admirably arranged, and fused into an attractive narrative; the descriptions they contain are vivid and correct; the portraiture, in which they abound, is almost perfect; the battle pieces, notably, are extremely well done. We know no work that has placed so clearly before us the personages who surrounded the throne of the last Valois kings, the Court of Catherine, the camp of the Guises, the chiefs of the Huguenots and of the League, and the leaders of the wise and moderate 'parti politique,' who, with Henry IV., saved at last France from ruin. As for the two Princes of Condé, who fill the forefront of the canvas, they are set before us with skill and effect; and the episode in the youth of the third prince, whose fair wife stirred the heart of Henry IV. in his old age with a passion never perhaps felt before, is brilliantly told, and of much interest.

While writing the 'History of the Princes of Condé,' the Duc d'Aumale visited the chief battle-fields made famous by the exploits of the Grand Condé and Turenne. His researches extended to the scenes of the wars of the First Empire; he rode over the plain of Marengo, and up the slopes of Mont St. Jean; like all true soldiers he did homage to Napoleon's genius. He wrote also often on war in those days; his treatise on the military institutions of France, though now out of date, still deserves attention. Like nearly all his brothers-in-arms in Europe, he did not at first believe in the Prussian army, as it had been transformed by Roon and Moltke; he seems to have expected its defeat in 1866; and unquestionable as its superiority was, that result would not have been impossible had Benedek been, in any sense, a great chief.\* After Sadowa, however, he clearly

\* See Le Comte, 'Guerre de la Prusse et de l'Italie en 1866,' vol. i. 367-69. The Duc d'Aumale entrusted the education of his

perceived, as Henry IV. had perceived two hundred and fifty years before, that France was menaced on the north by the German races; and he urged that the French army should be augmented and reformed. But he had not yet accepted the principle, first asserted in the French Revolutionary wars, and adopted by Prussia, of 'a nation in arms;' he still trusted to a good professional army; and experience, indeed, has yet to prove, as Moltke has remarked, whether the huge but boyish conscript armies of these days can stand the strain of a long campaign and misfortune. He here agreed with the leading military men of France; Niel had no faith in an immense development of the armed strength of France on the Prussian model; it is due to Napoleon III. to say that he alone saw the truth in this matter. But faction and the counsels of routine prevailed when the ill-fated Emperor proposed his plan to raise by degrees the numbers of the French army to an equality at least with those of Prussia; it must be added that this reform, which could only have begun in 1869, would have been too late to save France from defeat in the war that followed.

When the Empire had tried to become 'Liberal'—a transformation contrary to the nature of things—the Orleans princes endeavoured to obtain a repeal of the decrees which had made them exiles. Emile Ollivier rejected their prayer, evidently against his wishes; it was remarked that Thiers, associated as he had been with Louis Philippe, withheld his assent, and did not vote. The Duc d'Aumale, the Prince de Joinville, and the Duc de Chartres—the last a soldier who had served under Victor Emmanuel, in 1859,\* and had seen in America the great war between the North and South—went to Brussels at the outbreak of the contest of 1870; when intelligence reached them of the great disasters of France, they eagerly asked leave to follow the imperial armies. As was but to be expected, this request was declined; but after Sedan and the 4th of September they applied to the Government of National Defence for permission to serve. It was characteristic of the jealous suspicion inseparable from new

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eldest son, the lamented Prince de Condé, to this distinguished veteran, the first aide-de-camp of Jomini, and almost the last link with the wars of Napoleon. As to the advance of the Prussians in Bohemia, in 1866, Lord Wolseley, though an admirer of Moltke, significantly says ('United Service Magazine,' October 1891): 'Had the Great Napoleon commanded the Austrian armies, the Prussian forces would have been hurled back into the mountains defeated in detail.'

\* It should be said that this was with the approval of Napoleon III.

and usurped power, especially in a Republican form, that they were treated as pretenders, with purely selfish motives; Thiers, who, though out of office, had immense influence, spoke of their conduct in the harshest terms; Jules Favre and Trochu ordered them out of Paris, where they had repaired confident in patriotic hope. It deserves notice that Gambetta, a man of genius, the only man, indeed, who, in this terrible crisis, was equal to the situation, and aroused France to exertions worthy of 1793-4, sought to give the Orleans princes a command; he was unfortunately overruled by his very inferior colleagues. The Duc d'Aumale, after this rebuff, went to England, where he watched the events of the struggle with bitter feelings; he must have been recognised had he joined the national levies. But the Duc de Chartres, as is well known, fought gallantly as a volunteer in the army of the North; and the Prince de Joinville greatly distinguished himself in the fierce battles in front of Orleans, prematurely forced on by Gambetta, in the hope of relieving Paris, against the advice especially of the illustrious Chanzy.\*

At the close of the war the three Orleans princes were elected deputies to the assembly convened to make peace. The conduct of the Duc d'Aumale in the events that followed has been hastily judged by angry partisans; but a study of the facts satisfies an impartial mind that he acted all through from the patriotic motives which guided him in his career in life. Thiers, now the real head of the State, fiercely resented his application and that of his kinsmen to take their seats in the Assembly at Versailles. They 'were men who were trying to pick up a crown amidst the ruins of France.' It is idle to say that he was wholly free from ambition; but even before the fall of the Empire he had declared that a republic was the true form of government for France. Experience has perhaps confirmed his views, and he seems to have been convinced that at this juncture the house of Orleans was a danger to the public weal. After long negotiations, it was settled that the decrees of exile should be repealed, but that the princes should appear in the Assembly only; they were to leave it as soon as they had been sworn members. The princes subscribed to these

\* It is due, however, to Gambetta, to point out that his energy in concentrating the French levies at this juncture astonished and deceived Moltke. See the 'Prussian Staff History,' part ii. vol. i. 283, 91: it does justice to Gambetta's surprising 'activity' and 'indomitable will.'

hard conditions, but with a saving that the contract was made with the Assembly, not with Thiers. These conditions, indeed, were before long annulled. In a short time, however, events happened which changed the position of the Duc d'Aumale, and have even exposed him to the charge of breach of public faith. There was nothing like a settled government in France; a Royalist movement was becoming extremely strong, and there can be little doubt, as Thiers admitted himself, that had the Comte de Chambord resembled Henry IV., France would have restored the House of Bourbon—at least for a season. In these circumstances the Duc d'Aumale was willing to recognise the Comte de Chambord as the heir to the crown. The Prince de Joinville and the Duc de Chartres concurred, and certainly the Duc sincerely believed that a restoration would be accomplished, and that this was the wish of the great majority of the French nation. As soon, however, as he had become aware that the Comte de Chambord was one of those Bourbons 'who had learned and had forgotten nothing,' especially in the matter of the tricolor, the Duc ceased to negotiate with his kinsmen, and declared for the Republic, established by this time.

The motives of the Duc d'Aumale, as was to be expected, were misrepresented in these transactions. To the Republicans and the adherents of Thiers he appeared the soul of a Royalist plot. He was denounced by the partisans of his cousin as a traitor to the cause of monarchic France. History, superior to faction, will more justly say that, even if his attitude gave room for suspicion, he had all along the interests of his country at heart; he believed in a Liberal monarchy under the heir of the Bourbons; he abandoned the idea when it proved hopeless. He had fortunately no seat in the Assembly when the terms of peace were discussed, but it is understood he would have held out against the cession of Lorraine. Bismarck probably would have agreed to this, had not Moltke unwisely interfered. The Duc, however, was not fitted for a Parliamentary career; he never made an effort to shine in this province. His capacity as a soldier was at once recognised. It is to his honour, we think, that he would not listen to an overture to command against the Commune. 'My sword,' he exclaimed, 'shall not be stained in the blood of Paris, to be 'next thrown at the feet of the King of Prussia.' When the fall of Thiers was at hand, in 1872, he refused to try to play the part of a Monk, and to conspire to place the Comte de

Chambord on the throne; as he said afterwards, 'Je veux 'bien être une transaction, mais non une transition'—one of those sayings, marked with the 'imperatoria brevitās,' in which he excelled. He consented to stand for the Presidency of the Republic as a successor of Thiers; but certainly he had no part in the not creditable game by which Macmahon was to be made a warming-pan for the Comte de Chambord. His candidature, however, came to nothing; Republicans and Royalists combined against him.

The accession of Macmahon to office restored the Duc d'Aumale to the army, from which he had long been severed. He returned to active service, with his rank as a general, and took a prominent part in the reorganisation of the military power of France, on a model essentially the same as that of Prussia. After long years of exile he was again in high place in the State; but he had not escaped the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, even since the prospect around him had begun to brighten. His wife had passed away before the fall of the Empire; she had been preceded by their son, the Prince de Condé, a youth of fine parts and remarkable promise; the old King and Queen had long ago paid the debt of nature. In 1873 he presided at the court-martial of Bazaine. His Legitimist enemies foretold his failure, but he acquitted himself of a most difficult task with marked ability and sound judgement. This is not the place to review a trial ever memorable in the annals of war. Enough to say that Bazaine was justly convicted, and but for the circumstances of France would have suffered death. Allowances doubtless should be made for the position of the Marshal when he received his command, at a most trying time; and, conspicuous as his incapacity in the field was, he is not to be condemned simply because he was not a great chief, and because he did not know how to take advantage of the many and excellent opportunities he had. He was rightly sentenced on two main grounds: he did not try to husband the resources of Metz, even when he had adopted the wretched system of clinging to the fortress in passive defence; and he involved himself in treasonable intrigues with the enemy, with a sinister purpose for his own benefit, which paralysed the strength of the Army of the Rhine. The capitulation was precipitated by many weeks; but for this criminal conduct the army investing Metz could not have been set free to fall on the Army of the Loire, and to prevent its advance on Paris after its success at Coulmiers, a march that probably would

have caused the raising of the siege, and given a clearly new turn to the war.\*

At the close of 1873 the Duc d'Aumale was placed at the head of the 7th Corps of the newly constituted army of France. His headquarters were at Besançon; but his command extended over Franche Comté, Burgundy, and the little nook of Alsace which had been left to his country after the late calamitous war. The associations around him were of peculiar interest; he was on the scenes of the first government of the Grand Condé, of memorable achievements of that great captain, of one immortal campaign of Turenne, of the late unfortunate march of Bourbaki, ordered by Gambetta, spite of Chanzy's protest, that ended in another and final Sedan. But the Duc had no time to think of things like these; he was in a position on the path of German invasion, always threatening, and perhaps now imminent; he had to provide for the defence of the provinces of the East, and to make his troops equal to meet a first possible attack. He commanded the 7th Corps for nearly six years; the French army abounded in distinguished soldiers—Chanzy, Miribel, Gallifet, Saussier, Davout—who could be exacting, nay, jealous critics; but with the common consent of all, he did his work admirably, and gave proof of the qualities of a real chief, equal to the requirements of a kind of warfare very different from that which he had known in Algeria. Under his superintendence Belfort was placed in a fitting state of defence; and the two important strategic points of Langres and Besançon were fortified operations which required not only skill but tact, for a watchful and formidable enemy was at hand. The Duc, however, like most great soldiers, trusted rather—in the words of the old proverb—‘to a wall of bones than to a wall of ‘stones’ for national defence. He looked to a good army, rather than to strong places; nor did he much approve of the erection of large entrenched camps, with which France has covered her insecure position, believing they are a symptom of a people's decline, and that they would prove to be of little value in war. Meantime he brought his corps to a high point of perfection; it was acknowledged to be one of the best in the service. He steadily acted on Napoleon's maxim—‘the excellence of a French army is in its ‘moral power; mechanism is the excellence of a German

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\* For further information on the trial of Bazaine, the reader may be referred to the ‘Procès Bazaine’ and the Report of General Rivière.



'army'—a truth sanctioned by the experience of ages, but forgotten by mere experts, judging from peace manœuvres; and he spared no pains to stimulate the ardour of his troops, while he gave special attention to their wants and their discipline. He fully brought out, in a word, the aptitude for war which has been a characteristic of the race since the days of Cæsar; and he showed again, as he had shown in his youth, that he could command the hearts of his men and his officers. As early as 1874 he expressed a distinct opinion that the young 7th Corps was a match for any German corps of its numbers.

When Bismarck, in 1875, was seeking a pretext to march armed Germany on half-prostrate France—a dastardly stroke of the unscrupulous policy of the 'delenda est Carthago' proclaimed by Moltke—the heads of the French army would have probably chosen that great chief, Chanzy, for the supreme command. It is remarkable, nevertheless, that Gambetta at this time seems to have turned his eyes towards the Duc d'Aumale. This, again, was honourable in the highest degree to one of the few men of mark in modern France who have preferred the interests of their country to those of party. The Duc did good service in baffling the sinister design. At his instance and that of other statesmen the Queen, it is understood, and the Czar interfered; and he projected, it is said, that alliance of France with Russia which has been accomplished, as it were, yesterday, but which naturally grew out of the Triple Alliance, and the ill-conceived and ill-omened Treaty of Frankfort. The Duc, in these years of preparation for war, found time to cultivate the arts of peace with admirable effect. Before he had received his command at Besançon, he had brought to Chantilly the treasures from the hands of many masters which he had accumulated in his long exile, and had added these to the treasures of the place; and he had begun to restore the historical pile of the Montmorencies and the Condés, rich with great traditions of the past. Except the lesser château of Constable Anne, an architectural gem of the sixteenth century, little remained when the work was taken in hand of the edifices built by Lenôtre and Mansart, bad imitations of the style of Versailles. The Revolution, indeed, had made the great château a State prison, and after the Restoration it had become a ruin. The Duc left the *petit château* almost intact, but on the site of the shattered great château he raised the noble structure which now delights the eye as it stands out from

the far-spreading domain, the woodland, the pleasure grounds of the lords of Chantilly. We need not refer to the galleries rich with the trophies of war and animated with the story of the Grand Condé's exploits; to the magnificent stables; to the glories of art, which form distinctive features of the place; but one spot is, perhaps, of peculiar interest. The Duc left the ceiling over the great staircase a blank; it was to be adorned with frescoes telling the happy tale how France had recovered her lost provinces. The hope of the princely patriot was not fulfilled; the blank contains, instead, an allegory bearing the motto, 'Espérance,' the old cry of the House of France.

When Macmahon ceased to be chief of the State, the jealousy of leaders of men which, in all ages, has been a besetting sin of democratic rule began to show itself against the Duc d'Aumale. He was removed from the command of the 7th Corps in 1879, with flattering words of honour, indeed; and, though he still retained his grade in the army, and held a seat on the Commission of the National Defence, this was but the first symptom of the ostracism ere long to come. Gambetta, however, remained loyal to the Duc. He still designed him for the highest military command; he wished to send him to Russia on a special embassy, upon the occasion of the coronation of Alexander III. After the death of Gambetta, a patriot and a genius, many as were his faults, the suspicious temper of the inferior men in office was aroused against the Duc d'Aumale; the illustrious son of France, forsooth, was a menace to the State. The Duc, the Duc de Chartres, and the Duc d'Alençon, the eldest son of the Duc de Nemours, were arbitrarily placed on the retired list of the army. Soon afterwards, in 1886, partly on account of a manifesto of Prince Napoleon, the Assembly voted the banishment from France of every pretender to the crown, whether of the houses of Bourbon, of Orleans, or of Bonaparte, and pronounced them ineligible to serve in the army or the fleet. This decree, it will be observed, did not affect the Duc d'Aumale; but, by a strained and unfair construction, it was made retroactive in his instance. He was deprived of his military rank, and compelled to leave France, just when he had made the too generous gift of Chantilly and his treasures to the Institute of France—an act of patriotic sympathy without a parallel. It was in keeping with this crime of popular tyranny that Boulanger was one of its chief abettors, though he was under the deepest

obligations to the Duc d'Aumale. But baseness like this has been common in all ages: 'beneficia eo usque læta sunt dum videntur exsolvi posse; ubi multum antevenere, pro gratia odium redditur.'

The Duc was now in his sixty-fifth year. He was an exile, for the second time, from the natal soil. His studies and researches had been much interrupted by hard military work and other service of the State; but the third and fourth volumes of the 'History of the Princes of Condé' appeared in the first months of 1886. This part of the work is, on the whole, superior to the first; it has similar defects, but is of higher merit. The author, indeed, seems to us to have too much sympathy with the arrogant *noblesse* of the youth of Louis XIII. and too little with the renowned statesman who saw that they must be curbed and weakened if the throne was to be safe, and in the interest, too, of the French people. The mean, ignoble, and even odious figure of Henry II. of Condé is also painted in too neutral colours and too soft a light. He was the Harpagon of the princely seigneurie, an incapable chief, a courtier of fortune, a double-dealing shuffler in council. But the Duc has described, with a master-hand, the great policy of Richelieu at home and abroad. His portrait of the Cardinal is powerfully drawn, and he has added vivid and lifelike sketches of the soldiers and statesmen grouped around Marie of Medicis, Anne of Austria, and her son, of the gallants of the Louvre, of the brilliant dames and of the beautiful sirens of the Hôtel Rambouillet. The chief value and interest of these volumes consist, however, in their admirable account of the youth of Louis, the Grand Condé, and of his first most remarkable exploits in war. The Duc has clearly proved that this great commander was different from the mere fighting soldier of the pages of Voltaire and other writers. His distinctive genius, indeed, was his *coup d'œil* on the field, the peculiar gift of Cromwell, and, in a later age, of Churchill; but in combining the large operations of war he soon showed that he was only second to Turenne. The figure, however, of the Grand Condé is placed before us in too attractive a light. Justice is done to his precocious intellectual powers and to his capacity, even in his first manhood, as a ruler of men; but the selfishness, the lawlessness, the reckless vices, which were his faults from

his teens, are not fully brought out. The battlepieces are, one and all, excellent; the description of Rocroy, of the struggle around Fribourg, and of the terrible day of Nordlingen, are masterpieces of their kind.

The Duc d'Aumale lived for the most part in England during this time of unjust banishment. He was welcomed, as before, by the heads of English society, and was often an honoured guest of the Queen, and he had close relations with troops of friends in France. But he had begun to feel the infirmities of age—‘he was an old African crippled ‘by gout;’ and he had previously lost his only surviving child, the Duc de Guise, also a youth of promise. He occasionally made a journey to Sicily, where he had a house at Palermo that had belonged to his wife, and where he had made a lovely home for himself at Zuccho, near the waters of Castelamare. He had become the owner of a considerable domain on the spot; he had covered the lands with the olive and the vine; and here, under the blue skies of the South, and amidst the rich vegetation of a highly favoured soil, he loved to pass quiet days of study, scarcely interrupted by the society of friends and kinsmen. He gave most of his time, indeed, to letters in those years; the fifth volume of his great History appeared in 1889. This part of the book throws much fresh light on the troubles and the war of the First Fronde; the policy of Mazariu is ably traced; the account of the siege of Paris is full of interest. The military career of the Grand Condé is again finely narrated; nothing can be better than the sketches of the campaign in Flanders, of the capture of Dunkirk, of the brilliant day of Lens, when, as always, Condé was admirable in the field. The Duc, however, here begins to show a tendency to magnify Condé at the expense of Turenne, which we see throughout nearly the whole of the rest of the book; the issue of the Thirty Years’ War, to take a single instance, was due far more to the great master of war on the Rhine than to the great soldier on the Scheldt and the Meuse. As to the part played by Condé in the civil strife of the time, the Duc makes a fair case in his favour against Mazarin; but he palliates and protests too much. Condé was a peril to the State, even before he became a rebel. The Duc, however, gives up Condé when he drew his sword against France. We quote this touching passage, in which he contrasts the incidents of his own banishment and that of the Prince, and tacitly reminds us how opposite was the

conduct of the selfish and lawless traitor and of the patriot true to an ungrateful country :—

‘Je continue ce livre comme je l’ai commencé, aux mêmes lieux, dans la disgrâce et sous le poids d’un exil que je crois immérité. Et me voici arrivé au moment critique; il me faut montrer le coupable dans le héros. Avant de poursuivre ce récit je m’expliquerai sur cette faute que rien ne peut effacer. Les coups qui me frappent ne troublent pas la sérénité de mon jugement, et je tiens à conserver, vis-à-vis de ceux qui prendront la peine de me lire, la liberté d’appréciation que je retrouve au fond de mon cœur. Ce point acquis, je pourrai traverser cette époque douloureuse, louer le capitaine, admirer l’énergie déployée dans une mauvaise cause, sans craindre que les éloges adressés à l’homme de guerre incomparable ne ressemblent à une défense du prince coupable, à une apologie que ma conscience repousse.’

The Duc d’Aumale had for many years been a distinguished member of the Academy of France, where his addresses had deserved and received high praise. That assembly had remonstrated against his exile; the public opinion of France concurred, and after the resignation of President Grévy he was recalled to his country by the lamented Carnot. He was welcomed by his old companions in arms, but he was not permitted to regain his place in the army; the Conseil d’Etat had irrevocably sanctioned his unjust sentence. Thenceforward he took little part in the service of the State, though after the death of Macmahon he was placed at the head of the Red Cross Society established in France. By this time Chantilly had been completely restored; he had reserved the life use of the magnificent domain; and he was fond, like the Grand Condé in his declining years, of welcoming to the spot all that was most distinguished in the army, the science, and the literature of France, and eminent foreigners from many lands. The sixth volume of his ‘History’ was published in 1892; it was the most important that had yet appeared of the series. The events of the war of the Second Fronde, which involved the fortunes of France, and perhaps of Europe, have never been told so perfectly before; the narrative is of the very greatest merit. The author has made Napoleon’s masterly sketch his model, but he has drawn ample material from every other source; military history, in a word, has never been better written. The account of the long and doubtful campaigns on the Seine and the Oise from 1653 to 1657—in which the forces of Spain, led by the arch-rebel Condé, were gradually borne back by those of the reviving French monarchy, with Turenne, a

host in himself, at their head—is lucid, complete, and very attractive; and the descriptions of the incidents which marked their course, the discomfiture of Condé at Gien, the murderous combat of St. Antoine, the stand made by Turenne in front of Paris, which probably saved the throne of the House of Bourbon, the siege of Arras, the relief of Valenciennes, and Turenne's always skilful marches in the field—a new developement of the art of war—are worthy of commendation in the highest degree. The struggle was, in fact, essentially a contest between two great captains; both exhibited powers of the highest order; it may truly be said, as the Duc points out, that France was in need of Turenne as a match for Condé; had it not been for the profound insight, the resource, the genius of the renowned master, Louis XIV. might never have reigned, and the House of Austria might have risen again in Europe. In this part of the work the Duc does not conceal the crimes against the State of which Condé was guilty; he was, in truth, for years the evil genius of France; but not the less he throws too much into the background the worst and most repulsive side of the character of the prince, never so conspicuous as at this period, his callous selfishness, his greed, his arrogance, his profligacy, his disregard of every interest but his own, and, not least, his cruel neglect and barbarous treatment of that most unhappy woman, his saintly and true wife.

The Duc had now fallen into the sere and yellow leaf; his last years were not without family troubles. He was much affected by the death of the Comte de Paris, who represented the Royal House of France, great as the differences were between the two men; he was vexed by the indiscretions of the young Duc d'Orleans, to be redeemed, we hope, by a manhood worthy of his name. He continued, however, to receive at Chantilly; one of the last of these receptions, in which he did the honours to a great company of guests in four languages, will not be forgotten by those who were present at the scene. But advancing years warned him he must finish his great work: the seventh and last volume appeared in the autumn of 1895, in some respects the Duc's masterpiece.\* The sketch of the siege of Dunkirk and of the Battle of the Dunes—Condé and Turenne were there

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\* These various volumes were reviewed as they appeared in the 'Edinburgh Review,' October 1869, April 1886, October 1889, and January 1896.

opposed for the last time—closes the admirable account of the War of the Second Fronde, and is in keeping with the rest of that brilliant narrative. The best part, however, of the military history of the work is the elaborate and most attractive description of the great war which began with the invasion of Holland and ended at the Peace of Nimeguen. This was certainly the crown of Condé's achievements in the field. The Duc has clearly shown that the prince was not responsible for the delays which saved the States in 1672, and gave William III. the breathing time he turned to account; had Condé's advice been followed the Republic, no doubt, would have fallen. Condé, too, almost surpassed himself on the day of Seneffe; and his last campaign of 1675—when he successfully kept Montecuculli in check, and baffled that most able master of war—was an admirable specimen of Fabian tactics, hardly to be looked for in the case of a soldier of this type. The Duc in this volume has done full justice to Turenne; he has excellently described the winter march of that great captain behind the Vosges, resembling the Alpine march of Marengo, and followed by almost as brilliant results; and his account of the last campaign of Turenne—a game of strategy between the marshal and Montecuculli, in which the great Frenchman gained a distinct advantage, unhappily lost by his death at the Sassbach—is in all respects worthy of the highest praise. But the most interesting part of this volume, we think, is the portrait of the Grand Condé in his closing years, and the narrative of this passage of his life. The prince, to the last, was not just to his wife; but as age and disease crept on, his character seemed to lose what was most repulsive in it—he became more humane, and less selfish and lawless. His splendid intellect retained its powers, and the Grand Condé, like the Duc d'Aumale, loved to gather around him at Chantilly the names most illustrious in French arms and letters, names to which the France of this day can show no parallel. The sceptic, the profligate, and the head of the *petits-maîtres* of evil fame, died, it should be added, a penitent Christian; and one of his last acts was to oppose the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

The marriage of his favourite grand-niece, the Princesse Hélène, was one of the last consolations of the Duc d'Aumale. His services in the army were still recognised; he had been called, quite recently, 'the first soldier of France,' by one of its most distinguished chiefs; but he

felt bitterly that he could not wear the uniform which had been a badge and sign of his days of honour; for this reason he declined to attend a banquet given by President Faure to the Czar and his consort. His time was passed between Chantilly and Zuccho; one of the last visits he paid, when in his Sicilian retreat, was to the discrowned Empress Eugénie. He had met Mademoiselle Montijo in youth; but this interview of the aged pair was one of sad memories; the Empress was deeply touched when she was reminded, in a few words of tact and sympathy, of Napoleon III. The Duc was seriously ill in the winter of 1896; but he rallied, and set off, apparently in health, for Zuccho, in the spring of the following year. He was accompanied by his venerable sister, the Princesse Clémentine, by the Duc and Duchesse de Chartres, and other friends; he seemed to have gained fresh strength in the balmy Sicilian air. But it was the flame shooting up from the expiring lamp; he was much affected by the tragic death of his grand-niece the Duchesse d'Alençon; he never awoke from a deceptive sleep, when he retired to rest on the night of May 5. His body, draped in the tricolor he loved, was borne in pomp through Italy to France; an immense concourse attended the services in the Madeleine, while the bier lay exposed surrounded by reverent mourners. The heads of the army set aside a rule of the service; the highest military honours were bestowed on the dead, as if the Duc had retained his rank as a general; the march past was the same as that at MacMahon's funeral. The remains were ultimately borne to Dreux, where those of the House of Orleans repose.

The noble life of the Duc d'Aumale was in no sense a failure. In the case of personages of the highest rank, a career such as his is not lost to the world. His fine intellect had free scope to exhibit its power at least in the peaceful domain of letters; he was enabled to prove that he was a true patriot, animated by a sense of duty and a love of his country. He was superior to the temptations to which his kinsman, the Comte de Paris, unhappily yielded; he never trafficked in faction for his own purposes; he always kept France before his eye in his public conduct. Fortune, nevertheless, frowned on him in his path of troubles; she rather permitted him to display the promise of greatness than to achieve the greatness which he might have made his own. He had some of the gifts of the Grand Condé in war—not that anything he accomplished can be compared with Rocroy, Nordlingen, Lens, and Seneffe—but in the



single instance when he had the chance he showed that he had Condé's decision and *coup d'œil*; like Condé, too, he deeply studied the science of his art. In intellect he was, perhaps, not inferior to Condé, though less daring in speculation, and not a sceptic; and, like Condé, he was devoted to letters, and could charm the most gifted minds by his brilliant converse. But he was the very opposite of Condé in his moral qualities. His lot was cast, like that of Condé, in an age of revolution for France; but he would have deemed it an execrable crime to turn the misfortunes of his country to his own advantage. In marked contrast to Condé, he was reverent of law, entirely free from greed and selfish ambition.

How different was the measure meted out to the two men by those who ruled their country! Condé was one of the most dangerous of arch-rebels. He nearly overthrew the Government of France. The Duc d'Aumale was through life a patriot; he was a supporter of the State, whatever its Government. Yet Condé was restored to his high place by Louis XIV., and was given every opportunity to serve the monarchy of which he had been the traitorous foe, whilst the Duc d'Aumale was twice driven into exile, and was forbidden to employ for the Republic the powers when they were at their highest of which it stood so sorely in need.

ART. VII.—1. *The Purification of Sewage and Water.* By W. J. DIBDIN, F.I.C., F.C.S. London: 1897.

2. *The Purification of Sewage by Bacterial Oxidation.* By GEO. E. WARING, jun. New York and Newport, R.I.

3. *Fermentation.* By DR. DUCLAUX. International Health Exhibition Series, 1884. London.

WITHIN recent years the whole question of the disposal of our refuse matter has undergone considerable modification.

It is not that the broad facts which underlie the methods by which waste matter may be rendered innocuous have been altered, but the progress of scientific investigation in the hands of the chemist and the physiologist, with the aid of the engineer, has by slow degrees enabled us to realise more clearly the causes which affect the changes which alter the conditions of decayed matter, and enable it to assume its function of again being assimilated by that force which we term life.

The records of the early law-givers on the subject of the preservation of health laid down the maxim that refuse from the human body should be buried under the surface of the ground. Every countryman knows that the earth in his garden affords a ready means of absorbing all disagreeable results from such refuse, and enables him to reap a beneficent return from its decomposition. It is nearly sixty years since this sewage question began to attain prominence with us.

In the early years of Her Majesty's reign misery and strikes were prevalent, and a Royal Commission was appointed to examine and report on the condition of the labouring classes. The advances of the cholera, which decimated some of our most important towns, called forth the Royal Commission on the Health of Towns, which set forth the serious evils, moral and physical, resulting from the overcrowding of populations and the accumulation of refuse in their midst.

Our towns had increased largely in size from the rapid developement of our manufacturing industries after the Great War. The Royal Commission showed distinctly how the retention of refuse in and around houses became a veritable peril. Sir Edwin Chadwick proposed the removal of personal and liquid refuse by means of water carriage as the simplest and quickest method of ridding the population

of its presence, and Sir Edwin Chadwick's coadjutor, Sir Robert Rawlinson, showed that drains properly constructed and adequate to remove foul refuse water separated from, and therefore not liable to be swamped by, the variable rainfall would be economical, cleanly, free from deposit, and not liable to get out of order. And these pioneers of modern sanitation further showed that the foul water or sewage so removed would preserve valuable constituents applicable as manure to the land.

The controversies as to the disposal of sewage revolved for many years between the question of the recovery to the nation of its manurial value and the loss to the nation resulting from its disposal without nuisance. The problem was no doubt fettered by the fact that Sir Edwin Chadwick's proposal to construct special sewers to carry refuse water had not been accepted in its entirety. The engineers, and indeed the local authorities, were not prepared to undertake the expense of making new sewers in every town to remove the sewage alone, whilst leaving the rain to be removed by existing drains. Therefore the dilution of the sewage and the quantity of road grit which it consequently received at uncertain intervals from the rainfall became a great difficulty in the direct utilisation of the sewage on land.

The removal of some of the inconveniences was sought on the one hand in filtration, and on the other the chemist applied himself to precipitate the solid matter in the hopes of extracting a valuable concentrated manure.

The researches of chemists on the London sewage gave the total value of the constituents of 100 tons of sewage as 17s. 7d., of which 2s. 2½d. was suspended matter, and 15s. 4½d. dissolved matter. But unfortunately there appeared to be no method, either by means of filtration or precipitation, which did not leave a very large proportion of the manurial value remaining in solution to pass away in the liquid, and in a condition to undergo subsequent putrefaction. The chemical side of the question has but little advanced since the time of the eminent chemist, Dr. Hofmann, LL.D., F.R.S.

We cannot better summarise the view of sewage utilisation entertained by chemists than by giving the following extracts from Dr. Hofmann's opinion \* of the subject.

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\* Dr. Hofmann was subsequently summoned to Berlin by the Emperor of Germany to take charge of the magnificent Laboratory of Practical Chemistry in that city, from the teaching in which the present high developement of German chemistry is largely due.

‘Everybody admits the necessity of removing the daily excreta of so vast a population as that of the Metropolis; of removing them rapidly, completely, and beyond the limits within which their decomposition would spread discomfort and disease.

‘All admit, moreover, that the excreta of which we have to rid ourselves possess a very considerable value in an agricultural point of view, and that it would be highly desirable to recover the valuable matter.

‘These points being granted, the question resolves itself into this: Have we the means of accomplishing the latter desideratum, whilst satisfying the former condition?

‘An inquiry into the nature of the valuable matter carried off in our sewers, an attentive examination of the chemical properties of the constituents, together with the consideration of the extraordinary and constantly increasing degree of dilution in which they exist, cannot fail to impress the chemist, on purely theoretical grounds, with the magnitude of the difficulties which oppose themselves to the successful accomplishment of the task.

‘Nor do these difficulties diminish if the question be submitted to the test of experiment.

‘Notwithstanding the numerous proposals which have been made—notwithstanding the variety of patents which have been taken out—we have no hesitation in stating our conviction that the *problem of profitably recovering the valuable constituents of sewage remains up to the present moment altogether unsolved*; and very faint, indeed, are the hopes that the progress of chemical discovery will supply the means of so doing. The valuable constituents of sewage are like the gold in the sand of the Rhine; its aggregate value must be immense, but no company has yet succeeded in raising the treasure.

‘Nevertheless, on considering the immense value of the matter thus annually lost, and remembering that it nearly equals that of the whole quantity of guano imported annually into the United Kingdom, it would be unwise rashly to abandon this source of wealth without the most strenuous efforts to save at least a portion of it.

‘The only chance that remains of accomplishing so desirable a result would appear, so far as we can at present judge, to consist in employing the whole or a portion of the London sewage for the purposes of irrigation.’

The only way, however, in which a problem of the magnitude of that of the utilisation of London sewage could have been dealt with, on the basis of irrigation, would have been to divide London into districts—to separate the sewage from the rainfall, and to convey the sewage from each district into the adjacent country. A somewhat analogous method has solved the sewage problem at Berlin.

But forty years ago neither the leading engineers nor the municipal authorities were sufficiently educated in their views to accept this solution. Indeed, it was the dictum of

a leading engineer that for inland towns some method of sewage utilisation might be advantageous as a means of getting rid of the nuisance, but that, wherever opportunity offered, the best and cheapest thing to do was to turn the sewage into the sea. Nor need it be assumed that this course was an absolute waste of its manurial value.

Professor Huxley, who held the post of Inspector of Fisheries, used to say that the enormous abundance of fish in the estuary of the Thames was due to the food provided by the London sewage, and that this sewage was therefore not wholly wasted. It may not be out of place to mention here that when the duties of the Commissioners of Sewers were handed over by Parliament to the then new body charged with the government of London, about the year 1855—viz. the Metropolitan Board of Works—the new body was charged with the duty of preparing plans for the drainage of the metropolis, but subject to the condition that the Thames outside the Metropolitan boundary was to be preserved free from pollution: and in order to secure this the outfalls through which the sewage was to flow into the Thames were to be approved by the Government.

The plans of the Metropolitan Board of Works were laid before the Government at the end of 1856, and the Government referred them to the consideration of three engineers. The referees reported that the proposed plans, if adopted, would undoubtedly pollute the Thames throughout the upper reaches accessible to the tide, and they suggested that the outfalls should be carried to a point in Sea Reach, below Gravesend, in a channel based on the principle of a tidal channel. By this method all sewage delivered into this channel in London at a level of five feet above high-water mark would have been delivered without pumping at the suggested outfall into a large volume of deep water.

This plan would thus have rendered it unnecessary to pump more than one-third of the whole of London sewage, instead of two-thirds or more, which is now pumped, and the sewage would have arrived at the outfall in a condition which subsequent investigations show would have been comparatively innocuous. These suggestions were demurred to by the Metropolitan Board of Works, and whilst the controversy was pending a change of Government took place.

The Chief Commissioner of Works, Sir Benjamin Hall, afterwards Lord Llanover, who took much interest in the matter, was succeeded by Lord John Manners, and the Government passed an Act of Parliament which relieved it

from the duty of controlling the question of the outfall, or of guarding the interests of the lower Thames. The original plan for the outfalls was adhered to, and the very interesting book published by Mr. Dibdin shows some of the subsequent difficulties which the choice of these outfalls has entailed.

Even the apparently easy method of disposing of sewage by turning it direct into the sea has not always fulfilled the object of avoiding nuisance. Where this course has been adopted at some of our health resorts great care has been required to prevent the sewage turned into the sea from being carried by the tides or by wind currents back again on to the beach, and thus either destroying the bathing amenities of the locality or, according to recent theories, spoiling our oyster beds. It is not, however, London alone that is concerned with this sewage question. Each County Council in turn as it takes up the question of sanitation finds itself confronted with the pollution of its streams, and is not materially assisted by legislation in its efforts to restrain the pollution. The larger towns, the larger inhabited areas in the vicinity of our large towns, all contribute in varying degrees to this pollution, which does not arise alone from domestic sewage. In many districts it arises from manufacturing refuse. It may be here noted that a local authority cannot be compelled to admit into its sewers any liquid from manufactories which would injure the sewers, or prejudicially affect the disposal by sale, application to land or otherwise of the sewage matter ; or would from its temperature or otherwise be injurious in a sanitary point of view.

Some classes of this refuse, such as waste liquor from flannel washing, are of high value, and it would be reckless waste to turn them into the sewers. So the refuse from gas works used to be a great source of evil to our rivers, but the chemist has turned what was then deleterious into a source of wealth.

We may hope that the progress of chemistry may in time evolve value from most of our manufacturing and other refuse by devising means for the utilisation of what has hitherto been considered as waste. It may, however, be said generally that under proper regulations the discharge of fluid industrial refuse, with few exceptions, into sewers would not render the sewage more difficult of use, and would, indeed, in some cases, increase the agricultural value of the sewage.

In those exceptional cases where the difficulties which

confront the local authorities arise from injury to the sewers themselves by the admission into them of the refuse of chemical industries and metal works, the questions involved are important in the interests of the manufacturer and the ratepayer.

For, on the one hand, if the manufacturer's refuse—in the creation of which the manufacturer makes profits—injures the sewers, he must expect that other ratepayers, who contribute to the cost of the sewers, will complain unless the manufacturer makes some contribution towards their repair. On the other hand, the manufacturer, who is generally a large ratepayer, does not, in other respects, derive much benefit from the sewerage; and if he is entirely precluded, except at great expense, from disposing of his waste products by means of the sewers, he will remove his factory to some more favoured locality, as, for instance, by the sea, and thus diminish the rateable value of the whole district. It must not, however, be assumed that the manufacturer is not as much (if not more) interested in clear streams and rivers as the rest of the community; in fact, the Royal Commission on the Pollution of Rivers came to the conclusion that the foul condition of certain rivers in Yorkshire, Derbyshire and Lancashire was one of the heaviest taxes which manufacturing industry has to bear.

No doubt if you throw a quantity of foul matter into a river and allow it to flow without additional pollution for some distance it will become purified, and may be fit for drinking.

This cannot be more graphically illustrated than by extracts from the Report of the French Commission which reported on the pollution of the River Seine at Paris in 1875 and 1876:—

‘Above Paris the Seine presents a satisfactory appearance.

‘The sewers of Paris discharge into the river black foetid streams, covered with layers of greasy matter, which accumulates on the sides of the river. These streams transport particles of organic matter and *débris*, which are deposited as grey and black mud on the banks, or else form shoals. This mud is the seat of an active fermentation, throwing up innumerable bubbles of gas, which burst at the surface of the water; the bubbles attaining sometimes in hot weather a diameter of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  metre (nearly 5 feet), dragging up the black mud with them to the surface. Fish and plants cannot exist. But as the river leaves these sources of pollution it gradually improves. From Epinay to Argenteuil the water is still of a deep colour, mud has disappeared, fish make their appearance. Below Bezons a most abundant vegetation clothes both banks, and large sheets of water-plants partly impede

the course of the river. At Meulan all visible sign of pollution has disappeared, and the river is chemically pure.

‘The process which takes place may be summed up as follows :— The organic matters change into carbonic acid, water, ammonia, sulphuretted hydrogen, and different mineral substances. This change implies an absorption of oxygen from the gases dissolved in the water, and a production of mineral nitrogenous bodies.

‘As long as the water contains such matters susceptible of fermentation, it is unfit for use. When fermentation is accomplished, and the organic matter has passed into the state of mineral matters inoffensive in themselves, the water presents a disappearance of nitrogenous organic matter, replaced by nitrogenous mineral matter. The dissolved oxygen in the water is used up, but may be restored by movement, such as is caused by the flow of the stream, or more rapidly by agitation, as, for instance, in passing over a weir, and thus the water can be rendered fit for drinking.’

It will be seen from this that, although a river may have received sewage at one part of its course, there is some point below at which it will still become fit for use.

It will be opportune here to consider what is the meaning of the pollution of a stream, and what are the legal points which affect the question.

The Rivers Pollution Prevention Act, 1876, made it illegal to discharge into any stream :—

1. The solid refuse of any manufactory, manufacturing process, or quarry ; or any rubbish or cinders ; or any other waste or putrid solid matter.

2. Any solid or liquid sewage matter, unless the channel by which such sewage matter is discharged was used, constructed, or in process of construction at the date of the passing of the Act, the best practicable and available means being in use to render the sewage matter harmless. And the Local Government Board are empowered to grant extension of time to any sanitary authority who, at the date of the passing of the Act, were discharging sewage into any stream, for the purpose of enabling such authority to adopt the best practicable and available means to render the sewage harmless.

3. Any poisonous, noxious, or polluting liquid, proceeding from any factory or manufacturing process, unless the channel by which such liquid is discharged was used, constructed, or in process of construction at the date of the passing of the Act ; or if the channel is a new one, was constructed in place of the old one, and has its outfall at the same spot, the best practicable and reasonably available means being in use to render the polluting liquid harmless.



The pollution of our streams does not, however, alone arise from defects or carelessness in the drainage of large towns and factories; it also comes from the total absence of consideration by landowners, farmers, cottagers in villages, and others, or of care in preserving from contamination the ditches which contribute their water to the streams and rivulets which feed our rivers.

The owners of large mansions, the farmers, the humble cottagers, all seem to think that if there is a ditch or a stream at hand, much trouble will be saved by allowing their surplus refuse to pass in from the cesspit, the farm-yard, or the pigstye, rather than be at the trouble of submitting it to purification or of utilising it for manure.

It was early admitted that the most effectual method for sewage purification was to filter it through land. But this sort of filtration requires a considerable extent of land for even a moderate-sized town, and hence there have arisen proposals for other methods of sewage treatment.

Notwithstanding the dictum of Dr. Hofmann, given nearly forty years ago, the chemist has from time to time suggested various methods for extracting the fertilising matter by precipitation. But although he may have succeeded in depositing the solid matter in sewage by means of various substances, he has not succeeded in providing a manure which has held the market, and the expenses and difficulties attendant on drying the sludge containing the solid matter largely diminished any possible profit.

Indeed Mr. Dibdin points out clearly in his interesting volume that a great stumbling block to progress in the sewage question has been the very prevalent idea of making a profit out of sewage, and the natural consequent cupidity of both investors and authorities. The Royal Commission presided over by Lord Bramwell endeavoured to dispose of this notion of profit. They said:—

‘Sewage disposal costs money, it involves expenses which must be met.

‘Where the small manurial value present in the sewage can be realised, let this be done by all means; but the primary consideration must be that of the effectual disposal of the impure flood without nuisance, and next, if possible, the reduction of the expense in those few limited cases in which surrounding conditions are favourable.’

In the disposal of sewage Mr. Dibdin observes:—

‘One of the most frequently misunderstood points is that of disinfection. Disinfection direct, as applied to sewage, is but rarely if ever attained. Partial deodorisation is frequently and easily applied,

but absolute disinfection *plus* deodorisation can only be obtained by one of three systems :—First, by preliminary defecation, followed by filtration *through* large areas of suitable soil. Secondly, by sufficient dilution with very large volumes of well-aërated and comparatively pure water. In this case enormous numbers of organisms rapidly dispose of the welcome food. This is naturally a simple process, and is apt to fail when most required—namely, during dry and hot weather, when the supply of sufficient water fails; and the diminution of dissolved air in the water, by reason of the enormous increase of the living organisms using it at a faster rate than the water can dissolve fresh quantities of air, is such that these minute servants of man are suffocated as surely as the poor folk in the Black Hole of Calcutta. Thirdly, by direct bacteriological treatment under proper conditions.'

Chemical precipitation, so far as it is applicable to sewage, mainly effects one thing only, and that is the separation of the suspended matters from the liquid matters. Under favourable circumstances a certain percentage of the dissolved impurities may be carried down, but in no case is this fully secured. Whatever may be claimed to the contrary, there is not a workable process of precipitation yet invented which will do more than effect a separation for all practical purposes of the solid from liquid matters.

But Mr. Dibdin further observes :—

'The solubility of a portion of the suspended matters in solutions of lime seems to have been entirely overlooked by the many writers on the subject. The results of numerous experiments made by myself, on both large and small quantities of sewage liquid, have fully demonstrated the fact that the use of an excessive quantity of lime, while affording a rapid settlement of the sludge, and a more or less clear effluent, dissolves a by no means inconsiderable quantity of the offensive matters previously in suspension, and this is apt to render the last state of the liquid worse than the first.'

For this reason, before any system of precipitation is adopted for a particular sewage, care must be taken to ascertain that the intended process will not exert a solvent action on the offensive matter in the sewage. Mr. Dibdin thus sums up the considerations which should govern the treatment of sewage by chemical means :—

1. That the sewage should be diluted as little as possible.

2. That the flow of sewage should be adjusted so that the agitation of the particles in suspension should be of a minimum character.

3. That, unless absolutely necessary, no pumping should take place before precipitation.

Thus it is not worth while to endeavour, nor, indeed, is

it possible, to obtain perfect purification of sewage by precipitation.

The chemist may have, no doubt, obtained an effluent sufficiently clear for admission into a tidal estuary, but such effluents are scarcely satisfactory for mixing with rivers which have to be subsequently used for drinking water.

Dr. Tidy sums up his interesting paper on the treatment of sewage, read before the Society of Arts in 1886, with the admission that precipitation processes are not adequate to produce an effluent of 'a high degree of purity,' and that where such an effluent is required it could only be obtained after the sewage had been filtered under proper conditions through land on which vegetation was growing. It seems to be thus generally admitted that we must turn to land for the true method of purification. Before considering the reasons why land is a good purifier, it will be interesting to mention two instances in which sewage has been so applied during a long series of years.

The experience of Milan was quoted by the Health of Towns Commissioners in their first report (1844). It appears that the city is chiefly supplied with cesspools; there are very few water-closets, and they communicate with cesspools. The liquid refuse of the city is collected in large sewers, which join one another and meet in a canal called the 'Vettabbia.' This 'is made to ramify and serve for the 'irrigation of about 4,000 acres of land, after which it falls 'into the River Lambro, about ten miles below the city.'

And here we find a remarkable instance of the truth of the fact that the separation of the solid excremental matters from the sewage does not to any appreciable extent diminish its manurial value, or prevent its being to all intents and purposes sewage—a liquid containing large quantities of highly putrescible matter.

It is calculated that to each acre is applied the liquid refuse of about forty persons; 'but it must be observed 'that much of the water is used over and over again successively on lands at lower levels.' So far from being a disadvantage in winter, we find that 'the Vettabbia possesses also the valuable peculiarity of protecting from frost 'the meadows it irrigates, owing to the high temperature 'it receives in its passage under the town.'

A good deal of land around Milan is irrigated with water containing no sewage, and on this land a considerable quantity of manure has to be used; while on the land irrigated with sewage even the manure of the cattle that are fed on its produce is used elsewhere.

‘To obtain the same produce from such lands’ without irrigation would require manure worth about 4*l.* 8*s.* per acre per annum.

Another example is afforded by Edinburgh, which has for over two hundred years obtained great advantages by the irrigation of the Craigentenny meadows with the liquid refuse from the city.

On the Continent of Europe some of the most important towns have within the last thirty years resorted to sewage irrigation as a means of purification.

Paris has utilised and purified a small portion of its sewage on the plain of Gennevilliers; Berlin, Danzig, and Breslau were the earlier pioneers of this method of purification in Germany. Indeed, Professor Corfield, in 1887, in his volume on ‘Sewage Treatment and Utilisation,’ quoted M. Durand Claye’s conclusions after a visit to the sewage farms of these German towns, as follow:—

‘In Germany it is now everywhere admitted, without dispute, that the sanitation of towns rests upon three principles:—

‘1. The discharge of all the excretal matters into the sewers.

‘2. An abundant supply of water to the houses, and frequent flushing of the sewers.

‘3. The purification of the sewage by the soil and vegetation.’

The sewage farm has been sometimes discredited in consequence of the manner in which it is laid out and worked. Sewage must not stagnate on the land; therefore the carriers must be carefully laid out as to levels, and be carefully watched. The sewage must pass through, not over, the land; therefore the farm must be carefully under-drained. Unless conditions such as these are observed, there may be a nuisance from a sewage farm; but with proper care there should be no nuisance, but, on the contrary, much profit, combined with the advantage of obtaining a pure effluent.

Rugby, in 1862, set an early example of a sewage farm which was successfully laid out under the direction of Messrs. Lawes and Gilbert. Indeed, in proportion as the need of inland towns for disposing of their liquid sewage increased, and in proportion as the use of water-closets extended, several of the inland towns in Great Britain endeavoured to avail themselves of irrigation over land.

The restricted areas of land available near many towns for sewage farms led Dr. (now Sir Edward) Frankland, Mr. Bailey Denton, Mr. Baldwin Latham, and others to suggest the filtration of sewage through filters of a thickness of about five or six feet, which were to be used intermittently.

At Merthyr Tydfil twenty acres of land were set aside for the purification of the sewage by intermittent filtration. This was divided into four equalised plots. The sewage was turned on to each plot for six hours in succession, leaving the plot free from sewage for aëration during eighteen hours. The Rivers Pollution Commission in 1870 reported very favourably on this system, which they examined with the aid of Dr. Frankland, and they reported that the action of the soil of the intermittent filters upon the sewage was highly satisfactory. They stated that the general result seemed to be that by the process the suspended matters are removed, and the ammonia and nitrogenous organic matters in solution are almost completely oxidised, and escape in the effluent water as nitrates and nitrites; so that the sewage is satisfactorily purified, though the process cannot be looked upon as one of utilisation. But they directed attention at the same time to the exceptionally weak character of the sewage; and suggested that it might be found necessary, in order to secure efficient purification, to lay out as intermittent filters even double the area of land in proportion to the population to that employed at Merthyr Tydfil, where only from two to five acres per 10,000 people were employed. From this remark it may be inferred that the Commissioners had not arrived at the appreciation of the true causes of the purification effected by intermittent filtration.

Chemists had not, however, been slow in perceiving that ammonia and the nitrogen of organic bodies were oxidised in the soil, nitric acid being produced. In what manner, however, this oxidation was brought about remained unknown for many years.

Early in 1877 Messrs. Schloessing and Muntz had published experiments showing that the nitrification of this organic matter appeared to be due to a living ferment. Mr. Warrington followed this line of research, which was also taken up by Messrs. Lawes and Gilbert, at Rothamstead. Somewhere about the same time Mr. Baldwin Latham, in adopting intermittent filtration for the purification of sewage, met with a dense clay soil at Merton, which it became necessary to dig out in order to construct an artificial filter. In doing this he followed a suggestion of Mr. Warrington, and burned the clay into ballast, and then alternated layers of surface-earth 6 inches deep, with layers of burnt ballast. In this way he made a filter-bed 5 feet deep. The result with regard to purification was most surprising. The sewage of about 14,000 or 15,000 people

was most perfectly purified on an acre of ground. The surface-material afforded a medium for the development of nitrification, and the burnt ballast supplied porous material by which air could be supplied to the alternate layers of more oxidising material.

These practical efforts in sewage purification turned the attention of engineers and chemists to the agencies which Nature has provided for the breaking up of refuse, and led them to seek the aid of the physiologist.

Leeuwenhoeck, two hundred years ago, recognised and described microscopic organisms in putrid water and saliva which during two centuries afforded physiologists a subject for controversy and dispute. These organisms exist upon the very borderland of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and not only have they been transferred from the one to the other, but even the question has been raised whether the smaller forms should be considered as living beings at all.

From time immemorial brewers have been familiar with the art of preparing, by means of malted barley, a mucilaginous liquor, both insipid and sweet in taste, known as the 'wort' of beer. This preparation, or 'wort,' if left alone, soon putrefies. It becomes muddy, covered with a floating film, emits a disagreeable smell, which increases in intensity, and assumes an offensive flavour. All this takes place very rapidly, and in three or four days' time this would become a horrible drink. Experience, however, has shown how, on the contrary, it can be made into excellent beer by the addition of a little yeast, the remains of a previous operation, which the brewer always finds in abundance in the receptacles whence he has drawn new ale. Under the influence of this yeast an internal working occurs in the mass, gas is disengaged, producing a sort of effervescence, the sweet taste disappears, and is replaced by another, a taste dear to man in all ages and in all places. Osiris, Bacchus, Noah, personify and symbolise the gratitude of the human race to the inventor of alcoholic drinks.

But if the practice of the operation is old, its science is relatively modern, and is the outcome of a series of discoveries. Sugar disappears during fermentation, but the substance which takes its place remained unknown for centuries. We had to wait for the expansion of Arab civilisation in order to learn to know alcohol, that essential term of the transformation of sugar. We had to wait still longer—until the latter half of the eighteenth century—

when the Scotchman Black showed that the gas disengaged during fermentation is solely carbonic acid.

Sugar contains carbon, hydrogen and oxygen; so does alcohol, but in other proportions. In carbonic acid there is only carbon and oxygen. The decomposition of sugar is, therefore, accompanied by a complete breaking up. The simple elements of that body are rearranged differently. One-third of the carbon and two-thirds of the oxygen unite to form the carbonic acid. The remaining two-thirds of the carbon, the whole of the hydrogen, and a third of the oxygen form alcohol.

But what is this yeast which has to be mixed with the wort of beer, to prevent the latter from putrefying? In 1680 Leeuwenhoeck, observing yeast with the microscope—which he had recently invented—saw that it was formed of an infinity of ovoid globules, more or less elongated, but very small, the longest being hardly more than one-hundredth of a millimetre. The homogeneity of form of these globules, their equal size, their organised aspect, the fact that they multiplied during the fermentation, ought, since the times of Leeuwenhoeck, to have entitled them to be considered as living organisms. But the mind of man is so constituted that he does not go naturally to the truth. All he can do—and that is saying a good deal—is to come back to it, when, after wandering about in the paths of error, he finds they have no outlet.

Such is the case in regard to yeast. Leeuwenhoeck's observation failed to be understood for more than a century, and was almost forgotten when, in 1825, Cagniard-Latour in France, and Schwann in Germany, renewed it, with an invaluable addition. In following with the microscope the transformations of yeast added to beer-wort, they saw that on each of the globules appeared and grew a small bud, which soon attained the size of the parent globule. Then, in each of these two globules, the same process took place; so that, by degrees, the liquid ended by being peopled by an infinity of globules of different generations, the offspring of each other. Such is the origin of one of the most productive theories of the nineteenth century.

Pasteur next showed that if, in a medium entirely freed from organic matter only containing sugar, a salt of ammonia intended to furnish nitrogen, and suitably selected mineral elements, a few milligrammes of yeast are introduced as seed, a regular fermentation is seen to take place.

Carbonic acid is disengaged, and the sugar disappears, leaving in its place a perfectly pure alcohol. Meanwhile, the yeast, instead of being destroyed, buds and multiplies, and twenty, a hundred, a thousand times more is taken out than was put in; for, theoretically and practically, a few globules, not weighing a tenth of a milligramme, are sufficient to produce fermentation, and more than a gramme of yeast may be obtained by fermenting 100 grammes of sugar.

The weight of yeast produced represents about one per cent. the weight of the sugar. This yeast is a living organism, and has all the complexity of composition of living organisms. It contains mineral matter, including phosphorus and sulphur, selected from the mixture of salts; nitrogenous matter, the elements of which have been drawn partly from the sugar, partly from the ammonia salt; finally, carbo-hydrates, of which all the elements proceed from the sugar. Thus it is from the sugar that it has derived nearly all the material of its tissues.

In the place of a chemical problem, which Lavoisier deemed he had solved, arose a physiological problem, more intricate, more delicate to handle, but also vaster and richer in consequences.

Pasteur's further investigations into the action of ferments showed that certain diseases at least are due to the action of ferments in the living being. In 1865 he showed that the disease of silkworms, which was then undermining the silk industry in France, could be successfully combated. His further researches into anthrax, fowl cholera, swine fever, rabies, and other diseases proved the theory that those diseases are connected in some way with the introduction of a microbe into the body of an animal, that the virulence of the poison can be diminished by cultivating the microbes in an appropriate manner, and that when the virulence has been thus diminished their inoculation will afford a protection against the disease. Meanwhile the action of these organisms on wounds led Lister in 1865 to adopt his anti-septic treatment, by which the wound is protected from hostile microbes.

These investigations, followed by the discovery of the existence of a multitude of micro-organisms and the recognition of some of them as essential factors of disease, and by the elaboration by Koch and others of methods by which the several organisms might be isolated, cultivated, and their histories studied, have gradually built up the science of bacteriology.



We have seen that the yeast breaks up the sugar and forms alcohol. The function of moulds is to use up the alcohol. Thus by the action of yeast and other microbes all organic matter that comes within their reach is destroyed—i.e. brought back to the simple forms of water, carbonic acid, hydrogen, and ammonia. Whenever and wherever there is a decomposition of organic matter, or what we call putrefaction, whether it be the case of a herb or an oak, of a worm or a whale, the work is exclusively done by these infinitely small organisms.

We have been told that in Constantinople and other Eastern towns all the refuse matter from houses is thrown into the streets, and that a number of dogs who are homeless live entirely in the streets, and by feeding on this refuse matter perform the part of scavengers. To compare small things with greater, we may say that these microscopic creations are Nature's scavengers. They are the important, almost the only, agents of universal hygiene; they clear away more quickly than the dogs of Constantinople or the wild beasts of the desert the remains of all that has had life. If dead matter was not thus cleared away, there would be no room left by this time for the living. They protect the living against the dead; and if there are still living beings, if, since the hundreds of centuries the world has been inhabited, life continues to be easy and plentiful, it is to them that we owe it.

It is possible, by means of air and the gaseous elements it contains, by means of water and the elements contained in rain, to create and develop the largest oak, whose organic mass would exceed by many hundred times the organic matter which might originally have existed, ready made, in the portion of the earth in which the oak took root. An oak, a blade of grass, an animal that eats grass, a carnivorous animal that has eaten an herbivorous one, were all originally water, carbonic acid, salts of ammonia, and soluble mineral substances. But once produced, this organic matter becomes tangible and insoluble in water, it is paralysed, incapable of contributing to the nourishment of a new vegetable life, and if it were to remain perpetually in this state, if its elements were never to re-enter the general order of things, and pass into the atmospheric or aqueous circulation of the globe, life would become impossible on the surface of the globe.

If, therefore, the atmosphere and water regain perpetually that which the living world incessantly takes from them, if

they preserve their composition and their productive qualities, if, consequently, it is possible for fresh generations to succeed each other, inheriting not only the form but the matter of previous generations, it is because, in juxtaposition to the world of beings with which we are most familiar, there exists a world of minute creatures which we are barely beginning to know. They are great factors in public hygiene. They are the indispensable agents of the maintenance of life.

They are very small for such a duty. Their function is to destroy organic matter. But the larger animals also destroy organic matter for their food ; with this difference : A man consumes daily a quantity of food equal to one-fiftieth ( $\frac{1}{50}$ ) of his weight. The yeast of beer can break up daily from four to five times its own weight of sugar, and it is not the most powerful ferment. The organism that governs the acetification of beer can remove in one day from fifty to one hundred times its weight of alcohol, and many others are equal or superior in power. Thus their infinite smallness is balanced by their prodigious activity.

And the study of these organisms forms a point of meeting where the biologist, the chemist, the physicist, unite with the sanitary engineer to provide for the conversion of our refuse into a form in which it is available as food for fresh generations of plants and animals.

It is from the consideration of the action of these minute creatures that we arrive at a knowledge of the causes of the purification of sewage in its passage through land.

Surface soil or vegetable mould is exceedingly rich in bacteria. Miquel has computed that there exists in a gramme of soil an average of 750,000 germs at Montsouris, 1,300,000 in the Rue de Rennes, and 2,100,000 in the Rue de Monge.

The proportion of these organisms which are inimical to man is said to be comparatively small, whilst the great majority are not only harmless, but they are absolutely indispensable, for without them plant food would be quickly exhausted, and animal life would be buried in its own filth. Thus the modern system of sewage disposal is the child of the bacteriologist.

Whilst the subject had been chiefly fostered in this country by the investigations of Frankland, Warrington, Gilbert, Dibdin, and others, the first practical researches on an important scale—researches which largely assisted in the solution of the problem—were made in experimental filters

by the State Board of Health in Massachusetts in 1887 and the three following years.

The process of disintegration effected by the organisms which are the agents of putrefaction and fermentation may be broadly divided into two classes—decomposition and putrefaction. Both accomplish the same ultimate effect—viz. the reduction of complex organic structures into their original elements. In decomposition these changes are inoffensive, and not injurious to health; in putrefaction the intermediate products are disgusting and dangerous. The essential difference between decomposition and putrefaction is, that in the former the oxidising bacteria can work effectively only in the presence of abundant air, and are therefore termed *aërobic*, while the agents of putrefaction require little or no air for their operations, and are termed *anaërobic*. As organic structure gives way under decomposition, its constituents combine with atmospheric oxygen to form carbonic acid, water, and mineral salts. As similar matter is disintegrated by putrefaction, the changing elements, in the absence of air, recombine and form offensive compounds, some of which are poisonous.

If the sewage be spread in thin sheets over the surface of the soil, so as to be freely exposed to the atmosphere, its impurities will be attacked by the bacteria of decomposition, the elements set free will be oxidised and inoffensively reduced to mineral form, and the purified water will sink into the ground, to reappear later in springs or wells. As the water subsides the air will follow it into the pores of the surface soil, so that any decomposable matter lodged in them will be attacked and completely destroyed. After a short period of rest another application of sewage may be made, and this will be disposed of in the same way. If sufficient intervals be allowed between the applications, the tract will continue to receive and purify sewage indefinitely; indeed, as the bacteria in the soil multiply under the regular feeding, its capacity will increase rather than diminish. This is in substance the method of disposal known as broad irrigation. The purification is accomplished by a purely natural process. All that we need to do is to bring the sewage at regular intervals into contact with a suitable area of soil.

In both irrigation and filtration purification is secured, not by the mechanical straining which the sewage receives in its passage through the soil, but by the exposure of the liquid to bacterial action, in thin films, upon the surfaces of the par-

ticles of filtering material which are in contact with the air. Wherever air can penetrate the bacteria can live and act.

The thorough aëration of the soil, in both irrigation and filtration, depends upon gradual absorption of air from the atmosphere as the water of saturation sinks away. In the case of broad irrigation a large surface is available to supply aëration to the nitrifying organisms. In the case of filtration the aëration is necessarily a slower process, because the amount of oxygen available for nitrification is limited: and when once the pores of the soil have been filled with air, the underground atmosphere circulation is slight; fresh oxygen is supplied slowly to take the place of that which has been used up, and the gaseous products of decomposition are not carried away, but remain to hinder, to a constantly increasing degree, the purification which is taking place. It will, therefore, now be convenient to refer to the practical efforts which have been made to utilise bacterial filters in obtaining sewage purification. The earlier results of the Massachusetts experiments led Colonel Waring, the experienced American sanitary engineer, to devise schemes for the application of bacterial methods to the sewage of towns and houses; and as early as in 1891 it occurred to him that the capacity of a filter-bed might be increased by artificially supplying the air needed for the stimulation and sustenance of bacterial action, and that the use of air under pressure would not only ensure the introduction of oxygen to every part of the filter, but would make it possible to change its gaseous contents as often as might be found desirable. To determine the value of this theory an experimental plant, on a practical working scale, was erected and put in operation at Newport, R.I., in 1894. In outline the process consisted of the mechanical deposition in filter-beds of all solid matters carried in suspension in sewage, and their subsequent destruction by forced aëration, and the purification of the clarified sewage by bacterial oxidation of its dissolved impurities in an artificially aërated filter.

The results accomplished exceeded the most sanguine expectations. The sewage used (pumped from the main outfall sewer of the city) contained not only the fresh wastes normally present, but the putrid overflow of many old cess-pools; yet the liquid leaving the tanks was clear, white, odourless, and tasteless. It was collected in a large tank, where discolouration would have been at once apparent, and in this tank fish lived and thrived. Colonel Waring states that engineers and committeemen drank of it freely and

pronounced it good, and frequent chemical analyses proved it to be a good drinking water. An average of the figures representing the purification accomplished showed that 92·5 per cent. of the organic matter was removed. At one time a removal of 99·08 per cent. was effected.

In this country Mr. Dibdin, soon after the earlier Massachusetts experiments, sought to apply bacteriological action to the London sewage, and the volume under review supplies us with a highly valuable and complete explanation of the chemical and bacterial solution of the sewage problem. The publication of the Massachusetts experiments led many other persons to turn their attention to the subject, and within the last few years several biological filters have been patented.

These may be divided into (1) filters having continuous action, and (2) filters having intermittent action.

1. Filters having continuous action include (a) Lowcock's filter, (b) Ducat's filter, (c) Scott-Moncrieff's filter. In Lowcock's filter the process consists of running the sewage, after precipitation, evenly over the surface of an artificially aerated filter.

The sewage, on entering the works and on its way to ordinary precipitation tanks, receives the proper quantity of chemicals; it then passes into tanks, these being used in rotation, so as to allow the solid matters precipitated from the sewage in the form of sludge to be cleaned out into the sludge-pit. In passing through the tanks the matters in suspension are deposited, and the supernatant liquid flows evenly on to the surface of the filter through channels sunk in the surface and controlled by sluices in the end walls and partitions. These are arranged so that any of the divisions can be shut off for cleaning the surface without interfering with the others, or with the action of the main body of the filter.

The filter consists of sand and layers of gravel and pebbles gradually increasing in size. In the layers of pebbles are embedded perforated pipes or pipes laid with open joints, by means of which air is forced into the filter by a blower, or other similar arrangement, and finds its way through the whole body of the filter, and out with the purified liquid through the drains laid at the bottom, and which have a free discharge. In its passage through the filter the liquid is only allowed to percolate slowly down by the top layer of sand, after passing which it travels somewhat faster in thin films over the grains of the coarser

material below, and thus presents a large surface to the purifying organisms and to the air contained in the interstitial spaces.

(b) Ducat's filter consists of a tank which stands above-ground, and has a honeycomb appearance, the sides being constructed of drain-pipes set in cement, and so placed that the outer end of each pipe is 3 inches higher than the extremity of the pipe in contact with the filtering material. In this way air has ready access to the filtering medium, and the outflow of sewage laterally is prevented. The bottom of the tank is impervious, and the filtrate, having passed through the filter, is collected by open-jointed pipes and conducted to an outfall.

In the case of (c) Moncrieff's tank, the sewage is passed into the bottom of a tank and then upwards through flint. The solids at the bottom are acted on by the bacteria of putrefaction and dissolve anaërobically; as the sewage comes nearer to the surface the air favours the bacteria of decomposition, and aërobic action takes place. These tanks are in duplicate; and Mr. Moncrieff now proposes to treat this tank effluent in a biological filter he has specially constructed. By the proposed system the sewage is allowed to pass continuously through shallow layers of filtering material in which aërobic bacteria will thrive, air spaces intervening between the sections. The number of layers requisite in individual cases is regulated by the strength of the sewage, and by the quality of the effluent desired.

2. Filters having intermittent action include: (d) Dibdin's bacteria tank, (e) Cameron's 'septic' tank, (f) Garfield's coal filters.

(d) *Dibdin's bacteria tank.*—'Dibdin's bacteria tanks' have been in operation at Sutton Sewage Works, Surrey, since November 1896.

The Sutton sewage is entirely domestic, and after being screened is passed directly from the outfall sewer into a tank filled with ballast, without treatment by chemicals or deposition of the sludge. The tank is filled to a depth of 5 feet with coarse burnt ballast, which will not pass through a half-inch sieve; but it is understood that in Mr. Dibdin's opinion a less depth would suffice. The sewage is turned on to the ballast-tank until it is just visible, and then allowed to stand for a couple of hours, at the end of which time the effluent is conducted to another tank, in which finer materials are placed. The ballast-tank is raked over every few days, and no evidence of sludge has been

detected, although there is sometimes inoffensive matter like garden humus in the upper layers.

(e) Cameron's 'septic' tank is in use not only at Exeter, but also at Yeovil. At Exeter the domestic sewage of some 2,000 persons is treated.

The 'septic' tank consists of one closely covered tank and five filters, four of which form the working set, one being held in reserve, to permit of each filter in turn taking a period of rest. The flow from the tank is called the 'effluent,' and the discharge from the filter the 'filtrate.' The effluent, after flowing from the gauge well, passes into a shallow aerating trough, over the sides of which it falls in thin sheets into channels leading to distributing wells. In these wells valves are placed, controlling the flow to the distributing channels on the surface of the filter. Collecting drains are laid on the bottom of the filters, joining main collectors, the latter terminating in discharging wells.

Filtration by these filters is not by a continuous flow in and out; but when the filter is receiving its supply of 'effluent' the outlet valve is shut down, so that the filter gradually fills up, and remains full till the next filter is filled, when it is discharged. The crude sewage is liquefied in the tank (by means of anaërobic microbes), and thus the necessity for chemicals and filter presses is done away with. This 'liquefaction' is said to take place in the closely covered tank without nuisance, and the action reminds one of the old-fashioned cesspool, in which anaërobic microbes must have worked for ages past.

It is understood that the Local Government Board have so far approved of this filter as to authorise a loan to be raised by the city of Exeter for sewage disposal works on this system.

(f) *Garfield's coal-filters.*—These filters were first brought into prominence by Mr. Jos. Garfield, engineer of the Wolverhampton Sewage Outfall Works.

The effluent drain-pipes are covered with a 6-inch layer of coal, consisting of half-inch cubes in size. This layer is blended with a little quarter-inch cube coal, above this comes a layer of 12 inches of coal of one-eighth-inch cubes, and next a layer 3 feet deep of one-sixteenth cubes. The top course is a 6-inch layer of coal dust, which will pass a three-sixteenth-inch mesh. This gives a total depth of 5 feet, and when circumstances will permit this is the minimum depth that should be used. It is unnecessary to have the filter tanks watertight, the effluent pipes being always

open. The sludge requires to be removed by precipitation or otherwise before the sewage is passed on to the filter. Charging the filter is effected by means of narrow metallic distributing channels placed on the surface at distances of about one foot apart. The filter works for twelve hours, and rests a corresponding period in each day.

It has been thought desirable to give a somewhat detailed account of these bacteriological filters, because of the novelty of the subject; and it cannot be contested that the considerable variety of this class of filters, which have been invented in a comparatively short time, is an evidence that the public interest in this question has been largely aroused. This is not surprising, because the growing improvement in the habits of cleanliness of the population intensifies the difficulties of keeping our streams free from pollution, and the efforts which many of our county councils are making to compel local authorities to abstain from polluting the streams are often largely impeded by the heavy burdens on the localities which schemes for the purification of their sewage by broad irrigation frequently entail. These bacteriological filters appear to offer a prospect of more economical methods of sewage disposal, especially in the case of small populations. It is, therefore, with much satisfaction that we find that the Government has shown its appreciation of the importance of the subject by the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into this question of sewage disposal.

The references to the Commission are:—(1) What method or methods of treating and disposing of sewage (including any liquid from any factory or manufacturing process) may be properly adopted, consistently with due regard for the requirements of existing law, for the protection of public health, and for the economical and efficient discharge of the duties of local authorities; and if more than one method be so adopted, by what rules, in relation to the nature or volume of the sewage, or of the population to be served, or other varying circumstances or requirements, should the particular method of treatment or disposal to be adopted be determined; and (2) to make any recommendations which may be deemed desirable with reference to the treatment and disposal of sewage.

It is to be hoped that this Commission will not long delay its report, and that it will furnish the community with reliable information on the merits and demerits of the



various bacteriological filters which have been proposed. Meanwhile until we have this authoritative report we think that local authorities may safely assume that any one of these filters, if properly constructed and worked, will furnish an effluent sufficiently free from impurity under ordinary conditions for it to be allowed to flow into a stream without polluting it. That is to say, the soluble matter in the sewage will have been converted into insoluble salts, and will therefore be in a condition to afford food for vegetation.

In conclusion, if we contrast these filters with broad irrigation, we see that the process of purification is the same: the aërobic bacteria—i.e. those who require air for their sustenance—perform the work of nitrification in the open soil of the field in the vicinity of plants which take up the food, instead of on the inner surfaces of the component parts of the filter. Therefore, whilst purification by broad irrigation requires a large area of land, probably from one to two hundred times that required for a bacteriological filter; it possesses the advantage that the manurial value of the sewage is caught up and utilised at once by the vegetation on the surface.

On the other hand, in the case of the purification afforded by bacteriological filters, whilst it is true that the manurial value is retained in the effluent, it may be difficult to find opportunities to bring it to the roots of plants, and therefore very much of this effluent rich in plant food may have to be allowed to pass away unused into the streams and rivers.

If there is plenty of land and there are favourable conditions of levels of site and of soil, broad irrigation will be the best means of sewage disposal. But where these favourable conditions do not prevail one or other form of bacteriological filter will give a clear effluent, and so prevent the pollution of the streams.

Nor should this system of purification be considered applicable to towns alone. Now that attention has been fixed on the subject, and that an easy means of purification has been devised, which is applicable as well on a small as on a large scale, we may hope that every village, or hamlet, every private dwelling or farm, will avail themselves of these facilities, and that our streams in future will be relieved from pollution by domestic liquid refuse.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Corporation of London Art Gallery : Descriptive Catalogue of the Loan Collection of Pictures of the French School*, 1898.
2. *Catalogue of the Exhibition of International Art, Knightsbridge*, 1898.
3. *The Collection of Sir Richard Wallace, Bart.* Bethnal Green Branch Museum : 1872.
4. *L'Art du Dix-huitième Siècle.* Par EDMOND et JULES DE GONCOURT. Paris : 1881.
5. *Catalogues de l'Œuvre de Watteau et de Prud'hon.* Par EDMOND DE GONCOURT. Paris : 1875 and 1876.
6. *The History of Modern Painting.* By RICHARD MUTHER. London : 1896.
7. *Gazette des Beaux-Arts.* Paris : 1859–1898.

IT so happens that there are this year to be found in London the elements for a more comprehensive study and appreciation of French art as it has flourished during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries than have ever been united there before. If it had been possible to throw open the doors of the incomparable Wallace Collection this summer to the public, the illustration of the two centuries would have been, not only complete, but such as can be rivalled only by the Louvre itself, and in some departments not even by that mighty complex of galleries and schools. It is hardly necessary to recall that the Watteaus of the collection lately bequeathed to the nation are only equalled by those in the State museum of France and the palaces of Potsdam and Berlin; that its Paters, Lancret's, Bouchers, Fragonards, form a group which can hardly be paralleled even in the magnificent galleries just mentioned. Indeed, as regards the eighteenth-century art of France, it is much easier to say what the Wallace Collection has not than what it has. There is, strange to say, nothing at Hertford House from the hand of the great still-life and genre painter Chardin; there is nothing from the pencil of the master portrait-painter among the *pastellistes*, Maurice-Quentin de La Tour.

The National Gallery will help us very little in our survey, since, as yet, its section devoted to the illustration of French painting during these two centuries is ludicrously poor and insufficient. Most unfortunately, too, room has

been found for some second-rates of this century, while acknowledged masters, for whose works Europe and America now eagerly compete, are still, figuratively, on the threshold, waiting for admittance. Thus, Trafalgar Square glories in the possession of canvases by Ary Scheffer, Horace Vernet, and Rosa Bonheur, but lacks wholly David, Prud'hon, Ingrès, Géricault, Delacroix, Decamps, Jules Dupré, Théodore Rousseau, Millet, Corot, Troyon, and Daubigny. The National Gallery of Scotland is exceptionally lucky in the possession of two exquisite Watteaus, one of which is the 'Fêtes Vénitienes.' The Dulwich Gallery is notably rich in French pictures of the seventeenth century, and boasts among its chief treasures belonging to the succeeding period the famous 'Plaisirs du Bal' of the Valenciennes master, and another picture from his hand of almost equal quality. The Sloane Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields can show, unfortunately in a ruined state, a genuine example of his more than once repeated picture, 'L'Accordée du Village.'

Now the Corporation of London Art Gallery, following up a series of exhibitions of exceptional brilliancy and usefulness, has brought together a singularly interesting, if not by any means a complete, collection, commencing with Watteau and his group, passing on through the latter half of the eighteenth century and then, across a wide gulf, to the so-called Barbizon or Romantic school of landscape; then on again to the painters of the last generation and our own, ending the series with Puvis de Chavannes, Cazin, Degas, Claude Monet, Pissarro, and Renoir.

In the Exhibition of International Art held at Prince's Club, Knightsbridge, the most modern phases of painting are largely illustrated. To say nothing on the present occasion of the other foreign schools of to-day, which owe, if not their origin, at any rate their present colour and direction, to French inspiration—the precursors of the open-air and impressionistic movements, as well as the advanced guard of the present moment, have been most opportunely represented on its walls. In a special Bond Street exhibition M. Eugène Carrière, an artist hitherto unknown in England, but who in the Salon popularly known as that of the Champ de Mars holds very high rank, has brought together a more complete collection of his works than Paris itself has hitherto seen. Even the Royal Academy and the New Gallery have this summer accorded a larger hospitality to our versatile and brilliant neighbours than on almost any

previous occasion, and for this generosity they would deserve high praise from those who are seriously interested in the general movement of Art, were it not that their choice has in some instances been less than intelligently made. An indelible disgrace to the Academy was, and remains, the exclusion last year of the venerable landscape-painter Harpignies, at the very moment of his greatest triumph in France, where he is recognised as an artist of equal rank with the Barbizon masters themselves. It is true that the renowned sculptor Rodin had met with a similar fate a few seasons ago, and that Corot himself in the bygone years was among the victims, while Daubigny, meeting with greater mercy, was only skied.

Here then are elements for forming a judgement on two centuries of French painting such as Paris itself does not every day present. What will surely strike a careful student of the wonderfully fruitful period under consideration is that, with all the enormous divergencies of aim, style, and technique which the representative masters of these periods reveal, when they are thus seen in juxtaposition, there is to be traced in their art, below the surface, a certain continuity, or rather, shall we say, a certain indefinable recurrence of waves serving to suggest to those who have the patience to observe that the national character is as permanent in painting as in other things. In some ways it is obvious that no art could be separated by a wider gulf from that of Watteau than the art of M. Degas. And yet this painter of the modern *ballerina*, and of the theatre in its dingier aspects, has affinities with the pensive poet-painter of Valenciennes which will be felt by those who are in sympathy with both artists, but can hardly be defined in words. In many ways, too, Chardin is the precursor of the French still-life painting, and the homelier French genre of to-day. The Græco-Roman art of David is totally different in aspect, but much less so in intention, from that dreary pseudo-classicism and pseudo-Italianism which reigned supreme in official circles during the Louis-Quatorzian period, with far less relief from the vital element of life and truth than is to be traced in such contemporary manifestations as the tragedies of Corneille and Racine. Then, again, in the beautiful pearly-grey *marines*, with semi-transparent mists hanging low on the horizon, by which, rather than by his vast official canvases, the 'Ports de France,' the name of Joseph Vernet will be immortalised, there is something like a premonition of the atmospheric beauties of Corot. The noble sincerity, the

singular audacity in realism of those curiously isolated painters of Laon, the brothers Le Nain, whose art is so entirely at variance with the French ideals and the French methods of the seventeenth century, to the first half of which they belong—these qualities which mark out for them a place by the side of the contemporary Spanish realists on the one hand and the realistic humourists of the Netherlands on the other, are to be found again throughout the great period of realism which France has but now traversed.

The art of France stood midway between that of the Netherlands and that of Italy, and was influenced by both alternately, sometimes, indeed, as in the case of the great fifteenth-century miniaturist and painter, Jehan Foucquet, by both simultaneously. Its true note, in its most natural and spontaneous manifestations, has ever been that of a realism mitigated by the sense of physical beauty which the Netherlanders did not so naturally possess, but very rarely rising to the true ideal, as for one short splendid period it reigned supreme in the Italian art of the full Renaissance. No doubt there may be easily adduced great exceptions to this rule, and chief among them that wonderful school of sculptors who in the earlier half of the thirteenth century—before the first Italian sculptors of the Revival were out of their swaddling clothes—decorated the portals of the glorious cathedrals at Chartres, Paris, Amiens, and Rheims with sculpture which in sublimity has hardly been surpassed by the finest productions of Greek and Italian art. But even here, as was the case nearly a hundred years later on with Giotto, realism was excluded, or rather presented only in a restrained and mitigated form, in a great measure because the power to suggest life and movement had, at that period, been only very imperfectly acquired. Realism rises to a height of savage grandeur in the Burgundian school of sculpture of the late fourteenth and early fifteenth century, to the great chief of which, the Netherlander Claux Sluter, we owe those masterpieces, the Portal of the Chartreuse at Dijon, the so-called 'Puits de Moïse,' and the tomb of Philippe le Hardi, in the museum of the same city. It is to this sculptor and his school, rather than to any Netherlandish painter of the same time, that we must look in tracing the origins of the Van Eycks, of Roger van der Weyden, and of the powerful Master of Flémalle, whose artistic personality the German and Belgian art-historians have now succeeded in partially disentangling from that of his more famous contemporaries.

The charming school of realistic French portraiture identified with the three generations of the Clouet family is, again, Netherlandish in origin, but has the superior French charm. The influences of the French Court, in the highest degree *raffinée*, if by no means refined in the higher sense, have operated in this instance to produce a new thing, and one completely French in spirit. Perhaps the truest idealist among his countrymen, and the one who most naturally, with least effort, soars into an atmosphere of his own, is Nicolas Poussin. When he does not allow his passion for the antique in the Græco-Roman phase—which alone he knows—to freeze up his own natural sources of inspiration, but combines Nature with a true classicality, as in the immortal ‘*Bergers d’Arcadie*’ (‘*Et in Arcadia ego*’) and the pathetic ‘*Narcisse*’ of the Salon Carré, he approaches nearer to the Greek and the Italian ideals than any French artist of the past centuries, save only his contemporary, the incomparable landscape-painter, Claude Gelée le Lorrain, whom we over here have adopted and cherished under the somewhat awkward designation of ‘Claude ‘*Lorraine*.’ It is a question, however, whether this loftiest and most contemplative of poet-painters, who dared to rearrange and to adorn Nature only the more subtly to express her innermost beauties, can be accepted as a pure Frenchman, whether in blood or in artistic education. But while men of exceptional genius such as he and Poussin lifted their heads above the throng, and kept themselves free from the heavy atmosphere of officialism in art which during the ‘*Grand Siècle*’ stifled originality and quelled individual aspirations, French artists of a more ordinary stamp, who might under other conditions have become convinced, and, therefore, convincing realists, submitted to the domination of Le Brun and Mignard, and produced art which, with no true element of ideality in it, was weighed down by the intolerable Louis-Quatorzian assumption of dignity and thus crushed into a hopeless conventionality. Le Brun himself, whose vast and meritorious compositions, elaborated in the true spirit of the time which he in himself summed up, fill the spirit of the beholder with dismay—even Le Brun, when he returns to earth and to the natural expression of the passions, can strike a much truer and deeper note. Let those who might be prepared to treat this assertion with incredulity recall the pathetic and so boldly realistic ‘*Pietà*’ in the Louvre, and the well-known drawing there which is said to represent the Marquis de Brinvilliers on her way to

the place of execution. Hardly anything more profoundly tragic, more awful in its adherence to truth, exists in art than the head of this agonising woman, who, having passed through the horrors of torture, goes to her death in a fervour of prayer.

A master of the first order, born in this age, so fertile in examples of elaborate artistic training and splendid mediocrity, but not really of it, is Pierre Puget, the sculptor, painter, and architect of Marseilles, whose genius, rebellious to artificial constraint, can never completely accommodate itself to the view of art imposed by the Court and the overshadowing influence of Le Brun. He is in sculpture an avowed disciple of the much-worshipped Bernini, and an exponent of his florid methods; in painting the follower of the marvellously facile Pietro da Cortona. And yet his true temperament is rather that of the heroic realist. The pure flame of his genius forces its way to the surface through the florid externals imposed by the formula of Italian seventeenth-century art.

It must not be supposed that the French styles, whether in pure or applied art—whether in painting, sculpture, or decoration—followed each other in periods, each of them defined by a hard and definite outline, as we have since defined them by a hard-and-fast name. As it was with the Louis-Quatorzian style in furniture and decoration, so it was with the higher and more independent branches, painting and sculpture. To take a typical instance: in the superb suite of rooms decorated for the Condés, and known at Chantilly as the ‘Appartement de Monsieur le Prince,’ we see how the latest style of Louis-Quatorze foreshadows that called after Philippe d’Orléans, Regent of France, the *Régence*, the transition from which to the true *rocaille* or Louis-Quinze will be easy and imperceptible. In like fashion, notwithstanding the austerity which marks the last years of the Grand Monarque, the depressing influence of Madame de Maintenon and her *entourage*, and the wintry atmosphere of national misfortune and embarrassment which has succeeded to the radiant summer of prosperity, the artists of the end of the reign are beginning to try their wings, and to shake off some of that official dignity—that conventional *décence*, in the French sense of the word—which has weighed so heavily on their spirits. A transitional group of painters, including Santerre, Grimou, Jean Raoux, the afterwards Prussianised Antoine Pesne in his earliest phase, and Jean-François de Troy, who begins as an exponent of

the school of Louis XIV. and ends by undergoing to a marked degree the influence of Watteau—these men and some others allow a certain measure of fancy, of *intimité*, to enter into their work, thus relieving it of much of the hitherto fashionable pomposity and conventionality. And it must be remembered, too, that the all too short career of Antoine Watteau belongs, save for its last six most fruitful years, to the great reign; that even Lancret, born in 1690, was twenty-five years old when that reign came at last to a close. Watteau—in this very like our own Reynolds and Gainsborough—so rarely in his more mature works deals with the costumes of his own period in a purely realistic and prosaic fashion, that his actual place in the century, as a precursor of the Louis-Quinze age, as an inventor from whom all Europe will borrow, is apt to be a little lost sight of. It is instructive from this point of view to look at his masterpiece, the famous ‘*Enseigne de Gersaint*,’ which, divided into two equal halves, adorns the private sitting-room of the Emperor in the Palace of Berlin. In this, one of the few designedly faithful pieces of genre which he executed, though it was carried out in 1721, the last year of his life, the costumes—those of the men especially, with their full-bottomed Louis-Quatorzian wigs—give fewer signs of the time to come a little later in the century than do the furniture and accessories. The position of the two great portrait-painters, Rigaud and Largillière, who lived on, steadily practising their art, the one to 1743, the other to 1746, is somewhat different. Neither the one nor the other of these masters ever gave up the standpoint of the Great Century, even when they painted the personages and the beauties of the Regency, and those of the later reign. Largillière is of the two the more anxious to unbend, to impart lightness and animation to his talent; but even in such pieces as the portrait of the Regent’s mistress, ‘*Madame de Parabère*,’ seen in a former exhibition at the Guildhall, and that of Adrienne Lecouvreur’s rival, ‘*La Duclos*,’ now in the Condé Museum, at Chantilly, he only half succeeds. Through all the amiability and grace a certain buckram stiffness not less of costume than of deportment betrays itself.

All the same, though the ground has been prepared, and the new art is germinating, and has indeed already shown itself aboveground before the end of the once splendid but now colourless epoch, what an explosion of relief and joy when the bonds, already loosened in secret by the painters



themselves, are altogether removed! It must be borne in mind that the '*Embarquement pour Cythère*,' the very flower of eighteenth-century French painting, the work which shows a fancy so untrammelled, so genuinely inspired that it cannot be paralleled with any painted poem that has appeared in art since the golden days of Venice in the early sixteenth century, is executed within two years of the death of Louis-Quatorze.\*

The Guildhall Exhibition brings forward, with some things which are attributed to Watteau, but really belong to his pupil Pater, three genuine canvases from his brush: the delightful idyll '*La Gamme d'Amour*,' a pearly, delicate, but unusually slight '*Garden Scene with Pierrot*,' and an exquisite little candlelight piece, '*The Duet*.' Those who, without leaving England, would know the Valenciennes master still better than he can be known from this agreeable yet limited selection, must study him in the collections of Mr. Alfred de Rothschild and other members of the Rothschild family, in that of Lord Northbrook, but above all in the Wallace Collection at Hertford House, where, among other things, we find two canvases of unusual size and importance, '*Le Rendezvous de Chasse*,' painted in 1721 for Watteau's friend and patron, M. de Julienne, and a '*Fête Champêtre*' of at least equal beauty. Still more attractive and more characteristic of Watteau are, in the same collection, '*Gilles and his Family*;' the jewel-like, and, for a wonder, perfectly preserved, '*Harlequin and Columbine*;' '*The Music Party*,' and '*The Fountain*.' '*La Gamme d'Amour*' well displays, however, the most engaging side of Watteau's art. More or less a Fleming in blood, and akin in some things, especially in his feeling for landscape and his mode of rendering flesh, to Rubens, he is closer still to the Venetians—to Giorgione, to Domenico Campagnola, but above all to Paolo Veronese. Study has drawn him nearer to these masters, as his drawings in the Louvre after Campagnola and Veronese tend to prove—but not study alone. He has certain bonds of natural affinity with Giorgione, whose manner

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\* The version of the '*Embarquement pour Cythère*' now in the Louvre was painted by Watteau for his reception at the Academy, which took place on March 28, 1717. The more elaborate and definitive, but far less fascinating version, in which several variations and elaborations are introduced, is now in the same apartment of the Imperial Palace at Berlin which contains the '*Enseigne de Gersaint*.'

he may have studied in the famous 'Concert Champêtre,' now in the Louvre, and then already in the collection of Louis XIV., as well as in the pictures and drawings of his imitators. The art of the exquisite Venetian has fascinated him by its tempered voluptuousness, its note, too, of a certain reflective melancholy and foreboding, adding a fresh charm to the fleeting beauty of the moment. He is seen in a homelier, yet hardly a less engaging, phase of his art in the little 'Duet' contributed to the Guildhall Exhibition by Sir Francis Cook, the authenticity of which could only be doubted by those who are not acquainted with the candle-light pieces of the master, such as 'L'Amour au Théâtre Italien,' in the Berlin Gallery. Here we have the accurate student of life in a less idyllic and artificial phase, as he is to be seen above all in so many of the famous drawings in *sanguine*, as well as in 'L'Occupation selon l'Age' (Baron Alphonse de Rothschild's collection in Paris), and 'L'Enseigne de Gersaint,' already mentioned.

Watteau's two most renowned imitators, Pater and Lancret, are admirably represented at the Guildhall, and superlatively well in the Wallace Collection. Indeed, the Louvre has nothing to show of these most piquant painters of *fêtes galantes* that can at all compare in quality with what the temporary collection in the City and the permanent one at Hertford House contain. Pater shines in four superb examples at the Guildhall, only one of which, 'Le Desir de Plaire,' is under his own name, while two pictures for which he is really responsible are given to Watteau, and one, the beautiful piece 'L'Escarpolette,' to Lancret. To find Pater's pictures under greater names is indeed no novelty. The four so-called Watteaus in the picture gallery at Buckingham Palace are his, and by no means of his best. Two enchanting pieces in his most sparkling pearly-grey manner are those in the Arenberg Gallery at Brussels, to which the name of the greater master is still obstinately attached. The freshness and purity of his colour, the piquancy of his touch, but also his absolute emptiness and want of a definite artistic conception of his own, are perfectly well shown in the Guildhall pictures. A very different personality is that of Lancret, who is undoubtedly inspired by Watteau, yet ends by developing a very definite style of his own, differing not so much in externals—though even here the differences are marked enough—as in essential character, from that of his prototype. While Watteau's pensive grace colours all that he does, throwing

an imperceptible yet all-enveloping veil of sadness over even the most brilliant of his *fêtes galantes*, Lancret is gay, piquant, even biting and ironical at times. His young women, as in the 'Nicaise' at the Guildhall, have all the alertness, the delightful impertinence of Marivaux's *soubrettes*. 'Les Deux Amis' (lent, like its companion, by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan) is also a pure comedy piece. A supreme example of his decorative skill in canvases of larger dimension is afforded by Lord Wantage's 'Garden Party,' which almost rivals in the *œuvre* of the master the large 'Divertissement dans un Parc' of the Dresden Gallery. The laying out of the picture, the balance of the colours in a light, bright key, are of their kind unsurpassed. But yet no Lancret in England can rival the exquisite fantasy 'La Danseuse: Portrait de Mlle. Camargo' of Hertford House, than which nothing gives a better idea of the *grâce décente* which, in dancing, has been so disadvantageously replaced by the astonishing gymnastics of the present day. It is of this star of the ballet and her charming rival Mlle. Sallé that Voltaire, holding the balance with a studious nicety which does not prevent his preference from leaking out, sings:—

' Ah ! Camargo, que vous êtes brillante !  
 Mais que Sallé, grands dieux ! est ravissante !  
 Que vos pas sont légers, et que les siens sont doux !  
 Elle est inimitable, et vous toujours nouvelle ;  
 Les Nymphes sautent comme vous,  
 Et les Grâces dansent comme elle.'

Lancret, if a judgement may be formed from the engraving of his companion picture, has held the balance less equally between the two famous danseuses; his Sallé is infinitely inferior in grace to his Camargo.

François Boucher, the greatest painter-decorator of the eighteenth century, is an artist upon whom the injudicious delight to sit in judgement—indeed, in condemnation—oblivious that his brilliant canvases, like the tapestries in which so many of his designs are realised, can only be fairly judged in the decorative ensembles of which they are intended to form the crowning ornament. He is adequately represented by the 'Cupid and Children' and 'Children sporting with a Goat,' lent to the Guildhall by Mr. Alfred de Rothschild. Still to appreciate this, the most characteristic side of his art, one must again go to Hertford House, where, among many other things of price from his brush, will be found two great paintings with mythological subjects done by the artist for his

chief patroness, Madame de Pompadour, which stand forth superior in brilliancy and charm of aspect, as in preservation, to anything that the Louvre itself has to show. As a portraitist he is seen to great advantage in the large full-length 'Madame de Pompadour,' which, from the Lonsdale Collection, has passed into that of Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, and in that smaller full-length showing the artistic *Marquise en déshabillé du matin*, of which the best example is in the collection of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, and a repetition in the Jones Collection at South Kensington. It is from the painters just named, and from Fragonard, but even more from Baudouin, Lavreince, and their fellows among the so-called 'small masters,' that the Briton has formed a somewhat exaggerated notion of the naughtiness of the eighteenth-century painting in France. True, they all of them—even on occasion Watteau himself—indulged in those more or less harmless *polissonneries*, which were so naturally the outcome of the age in which they lived and the society for which they painted. Still, in considering the century as a whole, it does not do to leave out of the calculation such artists as Chardin, Maurice-Quentin de La Tour, and Houdon, the greatest portrait-sculptor of the eighteenth century—all of them men whose atmosphere in art was perfectly wholesome and bracing. Chardin, by whom there is at the Guildhall nothing of striking excellence, cannot be appreciated at his true worth in England. To see that he has incarnated with unique naïveté and charm the best side of the lower bourgeoisie in France—its honesty and simplicity—that he is as a still-life painter much more than a rival to the greatest among the seventeenth-century Dutchmen, we must study him at the Louvre or in the Eudoxe Marcille Collection at Paris. La Tour, by whom there is nothing even in the Wallace Collection, and very little indeed elsewhere in England, must again be seen in the Louvre and in the little museum of his native town, Saint-Quentin, to which he bequeathed many of his most interesting portraits and 'preparations.' Life, character, a charm of frankness as well as of fascination—an optimism and a graciousness combined with good sense which are among the leading characteristics of the century in art as in other matters—these are the qualities which make of La Tour the greatest French portraitist of his time, all due consideration being shown, nevertheless, for the position of such artists as Carle Vanloo, Tocqué, Nattier, and his own special rival as a pastelliste, Peronneau.

But to return to the Guildhall Exhibition. A prominent place among the most fashionable artists of the time must be accorded to Jean-Marc Nattier, celebrated as the portraitist of the Duchesse de Châteauroux and other Royal mistresses, but, above all, as the painter-ordinary of 'Mesdames,' the daughters of Louis the Well-Beloved. A fine colourist for his time and country, and altogether a master of the brush, he might be called the Carolus-Duran of the eighteenth century, but that he has much more than his distinction, much less even than his individuality. The superb *portrait d'apparat* at the Guildhall, 'Louis-Jean-Marie duc de Penthièvre' (lent by Mr. H. L. Bischoffsheim), shows him at his best, though not in his most usual vein. Such character as the smooth-faced, handsome young man may have is a little lost in the tasteful splendour of the gala costume and the overpowering magnificence of the accessories; but these are managed with a consummate mastery which might well make even the cleverest Frenchman of to-day envious.

Fragonard—poor 'Frago'—who, after a period of unparalleled vogue during the reigns of Louis XV. and Louis XVI., falls hopelessly out of fashion, and has to suffer something very like starvation during the Revolutionary period, is unrepresented at the Guildhall, though the catalogue of the Exhibition brings forward his name twice. It is again to Hertford House that we must turn to understand the passionate and poetic art of this Watteau of the end of the century, whose ardent sensuousness offends so much less than does that of those veritable artists of the boudoir and the alcove, Baudouin and the less *outré* Lavreince. 'L'Escarpolette,' in the Wallace Collection, illustrates to perfection the wilful *polissonnerie*, the passionate entrain, the masterly directness and brilliancy of execution, the wonderful sense of atmosphere of this the last, with his contemporary Greuze, of the genuine eighteenth-century masters.

Much more insidious in its poison, lurking under the fair appearance of sweet simplicity, is the *ingénuité* of Greuze; more offensive still, in a way, that false sentimentality, that *sensiblerie* of his which exaggerates one of the least attractive characteristics of the eighteenth century. In curious contrast with this cloying and questionable sweetness and this display of easy, superficial morality is a certain forceful realism and gloom which peeps out in the portraits of himself and of certain aged people. The display of pictures classed under the name of Greuze at the Guildhall is so singularly poor

and unrepresentative that we must once again turn to Hertford House. There a unique group, consisting of no less than twenty-two of his finest works, including the 'Offrande à l'Amour,' 'La Bacchante,' and 'Le Malheur Imprévu,' forces us against ourselves to admit that, within the narrow limits in which his meretricious art moves, he is, if not in the higher sense a master, yet a practitioner of very great skill and experience, perfectly capable of giving the fullest expression to his insipid conceptions.

Were we to rely upon the Guildhall Exhibition alone, we should be compelled to leap a very wide gap here, leaving out all mention of David, of Prud'hon, of Gérard, Girodet-Trioson, Guérin, and the pseudo-classics generally, and ignoring the existence, too, of such precursors of Romanticism as Gros and Géricault, as well as of Romanticism itself with Delacroix, Déveria, Marilhat, Chassériau, and almost all the minor lights. To illustrate a period remarkable even in its faults and exaggerations we have only Decamps, whose art is illustrated by one small example, Ary Scheffer, the frigid Paul Delaroche, and Tassaert. David made a detestable master and founded a detestable school; but he was emphatically, when he chose to forget or to pocket his pet theories, a great painter, and, above all, one of the noblest and most unflinching portraitists that France has produced. His 'Death of Marat' is a masterpiece of the true Greek, not the Jacobin, pseudo-Roman classicality; his 'Sacre de Napoléon I.' splendidly combines with an austere truth and an actuality, recalling that of Domenico Ghirlandajo, the measured pomp, the fine balance of composition, required by the occasion; his 'Madame Récamier' is an exquisite flower of portraiture, springing up, as it were, between the stones of the arid desert which the master has deliberately made around himself. Even Hertford House can show no David; but it is rich in examples illustrating the exquisite art of Prud'hon, who, while assimilating on the one hand the mysterious suavity of Leonardo da Vinci, on the other the exaggeration of grace and charm proper to Correggio, preserves intact his own engaging individuality. Ingres, too, the champion of the later classicism, so much softened and humanised by the dominant element of Raphaellesque grace, is conspicuous by his absence.

An exhibition of nineteenth-century French art, with the two protagonists of the rival schools, Ingres and Delacroix, left to the imagination, is surely as strange a thing as would be a performance of 'Hamlet' with the title-part omitted. They face each other now in the Louvre: the one with the

'Apothéose d'Homère,' which is the glorification of form in its austerity as in its suavity, and the negation of colour, save as a merely superficial adjunct; the other with 'L'Entrée des Croisés à Constantinople,' which is the work of one who looks upon colour as the Venetians of the great time did—that is, as the body and soul, not merely as the outer vesture of painting. Again the void is filled by the Wallace Collection, which will evidently in the future play a great part in defining the true character and position of French art over here. Géricault is therein represented by five minor works, including two of those studies of horses which he painted chiefly in England, at the time of the journey undertaken in 1819 in connexion with the exhibition of his vast canvas, 'Le Radeau de la Méduse,' now in the Louvre. This work, the mainstay of the ill-fated young master's reputation, was declared by the professional critics who saw it at the Salon of 1819 to be revolutionary and detestable, but achieved a much greater success when it was exhibited very soon after in London. To us now it shows as the splendid effort of an artist trained in the neo-classic formulas of his time, and unconsciously still held by them, to shake off artificial restraints and thereby acquire absolute freedom in the expression of passion. When he sank and vanished out of life in his thirty-third year, the task of releasing the French school from the trammels of the too rigid conventionalities imposed by David devolved upon his devoted friend Delacroix. Luckily the Wallace Collection can show one of his most celebrated, one of his most thoroughly representative works, 'The Decapitation of Marino Faliero.' This is a true Delacroix, in its beauties as in its weaknesses—splendid in the lurid flame of its colour, absolutely significant of the tragedy enacted, an inexpressibly moving conception as a whole, but, it cannot be denied, a work weak and inadequate in the draughtsmanship, the rendering of many passages. Of the orientalist Decamps, who in his day knew no rival save Delacroix himself in his own special branch of Romantic art, the Wallace Collection boasts an absolutely unrivalled series of works. The Louvre is left far behind in the race, and even the new Musée Condé of Chantilly, bequeathed to the Institut by the late Duc d'Aumale, rich as it is in paintings and drawings by this master, takes only the second place.

Of the group of landscapists which we still—in England, at any rate—continue to call the Barbizon school, though there never was any such school in the charming village near Fontainebleau, the Guildhall can show a number of beau-

tiful, if not in all cases absolutely representative, examples. Théodore Rousseau, Jean-François Millet, Diaz, Jacque, and others of their number did paint at Barbizon with much community of aim and of artistic spirit—since they sought with the utmost intensity of poetic effort to interpret, not merely to represent, Nature, and in her to express their own individuality—but with no real community of technical style or method, except in the case of Rousseau and his follower Diaz, and in that of Millet and Jacque. To any one of these great men might fittingly apply a beautiful passage in Cherbuliez's '*L'Art et la Nature*.'

'Le cœur de cet interprète de la nature est un miroir qui nous renvoie tout ce qu'il a reçu ; mais c'est un miroir magique, où les objets se réfléchissent et se peignent non tels que le vulgaire les voit, mais tels qu'il faut les voir pour qu'ils méritent d'être vus.'

The works of Corot, Millet, Troyon, Jules Dupré, Théodore Rousseau, Diaz, Daubigny, and Jacque have been so frequently and so exhaustively discussed of late years that it appears unnecessary to attempt a new definition of an art which has permanently enriched the world, and must count as one of France's great glories. That Constable was here the pioneer, save, perhaps, in the case of Corot, whose true precursor was his fellow-countryman Claude Lorrain, has become a truism. The French critics fully and unreservedly admit the obligation of the group to our greatest master of realistic landscape and to our school generally. Yet it was but rarely—as in some few canvases by Jules Dupré, Théodore Rousseau, and Troyon that might be cited—that admiration took the form of direct imitation. What Constable taught them by example, at a moment when the reminder had indeed become necessary, was how to look at Nature without *arrière-pensée*, how to impress even upon her homeliest and most familiar aspects the stamp of the interpretative individuality which sees and realises its own personal aspect of the infinitely various, the many-faced truth, and not that of another; how to look upon conditions of light and atmosphere as the main objects of study of the landscape-painter, absolutely dominating and including all the rest.

But the '*miroir magique, où les objets se réfléchissent . . . tels qu'il faut les voir pour qu'ils méritent d'être vus*'—that was theirs rather than his. Corot, Millet, Rousseau, if not greater masters than Constable—they are certainly not greater painters, or, indeed, as uniformly masterly—reached depths and heights of artistic emotion, when they found themselves in



loving contact with Nature, to which he in his splendid virility was a stranger. Apart from prejudice, from superstitious as distinguished from discriminating reverence of the old masters, is not this so-called Barbizon school—or rather this group of noble masters of yesterday—more than the equal of any that has preceded it, even of that of the great seventeenth-century Dutchmen themselves? In hazarding such an appreciation as this we leave out of the question two men of commanding and exceptional genius who belong to no school but their own—the Frenchman Claude Lorrain and the Englishman Turner.

Corot's exquisite harmony in palest brown and silver gleaming with a deadened sheen, 'Le Lac,' worthily represents him at the Guildhall. Millet's grandeur is recalled by no acknowledged masterpiece, but Diaz has never painted more magnificently than in 'L'Orage.' Troyon, who on occasion allows himself to be too impassive, too indifferent in the realisation of the subject from which he seeks inspiration, proves himself in the simple scene 'Going to Market' to be the equal of the greatest masters. The superb breadth, the wholly legitimate mastery of the rendering here admired, are to be found in many of his works; not so this note of genuine emotion which lifts the picture from the level of excellent to that of great art. With pieces like this, the same artist's 'Bœufs allant au Labour' of the Louvre, and the beautiful 'Vallée de la Touque;' with the best of Corot, Rousseau, Dupré, Diaz, and Daubigny; modern landscape can compete victoriously with almost anything that has preceded it.

The veteran Harpignies, though somewhat the junior of the Barbizon masters, stands almost on their level; the solemn beauty, the unaffected dignity of his best performances make them well worthy to rank with those of his predecessors and elder contemporaries. It is pleasant to see the Guildhall making worthy amends for the rebuff administered to the French master last year by the Royal Academy in placing his noble landscapes 'Solitude' and 'Le Sentier de Saint-Privé' in the position of honour to which they can lay claim as a matter of right.

Again when we come to the series of even more recent French masters, a good number of whom are admirably represented in the exhibition of the Corporation Art Gallery, we find many about whom at the present moment it is not easy to say anything that has not already in current criticism been said a hundred times. There are to be seen at their

best in the City Meissonier, Cabanel, M. Gérôme, Mlle. Rosa Bonheur, M. Jules Breton, M. Carolus-Duran, M. Roybet, M. Cormon, M. Bouguereau, M. Detaille, the naturalised Hamburger Heilbuth, M. James Tissot, M. Gustave Courtois, M. Jean Béraud, and some others. A few artists of quite another stamp are there whom we welcome even more cordially, although the applause of the many may go out to them less than it does to the most brilliant and the most popular among the capable artists just now named. 'La Source' is a beautiful example of M. Henner's art at his best, coming to us all the way from Lord Strathcona's Collection at Montreal. The mystery of the nude nymph or mortal, of fair pale flesh and flaming or tawny hair, dimly seen in the exquisite moment of twilight when the heavens still retain something of their light and colour, but the wood and the margin of the fountain are already wrapped in a luminous half-dark—this is the seductive theme upon which the French master has played innumerable variations, too monotonous, it may be, too much like each other, yet none of them wanting in beauty. One of the most typical performances of Bastien-Lepage, 'La Récolte de Pommes de Terre'—the pendant to 'Les Foins,' now in the Luxembourg—is in the exhibition, and with it that most touching but foolishly misnamed piece, 'Marie Bashkirtseff'—in reality, the portrait-study of a pretty little maid of some ten years, of the type preferred by 'Bastien,' as he was called by his familiars, and perpetuated by his followers, M. Dagnan-Bouveret and Mr. George Clausen. The 'Récolte' reveals as well as any other picture what we owe to the ill-fated young Lorraine painter—his aims, his struggle with Nature, his difficulties, and his shortcomings arising out of his too great love for local truth, as he saw it in every cloud, in every bush, in every flower, in every wisp of hay, in every individual human face. He has often, and not without reason, been cited as the chief of a certain class of open-air painters, opposed to the more extreme section of which Manet was the precursor, and Claude Monet, Pissarro, Sisley, and Renoir are now the chief living exponents. He is in truth the 'primitive' that he was called; for he painted, notwithstanding all his ardent modernity and his rebellion against the written and unwritten law of the schools, with much the same simple nature-worship that inspired the Van Eycks, Roger van der Weyden, and the Netherlands of the fifteenth century, and without archaistic affectation strove to realise in landscape art much that it possessed in that period

of noble and healthful growth. Millet strove for the larger, the more generalised truth, and—to take a typical instance—in his great work, ‘*L’Homme à la Houe*,’ saw tragically not only the labourer momentarily forced to pause in his never-ceasing struggle with the unyielding earth, but Man at a moment of overmastering despair in his hand-to-hand grapple with Nature. Here in the ‘*Récolte*’ Bastien-Lepage sees, and, with an unflinching truth in the localisation of fact which impairs the higher truth of general aspect, depicts, a corner of his beloved France, and, as part and parcel of it, these figures of the humble potato-gatherers, realised, like the land to which they belong, with a wonderful portrait-like accuracy, but also with a passionate sympathy which transfigures the truth, yet leaves it in its utter simplicity.

M. Dagnan-Bouveret’s ‘*Bretonnes au Pardon*’ here affirms better than any mere verbal proof could do his affiliation to the school of Bastien-Lepage. Another beautiful work, issuing from the same school, is ‘*The Emigrants*’ of M. J.-A. Meunier, and yet another, ‘*The Prodigal Son*,’ of M. Eugène Burnand. But the painters of both these last-mentioned works have gone considerably beyond their master in the treatment of the open-air problem.

The sea piece ‘*L’Immensité*,’ so pathetic in its absolute nakedness and simplicity, serves at the Guildhall to recall the vigorous art and the unfortunate career of Gustave Courbet. Strange to say, it is now in the Louvre that this most rebellious of men and of painters is best to be studied, who suffered under the infant French Republic so terrible a retribution for his large share in the pranks of the Commune, being literally done to death by a succession of unrelenting but perfectly legal persecutions. In principle the most violent and uncompromising of realists, his artistic vision was nevertheless too true, too wide, to permit of his seeking ugliness merely for its own sake, or approaching realism otherwise than from its higher, its grander side. The mysterious and indefinable quality of style—that is, of artistic selection and disposition—is sometimes his when he least seeks it—as, for instance, in his magnificent portrait of himself in the Louvre. His greatest defect—and a graver could not be imagined in the man whose main principle was, Put yourself in the presence of Nature and paint what you see—is that of airlessness. He did not always, as the best of the impressionists and open-air painters have since succeeded in doing, paint either men or their environment with the true atmospheric ambience.

Another revolutionary, whose influence and example have

been more far-reaching and more enduring, whose position as the pioneer of impressionism, the acknowledged leader of the advanced guard, is by this time pretty generally recognised, is Edouard Manet. His proud motto, 'Manet et *'manebit,'* well suggests the stubbornness with which throughout his career he met and stemmed the flood of obloquy and misrepresentation with which the representatives of what may be called the official art sought to crush him and his following out of existence. The first time that his work was taken seriously by the larger public was at the Exposition Centennale de l'Art Français, which formed a special section in the Universal Exhibition of 1889. This contained a thoroughly representative group of his works, including many of those which most significantly illustrate his peculiar aims and method. He is, unfortunately, not represented at the Guildhall, but at the Exhibition of International Art we find two of his most significant, if not his most attractive, canvases—'The Execution of the *'Emperor Maximilian'* and *'Vagabond Musicians.'* Manet had two very distinct sides to his practice. In one phase he was inspired by Velazquez, even on occasion by Goya, and to this belong *'Le Fifre,'* the curious *'Olympia'* of the Luxembourg, the *'Toréador tué,'* and *'Espagnol jouant de la Guitare;'* the main difference being that where the greatest of Spanish masters suggested the utmost intensity of life in outward repose, the modern Frenchman as a rule chose the fleeting moment between two phases of action, and combined the utmost momentariness with the most incisive power of characterisation. The famous *'Bon Bock'*—a character portrait, it is said, of the novelist Adolphe Belot—is, at any rate in its inspiration, Dutch rather than Spanish; it recalls the jovial toppers of Adrian Brouwer, Adrian von Ostade, and Jan Steen. The phase of his practice, however, in which he exercised at the time over a small but ever-growing circle of contemporaries, and now, through them, exercises over all modern painting, an influence which it is not easy to overstate, is that of the *plein-air*, admirably illustrated by such now well-known examples as *'En Bateau,'* *'Mon Jardin,'* *'Le Printemps,'* and *'Port de Boulogne: Effet de Nuit,'* some one of which one could have wished to see included in the City display.

The arch-priest of impressionism in its highest and most extreme developement is M. Claude Monet, round whom are grouped such allies and tributaries as M. Renoir, M. Pissarro, and M. Sisley, all of whom, save the last, are adequately, if

not brilliantly, represented at the Guildhall. That these men are not even now universally accepted in their most *intransigent* phases we may gather from the solemn protest quite recently addressed by the Institut to the French Government when the 'Legs Caillebotte,' consisting exclusively of works by Monet and the last-mentioned group, was received and hung in a separate gallery at the Luxembourg. Still their theory and practice have permeated art in every direction, and, what is more, have obtained consideration and applause in the tempered and modified shape in which they are now applied in the works of innumerable French and foreign painters at the Salons of the Champ de Mars. There can be no reasonable doubt that, for good or for evil, the schools of the two hemispheres are, not gradually but rapidly, being transformed by this overmastering influence, now consciously, now unconsciously, undergone. Painting can hardly again be allowed to lack certain things that the new schools have brought into it. We shall, since they have taught us the way, crave for the scintillation of light; the unconventional colouration of light and shadow, not as the eye has hitherto been trained to see them, but as they are; the whisper of the breeze in the trees and the grass; the impression conveyed to the eye of one fleeting moment in human life, or in the appearances of the outer world—of movement hardly more arrested than it seems to be in Nature herself. But these things, though their value is undoubted, may surely be purchased at too high a cost. Claude Monet and his group have as yet busied themselves too exclusively with outward appearances, with impressions chiefly superficial, because from the eye they do not penetrate to the heart. At their best they have with wonderful audacity and truth represented or suggested certain things which have never been represented or suggested before; but they have too rarely called up any artistic emotion but that of wonder. This is because they are themselves too rarely moved to any personal expression, to any genuine interpretation of what the eye has so finely perceived and the brush has so unconventionally recorded. The scope of pictorial art has been permanently enlarged, but the new discoveries have not yet been put to the worthiest uses.

It would be a great mistake to class the work of M. Degas unreservedly with that of the impressionists, or the open-air painters. This strangest and most consummate of modernists—if we may be permitted the use of a designation now more or less accepted—stands altogether by himself. In the

peculiar subjects to which, with the irony of the disappointed idealist, he wilfully limits himself, he goes farther than does any modern towards fulfilling in one and the same production the requirements of form on the one hand, of colour on the other. He is a stylist even in his wildest and most uncompromising moods, a master in the strength and flexibility of his design even when he is most determined in his departure from all tradition. Whether in turning the light of his genius only on the tawdriest and most insignificant corners of modern life—on the *coulisses*, the stage, the bath-room, the racecourse, the dram-shop—he has not wasted his incomparable powers of execution, and deprived the world of much that it might legitimately have asked of him, is another matter. However this may be, there is no finer piece of painting in the whole of the Guildhall Exhibition than this ‘Ballet Scene from Meyerbeer’s Opera of “Robert le Diable”’ of his, showing in full play the orchestra at the Grand Opéra, and beyond it, in a spectral light, the ballet of the wicked nuns resuscitated by the Demon. It may fairly be argued that the thing was not worth doing with this elaboration, but that it is done with an unsurpassable mastery—as hardly any other modern, indeed, could do it—is not open to doubt.

That there are still exceptionally poet-painters in France is demonstrated especially by the works of three men, all of whom are included in the Guildhall display. M. Cazin, whose ‘Mill in Holland,’ so unwisely hung, is a very fine specimen of his manner, is technically a painter of to-day, having his own advanced methods and aims, which differ materially from those of Corot and the Barbizon group. Like them, however, he has the inestimable gift of expressing in Nature above all things himself—of giving back coloured with his own personality impressions, not visual alone, as they are made upon him by what he contemplates. In this respect he takes up an exceptional position in the modern group to which he may be said to belong.

The little painting, ‘A Saint in the Desert,’ so nearly a miniature, yet so intensely characteristic of Gustave Moreau’s style, may serve as a valid reason for mentioning him here, though but a word can be given to the man whose individuality constitutes one of the strangest and most captivating exceptions in all French art. Turning resolutely aside from the world as it is, penetrated in every fibre of his being with that consuming sadness which at an earlier time in the century used to be called the *mal du siècle*, he transmutes every-

thing that he touches into something 'rich and strange,' something precious, but also *précieux*, in the French sense of the word. The careful student of his work is made to feel that all the weird magnificence of his *mise-en-scène*, all the wealth of jewel-like colour and patient artistry that he lavishes on his unique conceptions, all the pathos of these, dominating their strangeness and their splendour, afford but insufficient consolation to a mind full of doubt and foreboding. He, too, is essentially a modern, but one to whom it has been given to express with the brush, in the spirit of the subtlest poetry, the sadness which gnaws at his heart.

Perhaps the loftiest, the truest idealist of his time is M. Puvis de Chavannes, a veteran already in years, and yet in his own country the acknowledged head of the modern school. Even the greatest and most original art, if it be of to-day, must, it would seem, have its corresponding mannerism. That of this master is that he reduces everything by the most resolute elimination of all subsidiary detail to a generalised simplicity which bears some outward relation to the synthetic breadth of Giotto, though it has its origin in a process quite opposed to that by which the great Florentine worked. Colour, too, is reduced, or rather tempered, almost to the stage of luminous monochrome, notwithstanding which the decorative effect of the modern artist's vast monumental canvases is immense. It proves itself, indeed, to be overpowering, even in instances where it might have been imagined that his paintings would succumb, when placed in juxtaposition with works stronger and richer in harmony. What gives, however, to the great schemes of monumental decoration of Puvis de Chavannes their permanent value—above and beyond their solemn harmony of reposeful line and tender shadowy colour—is the large and beneficent sympathy with all mankind, the solemn peace that they breathe forth. He must not be judged from the 'Décollation de Saint-Jean 'Baptiste' at the Guildhall, which shows less his great qualities than his affectations. He must be studied at the Panthéon, to the noble series of paintings in which will soon be added the 'Sainte-Geneviève veillant sur la Ville de 'Paris,' but lately the crowning adornment of the Salon du Champ de Mars. He must be seen in the decorations executed for the lecture-hall of the Sorbonne, in the 'Peace' and 'War' of the Amiens Museum, in the vast canvas 'Le Bois sacré aux Arts et aux Muses,' which runs frieze-like round the main staircase of the Lyons Museum.

ART. IX.—*Admiral Duncan.* By the EARL OF CAMPERDOWN.  
London: 1898.

THE increase during the last eight or nine years in what may be termed naval literature has been relatively enormous, and may be regarded as distinctly one of the 'signs of the times.' More books on naval history, naval biography, and other subjects connected with the navy have been published since 1888 than were given to the public in the previous thirty years. This is only one amongst many evidences of the changed attitude of the nation towards its naval defences. Keen interest in our maritime position and alert attention to its requirements have been substituted for the almost careless indifference with which these matters were treated during the quarter of a century following the Crimean War. The literary activity has been both a cause and an effect. The appearance of Captain Mahan's works undoubtedly stimulated the production of books of a kindred character, and also turned many minds to the contemplation of the true conditions on which the British Empire can be maintained. At the same time the origin of no small number of volumes is to be traced to the fact that the nation in general had begun to see the necessity of a maritime State being in possession of efficient maritime defences, a necessity which men endowed with a capacity for wielding a pen took occasion to impress on a host of readers. It would have been a pity if, while the press is so prolific in naval productions, no special memorial of one of the most distinguished of British sailors were to appear. It has certainly been a reproach to our literature that, containing as it does biographies of so many less distinguished men, it should be without an adequate one of an officer who played so great a part in our naval history. From this reproach the family piety of Lord Camperdown has now freed it.

We may say at once that he has succeeded as far as it is possible to succeed in a really impracticable task. The impracticability of constructing an interesting story out of the lives of our great seamen, with perhaps only two exceptions, has been demonstrated over and over again. Drake was a romantic figure in what was an age of romance; and there will always be in the relation of his exploits a freshness that, in the nature of things, is not likely to be found in connexion with those of any, or almost any, of his successors. Nelson, as we all know, is by far the most dramatic



character in modern British history. The lives of both lend themselves with a certain facility to interesting narration, to narration that is of interest to the 'general reader,' as he is called, and not only to the friend, the expert, and the student. It is different with almost every other distinguished seaman.\* Except in the case of a commander like Franklin, whose tragic end was so long veiled in mysterious obscurity, the great services which have made their names renowned have been but brief episodes in a long career of duty performed with exemplary fidelity, yet not of the kind which appeals to the imagination of their fellow-countrymen in general. You cannot hold the audience with a drama in which there is only one stirring scene, though the players perform their parts in the most conscientious manner throughout the rest of the piece. In addition to that of his enviable descent from a great naval worthy, it is Lord Camperdown's good fortune that the subject of his book not only earned the victor's laurel in a decisive battle, but also played a prominent and most honourable part in scenes prolonged enough, and the most momentous in our naval history—the mutinies of 1797. This gives to the story of Lord Duncan an interest more sustained than if his only claim to special remembrance were his having beaten the Dutch fleet in a general action, grand a commander as that proved him to be.

In writing his life his biographer has had peculiar difficulties. Duncan was 'a man of action, not of words.' He has, as Lord Camperdown regretfully informs us, left behind him few written records on which an account of his life might be based. By a special misfortune his private letters to Lord Spencer (which, judging from the latter's replies to him, must have been numerous, and have contained interesting information about himself) were destroyed by accident. 'Nor has much information about him been handed down 'by his family.' Lady Duncan left no writings behind her, and when the Admiral's service ended his son was still only a boy in his teens. Of the scanty materials otherwise available Lord Camperdown has made skilful use. The result is that in the volume which he has written we are presented with a picture enabling us to discern with tolerable distinctness the real features of the original. We can see a well-born, courteous, kindly, and silent gentleman, of strong

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\* Dundonald's service under four different flags puts him in a class by himself.

head and sound common-sense, which (at a moment when most men would be likely to indulge in excessive exultation) enabled him, like an earlier Duncan, to 'bear his 'faculties so meekly;' a man of earnest and unaffected piety; an experienced and capable seaman; a cool and resolute commander.

Although the contemplation of the Admiral's personal qualities and special services will convey to us much useful instruction, we propose to devote only a portion of our space to the story of his life, in order that we may come the sooner to the consideration of the valuable lessons which his career, as part of the general history of the United Kingdom in a critical period, ought to teach all who take a serious interest in the great question of national defence—fortunately now the overwhelming majority of her Majesty's subjects. Adam Duncan—afterwards Viscount Duncan of Camperdown—was the third son of Alexander Duncan, of Lundie, and was born at Dundee on July 1, 1731, more than sixty-six years before the great sea fight with which his name is so gloriously associated. He entered the navy in 1746, when rather more than fifteen years old; and (lest his case should be seized upon by the very unpractical persons who advocate late entry of officers into the service as justifying their views) we hasten to add that he was not kept for more than a year at a school in a snug harbour or at a 'college' on shore, but joined a real sea-going ship at once, and for his first year and five months was being taught in the practical and beneficial 'school' of a protracted cruise 'off the Western Islands and off Ireland.' At the epoch of Duncan's entry into the navy, and for long afterwards—indeed, throughout the whole course of every serious maritime war in which this country has been engaged—aspirants to a naval career were chosen by the admirals and captains under whom they were to serve first, and who had a steadily careful eye to their professional training, transmitting to them service traditions of the utmost value to youths likely afterwards to fill places of great responsibility in times of grave national danger.

The first two years of Duncan's service in the navy coincided with the two years of war just preceding the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle; and having, in accordance with the custom of the times, followed his relative and commander Captain Robert Haldane from his first ship, the 'Tryal,' into the 'Shoreham' frigate, he 'smelt powder' on one or two occasions, and assisted at the capture of some prizes. Shortly after

the close of the war he was taken by Augustus Keppel into his ship, the 'Centurion,' and he served under Keppel almost continuously till some time after attaining to post rank. There can be no question as to the advantage to the young Duncan of his connexion with an officer like Keppel—of Keppel's patronage, if the phrase be preferred. The relations between the two were, in the fullest degree, honourable to both senior and junior. Keppel was a man of considerable culture, an early and discriminating patron of our great painter Reynolds. He was also a member of an influential family, and had interest enough to ensure that any ship that he commanded would be employed during war where active operations might be looked for and distinction be within reach.

That Duncan showed his gratitude by unswervingly rendering to his superior loyal and efficient support is proved by the length of time that the latter kept him under his command; to the benefit he derived from having 'received' his professional education in Keppel's school' his subsequent career bears convincing testimony. He went, in the 'Centurion,' to the Mediterranean, being—though Lord Camperdown does not mention it—a shipmate for the time of Reynolds, whom Keppel took out with him on the way to Italy. One of the three portraits in the volume under notice is by the great master. It was painted when the original, then captain of the 'Valiant,' could not have been much more than thirty, and conveys a better idea of the man than his subsequent actions showed him to be than either of the two much later portraits—one by Hoppner and one by J. S. Copley—which Lord Camperdown has had reproduced for us, though the really grand features of the subject are discernible in each. Duncan was a man of splendid physique. He was 'six feet four in height and of corresponding breadth.' In one of her lively letters Lady Spencer remarks parenthetically, 'there is certainly enough of him to make many reasonable-sized men;' and the manly beauty of his countenance is to be seen in all his portraits, which amply confirm the traditional descriptions of him. His commanding figure helped him to overawe the mutinous crews of his fleet in 1797. 'Very few sailors,' says his biographer, 'were inclined to enter into an open contest with a British admiral, and especially with an admiral who was known to be in earnest, and who was a giant besides.'

Although he missed a share in Hawke's fine victory of

Quiberon Bay, Duncan saw much service during the Seven Years' War. In the middle of it he had an experience which happens to be specially well worth recalling at this moment. From October 1759 to April 1760 he had command of a hired vessel, the 'Royal Exchange.' The practice of hiring vessels existed to a far later period in the navy. The crews were often, if not always, hired with them. 'The "Royal Exchange" had a miscellaneous ship's company, 'consisting to a large extent of boys and foreigners, many 'of whom (he reported) could not speak English.' In the lamentations, now so frequent, over the decline of the British mercantile marine it is invariably assumed by our contemporary Jeremiahs that the appearance of foreigners in British merchant ships is an entirely new phenomenon. People conversant with the true state of the merchant service at different epochs are aware that for a long time, perhaps throughout the greater part of its history, its crews have always comprised an appreciable percentage of foreign seamen. At the close of the last and at the beginning of the present century this percentage probably differed not very much from that so frequently lamented in our own time.

Duncan played a prominent part in the operations which led to the reduction of 'the' Havannah, as Lord Camperdown, adhering to a time-honoured system of geographical nomenclature, prefers to call it. Sir George Pocock commanded the fleet, and the Earl of Albemarle the accompanying land force of 11,000 men, with George Augustus Eliott (afterwards Lord Heathfield) second in command. Augustus Keppel, as commodore, was second to Pocock, and another brother of Albemarle was a junior general officer. The expedition reached Havannah on June 6, 1762.

'To Captain Duncan was entrusted the disembarkation of the troops, which was successfully effected on the next day. A long and toilsome siege ensued, with constant fighting, in which both besiegers and besieged displayed great valour and endurance, and in which the sailors of the fleet took an active part, both at sea and on shore. They erected and manned a battery called the "Valiant's" battery, which fired "in the ratio of three to two oftener than any other work." The ships also stood in from time to time and cannonaded the Moro Castle from the sea. Notwithstanding all these efforts the progress made was but slow, and both sea and land forces suffered terribly from scarcity of water and the unhealthy climate, and were decimated by disease. . . . At last a small breach was effected in the fortifications of the Moro Castle, barely sufficient to allow one man to pass at a time, which the besiegers mounted, and carried the castle by assault. It is related

that Captain Duncan led a storming party from the "Valiant" and climbed through the breach at their head, armed only with a heavy stick.' (Pp. 18, 19.)

Duncan had suffered severely in health in the sickly Cuban summer, but this seems in no way to have damped his ardour or to have impaired his readiness of resource.

'Even after the capture of the citadel, Don Juan de Prado, who was now Governor in the place of the heroic Don Luis de Velasco, who had been killed, continued to hold out until August 14, when the Havannah was surrendered; and on the 17th Captain Duncan was ordered to take possession of nine Spanish ships of the line in the harbour. Two more ships of the line which were on the stocks were a considerable obstacle to the negotiations, until he solved the difficulty by himself landing at night with his boat's crew and setting them on fire, a proceeding about which a discreet silence was preserved.' (P. 19.)

Just now, Havannah being again threatened by a hostile armament, an exceptional interest attaches to this episode in Duncan's life. The interest will probably be all the deeper when it is stated that there was a considerable body of American troops in the force under Albemarle's command, and that these troops lost heavily through sickness.

'The fifteen years which followed the Treaty of Paris,' says Lord Camperdown, 'were years of peace in Europe and of weary waiting and discouragement for the naval service. Captain Duncan applied at the Admiralty for employment, but without success.' He was unemployed from the day on which he 'paid off' the 'Valiant' in 1764 until May 16, 1778, a period of nearly fourteen years, an experience that may be commended to the notice of officers of our own time who may feel impatient if without employment for two or three years, a period now rarely exceeded except in the case of the highest ranks. Duncan commanded a ship in Rodney's 'relief of Gibraltar,' and also in Howe's. The former is the more generally known, owing most likely to the fact that the Spanish force—which, by the way, was very inferior to ours—was defeated by Rodney, and its admiral, Langara, taken prisoner. Howe, on the other hand, relieved the fortress in defiance of a greatly superior Franco-Spanish fleet, and thus executed one of the most skilful performances recorded in naval history. With this, Duncan's service in the War of American Independence virtually came to an end. He was appointed to the command of the guardship at Portsmouth in 1783, and held it for the usual three years. In September

1787 he was advanced to flag rank, after which nearly eight years elapsed before he received another appointment. Thus as captain and flag officer Duncan was unemployed for some three-and-twenty years. When he at length hoisted his flag as commander-in-chief in the North Sea he was more than sixty-four. His greatest services to his country were rendered after he was sixty-five.

It was in February 1795 that Duncan was appointed to the 'command of the ships in the North Sea and on the coast of England and Scotland, from Harwich to the Islands of Orkney and Shetland.' The 'Batavian Republic' had become the subservient satellite of revolutionary France. It had agreed to aid the latter with twelve ships of the line and eighteen frigates, as well as with half the Dutch troops under arms. Great Britain and Ireland were now threatened with invasion, or at least with 'military expeditions,' from a new quarter. At the close of the eighteenth century our people were accustomed to war—to war, that is, with serious enemies; with civilised, powerful, and well-equipped States, having naval and military forces, sometimes superior in numbers, and fully equal in organisation and readiness to those at the disposal of this country. British administrators and the British public had undergone, as it were, a long course of training in wars in which the foe was not merely some barbarian tribe armed only with primitive weapons and inspired with the unthinking courage of savage ignorance. Fresh in their recollection was a contest which 'in its latter part spread out into a great naval war, in which England stood at bay against almost all the world.'\* They had been taught in the stern school of experience how to meet the fresh danger. Without neglecting their home defences, they sent out a fleet to interpose its sheltering screen between them and the additional storm which now menaced them. The duty with which the Admiral was specially charged was 'to prevent military expeditions being despatched from the Texel. The Texel was to be blockaded and the Dutch fleet, if possible, destroyed.' The remainder of Duncan's biography will show us to what extent this measure of defence proved effectual.

The supreme post in our naval administration had just been assumed by a man to whom the British nation ought ever to feel grateful. In December 1794 George John, second Earl Spencer, had become First Lord of the

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\* Seeley, 'Expansion of England,' p. 23.

Admiralty. He took the place of the Earl of Chatham,\* son of the great statesman, and quite extraordinarily inferior to his illustrious parent and namesake.

οὔτι τόσος γε ὅσος Τελαμώνιος Αἴας,  
'Αλλὰ πολὺ μείων.

To Lord Spencer, more than to any other English minister, we may, on the high authority of Professor Laughton, give the title, borrowed from Carnot, of 'Organiser of Victory.' It was during his administration of our naval affairs that the great mutinies were suppressed and that the glorious victories of St. Vincent, Camperdown, and the Nile were won. He has been, not undeservedly, called the 'discoverer' of Nelson, whom he certainly singled out for independent command. Lord Camperdown relates an anecdote which shows that he also deserves the credit of having selected Duncan. The fitness of Lord Spencer for high office in a time of grave national emergency was proved in many ways. He had sufficient originality, public spirit, and firmness to depart from and, for some years at least, to abolish the vicious custom of choosing officers for commands because of their political opinions, and not on account of their professional merits.

'It is, unfortunately, too true that in the eighteenth century the favours of the Admiralty depended much on the political opinions and connexions of naval officers, and that naval officers found it worth while to obtain seats in Parliament and to take an active part in the political conflicts of the day.' (P. 32.)

Sir John Jervis had been recommended as the fittest man for the post of Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean; 'but he had been an active opponent of Mr. Pitt's government and measures in the House of Commons.' This objection had little weight with a minister of Lord Spencer's courage and patriotism, and he appointed Jervis, who, as Lord Camperdown justly remarks, 'brought the Mediterranean fleet to the highest state of efficiency, and by this, quite as much as by his victory off Cape St. Vincent, exercised an important influence on the fate of the war.' The admirable principle introduced by Lord Spencer of making professional capacity, not party politics, the test of fitness for command outlived him. It ceased, however, to be a guide, or, at any rate for a time, came to

\* This is the Chatham who 'with sword drawn, stood waiting for Sir Richard Strahan,' &c.

be more honoured in the breach than in the observance, some fifty or sixty years ago. Readers of the late James Hannay's charming novels will remember how much Admiralty favours were believed to depend on the side to which an applicant's family belonged at the period to which they relate.\* Of course, in these enlightened and virtuous days we can, or believe that we can, flatter ourselves that we are not as were the Walpoles, Newcastles, &c., of the eighteenth century. It may, however, temper the fashionable belief in the superior virtues of our own age if we reflect that the recrudescence of the old and vicious modes of selection coincided with the appearance of a relatively excessive abundance of candidates for a small number of posts. To that state of things the present is diametrically opposite.

Lord Spencer had the gift of inspiring confidence in the service at the head of which he stood. He knew how to deal with men. Occupying a post of the highest responsibility in a nation involved in a war in which it had to fight for existence, he sympathised with, encouraged, and at the same time never ceased to control the officers under him.

'Of this,' as Lord Camperdown tells us, 'his intercourse with Admiral Duncan furnishes a good illustration. Almost on the day that Duncan hoisted his flag in the "Venerable," a private correspondence with Lord Spencer commenced, which continued without intermission until the Admiral's retirement. Lord Spencer understood well the character of the officer with whom he was dealing. He wrote his own views openly and frankly. . . . Throughout the mutiny at the Nore he gave to the Admiral a full and generous support.'

He also kept up a correspondence with officers in command of other fleets; and the published letters that passed between him and such men as St. Vincent and Nelson, as well as those printed in the volume before us, form an enduring monument not only of his capacity as an administrator in a time of grave national peril, but also of the respect and regard felt for him by some of the greatest sea officers known to history. In his intercourse with the officers of

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\* The period was that of the early part of the present reign. 'No less than eight naval officers had stood contests at the last General Election, and had been defeated. Every one of these officers, having stood election contests, had since been placed in command.' Speech of Sir James Graham in 1839, Phillimore's 'Life of Sir W. Parker,' vol. ii. p. 415.



the navy he had the powerful assistance of his charming wife, who was looked upon as a valued and sympathetic friend by the most distinguished admirals of the day, and whose letters printed by Lord Camperdown are amongst the most attractive contents of his book.

The long and arduous work of blockading the Dutch ports was interrupted by the menacing revolts of the seamen in the mutiny of the North Sea fleet and the more serious mutiny at the Nore. It has been the custom of British historians to pass over these events hurriedly and with but scanty notice, evidently because they thought them of so lamentable a nature that it would not do to unveil them too completely. This is altogether unfortunate. It may seem paradoxical to say—it is, nevertheless, true—that, however deplorable in themselves, there was much in these occurrences of which all concerned might feel justly proud. Never has the attitude of the nation been more dignified. Prince Hardenberg compared it to the ‘firmness of ancient Rome.’ In truth, not after the Allia, not after Cannæ, did Rome herself show more magnanimity and fortitude. We were fighting for dear life, and without efficient allies on the element where we were most vulnerable, against a combination of the three greatest maritime Powers of the West. In the midst of this mortal struggle the arm on which we chiefly depended seemed about to fail us. The spirit of the British people never quailed, nor did the Government lose its composure. Throughout the trying and gloomy period a bold front continued to be shown to the enemy. Duncan’s resolute character was conspicuously displayed. With only his flag-ship, one fifty-gun ship, and two small craft he kept his station off the enemy’s coast, masking his inferiority of force by skilful devices.

The conduct even of the mutinous seamen was far from being without excuse, and the demeanour of nearly all—especially in the Spithead fleet—was such that they had little reason to be ashamed of it. The men always expressed their readiness to go and fight the enemy if he came out of port.\* They earnestly repudiated the opinion that they were mere mutineers. They wished, they said, ‘to clear our-selves from the infamous imputation of mutiny being thrown upon us meaning no sutch thing.’ ‘We hope,’ they added, ‘you will not consider us as a rebellious and

\* This was true of the general body even in the fleet at the Nore; though there the ringleaders showed a different spirit.

‘mutines set of people but as men who without failing in the least in their respect they owe you and the other officers would wish to do their duty as such.’ That they had real, great, and long-unredressed grievances is beyond question. In the latter part of the eighteenth century the man-o-war’s-man was in many important respects worse off than his predecessor in the latter part of the sixteenth. In a former number of this Review \* we have shown how unfounded are the accusations against Elizabeth of defrauding and starving her seamen. It is an uncomfortable reflection, but it forces itself on the student of naval history, that as parliamentary government developed, the Empire expanded, and the national wealth increased, so the lot of the sailor deteriorated.

He was relatively more highly paid and more abundantly fed under Elizabeth than he was under Anne, or even—during her Majesty’s early years—under Victoria. ‘The seaman’s pound, according to a Government regulation,’ writes the historian James, ‘was not more than fourteen ounces—a similar reduction occurred in the measures.’ The pay, in purchasing power, was less than it was two centuries earlier. The seamen were paid with scandalous irregularity, and often only after shameful delays. ‘All through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries,’ says Commander Robinson,† writing in 1894, ‘it was the rule not to pay anybody until the end of the commission, and to a certain extent the practice obtained until some fifty years ago.’ Even at the beginning of this century—incredible as it may now seem—the crews of some ships were kept out of the money due to them for eleven, fourteen, fifteen years! Men wounded in action were discharged from pay whilst still uncured. It was to be delivered from this atrocious spoliation, not to resist properly constituted authority, that the seamen mutinied. Most of their demands, which judged by present day standards were moderate enough, were conceded, and there passed from the kingdom the direst peril with which it had been threatened since the Invincible Armada headed for the English Channel. Firmness, a desire to be conciliatory, and discretion on the side of the authorities, and a really loyal ‡ disposition on that of

\* No. 371, January 1895, ‘Navy Records of the Armada.’

† ‘The British Fleet,’ pp. 386, 394.

‡ Even at the Nore the fleet ‘dressed ship’ and fired a salute on the King’s birthday, June 4.

the immense majority of the sailors produced this happy result. How well Duncan discharged his duty when the circumstances of the country looked so desperate appears clearly from Lord Camperdown's account. Even in the most trying moments he never lost his head. 'A little well-placed presence of mind,' wrote Lord Spencer, 'on these occasions is everything;' and presence of mind was a quality which Duncan possessed in a high degree. Lady Spencer also wrote to express her delight at the 'dexterity' and spirit' which he had shown.

The confidence placed in him by the Government during the late crisis had not been lessened, perhaps it had been increased, by a recollection of the independence of judgment displayed by him in the previous autumn. With the buoyant optimism—to judge from current events as strong in 1898 as it was in 1796—which convinces every intending invader that he will find valuable auxiliaries in the country to be invaded, Mr. Pitt's Government decided 'upon an attempt to take possession of the Helder shore and the Texel Island, and to destroy the Dutch fleet with fire-ships.' A great attraction in connexion with this promising operation was the reported disaffection to the republican government of the Dutch people, and especially the inhabitants of the maritime provinces and the seafaring classes. As the expedition—which had to be in large part necessarily a naval one—was to be carried out in the autumn, of all times of the year, we can easily understand why Duncan did 'not regard it with favour.' In spite of explanations of its advantages from Lord Spencer, he stuck to his opinion, but, it need hardly be stated, made every preparation necessary on his part, and did his utmost to ensure its success. Lord Spencer's conduct in connexion with it is deserving of the highest praise. Having satisfied himself that the expedition was desirable and feasible, he determined that it should be attempted, at the same time honourably engaging that the blame of failure, if it was to fail, should rest on those who ordered it. As Duncan had foreboded, the expedition did not succeed, and had to be given up.

Lord Spencer was no friend of bureaucratic centralisation, and considered it to be for the good of the public service to ascertain the views and be guided by the recommendations of the responsible officer on the spot. He wrote to Duncan: 'I am always very glad to hear your unreserved sentiments on any subject that concerns your command and operations.' Since the summer of 1795 our North Sea fleet had

had the moral support—it can scarcely be called the material assistance—of a Russian force of line-of-battle ships and frigates. It always was Duncan's 'opinion that 'they were unfit for winter cruising;' and 'the weakness of 'our allied ships' and the 'very unpleasant state' to which they had been reduced were understood at the Admiralty. There the 'total inactivity of the whole Russian fleet' was, not unnaturally, dreaded. The public might feel disposed to say that our allies had been 'kept here for no other 'purpose than to eat up our victuals and waste our stores.'

As a fact, there was no inactivity in the matter of demanding supplies. Our friends consented to accept the 'same articles of provisions, &c.,' as were used in the British Navy, but they wanted more bread and must have corn-brandy; though 'whiskey or good gin' might be substituted for the latter. 'Charka, or a glass of brandy or 'gin,' observed their admiral, 'is the moving spring of 'a Russian sailor.' Lord Camperdown cites in terms of just commendation Duncan's management of the Russian squadron, which proved, as he says, his geniality and power of adapting himself to different persons and circumstances. At the same time, he was quite aware of what was due to himself and to his position as Commander-in-Chief; and, when occasion required, expressed his 'unreserved sentiments' thereon. He had received instructions to cruise off the Texel with a squadron composed almost entirely of Russian ships. He wrote at once: 'The Admiralty order 'shall certainly be complied with.' He added, however, the following: 'Now, as to myself, I will say what I once 'did before; I am the first British admiral that ever was 'ordered on service with foreigners only, and I must beg 'further to say that I shall look upon it as an indignity to 'me if some British ships are not directed to attend me.' The First Lord saw the justice of this remonstrance, and replied, detailing the arrangements ordered to prevent his 'being exposed to the objections' stated in his letter. The history of this reinforcement—if that be the right word—of a British fleet by foreign ships supplies us with a practical and useful commentary on the desirability of a naval alliance. The Russian ships, we are told, were constantly in dock or in want of repairs, and were a source of anxiety to the Admiral and the Admiralty, and even to their own officers in heavy weather. They were not at Camperdown, and the only record of their active service is that, when the Dutch fleet surrendered in August 1799, two of them, of

which one ran ashore, sailed into the Texel with Vice-Admiral Mitchell's force.

There was more weary waiting before the winning of the great battle which was to make Duncan's name famous. It was reported in the summer of 1797 that a French army of 36,000 men had actually embarked in vessels in the Dutch ports. It was of vital importance to us that the Dutch fleet should be engaged and defeated as soon as possible after it put to sea. Consequently, a close watch on the enemy's ports remained as necessary as ever. At last the hostile fleet came out; and on October 11, 1797, the sea fight took place. The laconic brevity of Duncan's first report of his victory permits us to reproduce it entire.

“Venerable,” off the Coast of Holland, the 12th of October,  
by Log (11th), Three P.M., Camperdown, E.S.E., Eight  
Miles, Wind N. by E.

SIR,—I have the pleasure to acquaint you, for the Information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that at Nine o'clock this morning I got sight of the Dutch Fleet; at half-past twelve I passed through their Line, and the Action commenced, which has been very severe. The Admiral's ship is dismasted, and has struck, as have several others, and one is on fire.

I shall send Captain Fairfax with particulars the moment I can spare him.

I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

‘ADAM DUNCAN.’

The fuller report brought by Fairfax to the Admiralty showed how decisive the victory of the British had been. Though there were on each side ‘in the line,’ as it may be called, sixteen ships, one of the Dutch was only a frigate; and the superiority of force was undoubtedly, though not considerably, on the side of the British. Of the enemy's ‘line’ we captured nine, besides two frigates. In both fleets the losses in officers and men were heavy. According to the corrected returns, we had 228 killed and 812 wounded, the Dutch 540 killed, their wounded being given as 620, which, probably, did not include those whose wounds were not severe. The Dutch, defeated though they were, had displayed all the ancient valour of their nation.

Two points in connexion with this battle deserve special notice. Duncan exhibited a readiness of resource and a freedom from tactical pedantry which place him in the first rank of sea officers. Had he waited to form the regular ‘line of battle,’ his opponent could have avoided action altogether, or could have ‘closed’ the shore so much that he

could have been engaged only at a disadvantage. In fact, the British attack in two loosely formed columns was something like that afterwards conducted by Nelson at Trafalgar. This, as Admiral de Winter magnanimously admitted, virtually decided the issue of the engagement. The other point is that, notwithstanding the superior force of the British ships individually, the victory was won—as all truly decisive fleet actions have been won, and as all are likely to be won in the future—by the concentrated attack of a large number on a smaller. Each of the captured ships surrendered only after having been engaged with two or more antagonists. As the history of naval warfare invariably gives the same reply to the question—What was the tactical method of the victorious fleet?—we may hesitate to accept as sound the present fashionable opinion, that to beat your enemy you must have ships bigger than his.

Admiral Duncan, who was made a viscount for his victory, remained in command of the North Sea fleet till the spring of 1800, when, his health being much impaired, he finally quitted active service afloat. He was therefore in command, though he did not personally conduct the operations that led up to it, when the surrender of the Dutch fleet occurred in August 1799. He thus witnessed the disappearance of the Dutch from the list of leading naval nations. He died somewhat suddenly in 1804, and left behind him a name worthy of being held in lasting honour by a people whose country his spirit and firmness had saved in one of the most critical periods of its history.

We have alluded above to the lessons, valuable even at the present day, that may be learned from the study of the career of Admiral Duncan, remembering the positions he filled and when he lived. These lessons it now remains for us to consider. It must be premised that the proper defence of the British Empire raises now a larger and more complicated question than it did in his time. The broad features of course remain the same, but in the details there has been notable modification. Duncan had become a flag officer before the Empire was extended to the southward of the equator. Effective British settlement had hardly begun in the Southern Hemisphere when he assumed command of the North Sea fleet, and the western limit of Canadian colonisation was still more than a thousand miles from the shores of the Pacific Ocean. Camperdown was fought before Wellesley had entered on the duties of his great pro-consulship, and the supremacy of our power in India had

still to be secured. British maritime trade with the East was almost confined to the operations of a single monopolist company. In China but one commercial port was open to us, and from that all but the ships of this company were legally excluded. In Duncan's day, and indeed much later, the United Kingdom, as regards food supply, was self-supporting. We held a pre-eminent, if not yet a predominant, position amongst naval Powers, less because of our wealth and the size of our population than because in a prolonged series of wars we had fought for and had got the upper hand of our antagonists. In the methods of naval warfare, consecrated by a century of practice and accepted by all as valid, the English navy had proved itself to be formidable beyond precedent.

It is not necessary to enumerate the changes that have been wrought in these particulars in a century. They are among the commonplaces of present-day discussion. What perception of them ought to teach us is that expansion of our Empire brings with it, in the matter of defence, larger and often less clearly understood, but not more imperious or essentially different demands. At the end of the eighteenth century it was as obligatory to keep our territory inviolate as it is at the end of the nineteenth. At the former epoch it was a condition of our continued maintenance of the status of a great Power to defend our maritime trade, as defending it now is a condition of our existence. To Duncan's contemporaries the former condition seemed to demand fulfilment urgently, as the fulfilment of the latter does to us. There being, then, no essential difference in the nature of the demands before and now made upon our defence forces, we have to see if any modification of their employment is necessary to meet the modified details of our national and international position. France, Germany, and Russia, as great military Powers on land, constitute no new phenomenon. France, 'the Empire'—to give Germany's historic predecessor the proper name—and Russia were great military Powers a hundred years ago and more. So, too, was Prussia. On the other hand, 'the Empire' and Prussia made no pretence of being naval Powers, and even in peaceful competition Russia was not, any more than now, our rival on the ocean. Modern Germany has taken the naval position formerly occupied by the Dutch, and to modern Italy we may assign that occupied by Spain.

No policy of defence is or can be sound unless it is based upon provision against probable forms of attack. The term

'probable' is used with intention. Imaginative ingenuity can conceive—as a matter of fact it has conceived, thereby causing in the end vast expenditure of public treasure—various possible, though highly improbable, ways in which we may be assailed. With these a rational defence policy has little concern. The best—we might say the only—way of discovering what is likely to happen in certain circumstances is to see what happened when the circumstances were similar. Except in that with Russia in 1854–6, in every serious war in which we have been involved for three centuries, it has been the principal object of the enemy to win maritime predominance—'command of the sea,' if the phrase be better liked. He believed, and our fathers believed, that having gained this, all else would be added unto him; for he could then beset trade routes, assail distant possessions, or attempt descents on the territory of the parent State at his pleasure.

As before, so now, every intending enemy of the British Empire recognises as an indefeasible condition of his success in a war the necessity of disposing, somehow or other, of our navy. We have only to look around us to see signs of the full recognition of this condition. On the other hand, there is no ground for supposing that a single soldier has been or ever will be added to any great European army in view of a possible struggle with this country. This gives us the advantage, the almost priceless advantage, of being able in some measure to divine our enemy's intentions. It therefore puts upon us the obligation of arriving at a full comprehension, in the light of modern naval operations, of the duty which the British navy would nowadays be expected to perform in war. Experience has shown the difficulty of getting the British public of the present generation to comprehend this matter. So extreme has this difficulty been found to be that it is desirable to discuss its origin and effects at some length.

Unlike any other calling, a navy combines in itself two altogether separate and different professions. To be of value its nautical efficiency must be as undoubted as that of any peaceful marine; concurrently with this its military efficiency must be equal to that of any armed force whatever. No man of ordinary intelligence or average power of observation will fail to see the truth of this as soon as it is stated; but still it will be well to corroborate it with some historical examples. The military efficiency of the Russian navy is as high as that of any in the world; its nautical efficiency



has never been conspicuous. It is, therefore, not surprising that the great Russian fleet has never performed any belligerent achievement worthy of its great size except against the Turks, whose nautical efficiency was even lower; or the Swedes, whose valour and nautical efficiency were and are unsurpassed, but whose navy was comparatively small and, owing largely to political \* causes, was singularly defective in most military qualities. The Spaniards have of old established their right to be considered excellent seamen as well as brave fighters. We are too apt to forget that until our own day the most arduous section of the North Atlantic sailing trade-- viz. that with Newfoundland--was carried on largely in Spanish ships, and carried on boldly and successfully. In spite of this the military efficiency of the Spanish navy long ago declined, and for generations its record has been a gloomy one, illumined only by deeds of unavailing courage. The high value of a navy in which true military and nautical efficiency are combined has been displayed repeatedly by the Danes, the Dutch, the Americans, and the English.

Of the spirit actuating, and of the work done by, a profession with which he is not and never has been connected, a 'layman' can form only an imperfect conception; and when the profession concerned is in reality a combination of two different and, so to speak, highly technical pursuits, the difficulty necessarily experienced by the 'lay' mind in comprehending its character in the proper fulness of detail amounts to impossibility. The public at the present day is not content to leave without inquiry the management of its vast and costly fleet to the authorities. It now shows a praiseworthy inquisitiveness about things naval, and insists on being informed as to matters in which it is well that it should take an interest. In accordance with the ordinary rule, demand has been followed by supply. The supply of information on naval questions provided for the public daily, weekly, and monthly is almost invariably of deplorably low quality, the purveyors of it being with few exceptions persons with no experience either of arms or of the sea. We have said 'almost invariably' because amongst those who interpret naval questions to the public there are one or two conspicuous exceptions, writers who, with literary and

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\* Naval organisation was largely a question of party politics in Sweden in the eighteenth century--the Hats favouring one plan and the Caps another. Bäckström, '*Svenska Flottans Historia*,' pp. 218-9.

expository powers of a high order, are careful not to get out of their depth, a proceeding which has irresistible attractions for most civilian commentators on naval affairs.

A man may be a first-rate seaman and good officer, and yet be quite incapable of expounding to a listening public the doctrines of naval efficiency. Like Sallust's Roman worthies, the seaman generally would rather let others narrate his achievements than take to writing himself. The place of the real naval commentator—where it has not been assumed by the civilian landsman—has occasionally been filled by officers of the land service, whereby the cause of sound naval policy has been but little advanced. The military writers, with rare exceptions, who deal with the position and functions of a navy, apply to the problems with which they soon find themselves confronted a Procrustean test of rigid professional preoccupations. The general result is that the nation, which in any case would find questions of naval defence extremely perplexing, is left unenlightened and is not rarely misled. We have not nowadays that experience of warfare by sea which was almost part of the ordinary life of our predecessors in the last century. Antecedent unfamiliarity with the conditions of the case, followed by imperfect or misleading comment, will amply explain the difficulty of getting people to comprehend the proper position and duties of the navy in time of war.

An immediate effect of all this is that periods of neglect of our naval defences alternate with unreasoning and undignified panics. A time of panic is the golden moment of the busybody, the 'faddist,' and the self-advertiser. The nation not being in a frame of mind to judge dispassionately, wild theories of naval policy and ill-considered schemes of defence are put forward by the ignorant and irresponsible, and are too hastily accepted. A visit to our principal dockyard ports would enable anyone to see almost at a glance what enormous sums of money must have been expended, well within what may be called the 'armour-clad period,' on *matériel* useless in itself and illustrative of mischievous ideas of maritime strategy. Although the increased attention of late paid to naval history has tended to diminish our liability to repeat such grievous mistakes, we are as yet far from being entirely liberated from the dominion of the inexperienced theorist. It is the study of such a career as Duncan's and a comparison of it with the story of even such a war as that now in progress that will help us

to understand what the demands on our navy would be if we ourselves were engaged in serious hostilities. The study would also facilitate the formation of an approximately accurate estimate of the capacity of that force to perform the duty assigned to it in a struggle with a powerful maritime enemy or combination of enemies.

The first principle to be accepted is that the navy is not an isolated and independent body having no connexion with, or relation to, the other elements of national defence. The navy is but a part—the most prominent and important part, if you will—but still only a part of the whole defence organisation of the Empire. Its duty may be succinctly stated as that of keeping the sea clear. If this be thought too vague, we can offer a more precise definition. Our squadrons must protect our maritime trade, help to defend our outlying possessions from attack, and interpose the most insuperable obstacle possible between an intending invader and our shores. It is obvious that in protecting commerce on the high seas our navy can receive only the slightest, and that the most indirect, support from any other defence factor. Even here, however, it is not absolutely independent of all help from kindred services. Effectual measures for the protection of ocean commerce would be all the more difficult were the protecting ships unable to find secure positions for replenishing supplies and for refit. As far as we have been able to learn anything as yet from the Spanish-American war as regards this particular, we have learned that there is really something in the contention that the pre-existence of outlying ‘naval bases’ will be found of less importance to us in a maritime war than it has been the fashion to assert of late. No one maintains that we could do without them altogether; but it is asserted, as we see now with much justification, that a campaign, even an offensive as distinguished from a defensive campaign, need not be planned with special relation to their existence and employment.

In the two other above-named branches of the navy’s duty in war, the interdependence of the land and sea services is more complete. Had not experience of much public discussion shown the contrary, it would seem unnecessary to mention, and still more so to labour this point. Unfortunately, the public has for a long time lent its ear to a certain school of ‘military’ critics—we use inverted commas because they are not all soldiers—who derive their arguments, not from the history of the peculiarly conditioned

British Empire, but from that of Germany. One is tempted sometimes to ask these gentlemen if they know what a *Binnenland* is, and if they have ever heard the term applied by Germans themselves to their own country. Throughout the time in the history of which disputants of this class find the armoury which supplies their critical equipment, the position of Germany was as unlike that of the British Empire as anything that can be conceived. We should, therefore, feel no surprise at learning that they often under-estimate the value of the naval factor in the British system of defence; and that, when its value is insisted on by others, they hastily assume that the remaining factors are in danger of being entirely ignored.

The truth, of course, is that in the defence of the Queen's transmarine dominions, and in the protection of the mother country from invasion, not only have both the land and the sea forces each its own part to play, but also each is the indispensable complement of the other. It is almost too clear to need statement that, if we had no army, if we had no land force at all, every point on our shores would be exposed to the risk of damaging attack from hostile bodies so small that many of those attempting a descent could count, with reasonable confidence, on getting through even the sheltering screen which our great navy would provide. It follows inevitably from this that an army, even a considerable army, is essential to our security; and, besides that, in a defensive not less than in an offensive war, its support is indispensable to the navy. It would, we hope, be impossible to find any naval officer who holds or ever held any other opinion. The belief to the contrary is to be attributed to an imperfect comprehension of the facts of maritime warfare, a deficient acquaintance with its history, and, sometimes, a too common controversial habit of omitting to study an opponent's arguments.

The Horatian maxim that nothing is impossible to men may be applied to invasion as to other things; but in the case of a country that can be reached only by sea a strong and well-handled navy may make it in the last degree improbable. The extreme improbability, however, rests on a condition which should not be left out of sight. There must be, even in a sea-surrounded country, a land force strong enough in numbers and general efficiency to compel the invader to come in very considerable strength if he is to have any hope of succeeding in his undertaking. Oblige an invader to bring over a large army (unless he is prepared

to run the risk of almost-certain defeat), and he will find it impossible to conceal the preliminary operations, and, until he has disposed of the defender's navy, impossible to cross the water without a combat that would have to be fought in circumstances extremely disadvantageous to himself. It is desirable both that this point should be fully understood, and that the statement of it should be accepted as embodying the view of the navy generally. It is high time to abandon, even for purposes of controversy, the transparent fiction that because they knew the importance of a strong fleet to a maritime and colonial State, and said so, naval officers wished to persuade the public that soldiers, militia, and volunteers represented wasted effort as regards home defence.

When we come to the case of defending our outlying territory the main principle is the same. If the garrisons are strong enough to hold out against any body of assailants, so small as to need only unostentatious and easily concealed preliminary preparations and to have a good prospect of escaping detection during its transit across the sea; if the garrisons are strong enough for this, then the navy may be counted on to prevent the passage of larger bodies. It will have been seen that in both cases the existence of a land force is considered indispensable, even from what may be called the naval point of view. It is not to garrisons as such that any objection is, or properly can be, taken. The navy, however, cannot be expected to take any share in the responsibility for an arrangement in accordance with which tens of thousands of English-speaking British troops are locked up in fortified ports, and thousands of the finest artillerymen in Europe are to be stationed in coast fortresses in which, if the Empire is to stand, they will never look upon the face of an enemy.

Similarly, it would be most unfair to put any responsibility on the navy for the extent to which passive fortification, with both batteries and mines, has been carried at most ports in her Majesty's dominions, both at home and abroad. A certain amount of fortification, like a certain strength of garrison, is justifiable and desirable; to underwater mines, as a hasty means of putting in a state of defence a port on which an imminent attack is likely, no seaman will object. Coast fortifications constructed on a scale suitable to encounters with great armour-clad fleets are felt by seamen to be altogether out of place in the British Empire; whilst that we ourselves should obstruct with

mines, even of the latest and most scientific pattern, the ports on the accessibility of which a great commercial people must depend for the maintenance of its prosperity, appears to seamen, who necessarily know something of maritime commerce, to be very like playing the enemy's game for him. Adverting to an example in the present war, we can see that had Havannah been neither fortified nor garrisoned Admiral Sampson might have taken possession of the city by the simple process of landing part of his crews and occupying it. Had it been fortified, but without a garrison, he might have done exactly the same; but had it been without even the rudiments of passive defence, yet provided with a garrison of reasonable strength, Sampson could not hope to seize and occupy it with only the crews of his ships. The fortifications of Havannah have not prevented, or for the matter of that delayed, the blockade of the port, and one or two moderately armed batteries would have done just as much or as little. The cases of Manila and Santiago reproduce the essential features of a host of earlier cases to be found in our own history.

Sampson, probably, has not been deterred from sending any of his fighting ships to make a dash into a fortified Cuban harbour by fear of under-water mines. He would have a much better reason for refraining from ordering any such operation—viz. the improbability of obtaining results commensurate with the damage that could be inflicted on ships and crews by a well-armed garrison even at a distance from its regular defence-works. The Spanish-American war has proceeded very much on the lines of previous wars, thus fulfilling the expectations of all students of naval history. The principal contrast between the present and earlier conflicts is to be found in the reduced mobility of the modern ship of war. Still, if the contemplated movement of Commodore Watson's squadron into European waters is made, even 'laymen' will be able to see that the sphere of action of modern navies is not inconsiderable.

The most important change in our position as a belligerent since Duncan's day is that due to the altered conditions of our food-supply. Nevertheless, even this need introduce no reversal of our naval policy. We have got to be strong on the sea for other reasons; and the certainty that our food-supply will be threatened in war merely accentuates the necessity of keeping up the strength of the navy. Lists of ships, intended to serve as tables giving the comparative strength of various fleets, are poor guides

for any persons but those who have technical knowledge. Moreover, they can be drawn up so as to support the particular views of the compiler. It would, consequently, be of little use to insert any here. The reader may, perhaps, consent to accept our opinion, the grounds of which might be detailed at length were space no object. It is that, as we never have been equal in numerical strength of ships to any possible combinations of rivals, so we are not equal to any such combination now; but that we are not inferior even in mere numbers to a combination of the two maritime States next in importance in the naval world to ourselves. The least that we ought to do is not to suffer any descent from the relative position in which we now stand.

Maintaining our position as a naval Power is far more likely to ensure the safety and even the regularity of our food-supply than such expedients as establishing State granaries and storing grain against the occurrence of a war which has a habit of coming when most inconvenient and least expected. Maintaining our naval position, accompanied with the maintenance of an army of adequate strength and suitable organisation, will make us also, with respect to the defensive, as secure at home as our fathers were in Duncan's time; and, with respect to the offensive, as formidable to enemies who have possessions over sea as were Duncan and his contemporaries in 1762, and as was the generation immediately succeeding him, which garnered a harvest of colonial possessions reaped in both the Eastern and the Western Hemisphere, and both north and south of the line.

- ART. X.—1. *A Sketch of the Natural History of the British Islands.* By F. G. AFLALO. Edinburgh: 1898.
2. *A Handbook to the British Mammalia.* By R. LYDEKKER. London: 1895.
3. *The Vertebrate Fauna of Scotland.* By J. A. HARVIE-BROWN and THOMAS E. BUCKLEY. 7 vols. Edinburgh: 1887–1895.
4. *A Vertebrate Fauna of Iukelunl.* By the Rev. H. A. MACPHERSON. Edinburgh: 1892.
5. *British Animals Extinct within Historic Times.* By JAMES EDMUND HARTING. London: 1880.
6. *The Royal Natural History.* Edited by RICHARD LYDEKKER. 6 vols. London: 1893–96.

WE propose, in the following pages, to take a survey of wild animal life in the British Islands from the landing of the Romans down to the present day. The magnitude of the subject must restrict us to the quadrupeds, which, if not a strictly scientific, has at least the merit of being a convenient division. We shall compare the fauna of these islands at the beginning of historic times with the fauna of to-day; we shall note what animals have become extinct, and endeavour to discover when they disappeared, where they last found a refuge, and whether they were exterminated by human persecution or other causes; we shall observe what new animals, now considered wild and fairly established, have been artificially introduced; and, lastly, we shall seek to ascertain, with some exactness, which of our wild animals are becoming rarest, where they are still to be found, and which species will be the next to disappear.

To explain the present distribution of our British mammals we must go further back than the beginning of historic times. From the shallowness of the sea, the similarity of geological formations, as well as the resemblances of flora and fauna, it has been concluded that the British Islands were, at no remote period, united with the adjoining continent, and doubtless also with one another. It was then that the existing species of mammals made their entrance and spread over the land. But many British animals, some of which prehistoric man had the pleasure of seeing or the satisfaction of killing, were extinct long before the dawn of historic days. Mr. Lydekker, in his ‘*Handbook to the British Mammalia*,’ gives us a complete catalogue of the British land



mammals. The purely aquatic forms, such as the seals, whales, and porpoises, are omitted; nor are we concerned with them here. The animals which have been exterminated during historic times are included, as well as those wild species which have been purposely or accidentally introduced by man. The whole list comprises forty-seven different animals, which may be thought a very respectable number for a country the size of ours. It is, however, a small number when compared with the adjoining continent. Scandinavia possesses sixty different species; whilst Germany boasts of no fewer than ninety. Moreover, just as the whole British Isles are poorer in animals than the Continent, so Ireland is strikingly deficient when compared with Great Britain. Out of our forty-seven animals, four which were existing in Roman days are now extinct. We name them in the order in which they disappeared: the bear, the beaver, the wild boar, and the wolf. Out of the whole list, four certainly have been introduced; and perhaps others, such as the common mouse, might be properly added to the number. The four species which have been imported from abroad are the black rat, the brown rat, the rabbit, and the fallow-deer.

If we compare the animals of Ireland with those of Great Britain, we find some very strange differences. No animal found in Ireland is wanting in Great Britain. On the other hand, twenty-one species which are, or were within historic times, natives of Britain, do not, and never did, exist in Ireland. To appreciate this discrepancy, which is little known and exceedingly interesting, we must compare the list of mammals in the two countries. Our catalogue of British mammals is headed by twelve different sorts of bat, which need not concern us further. Five of these have never, as it happens, been captured in Ireland, although they could doubtless fly across the Channel.

Next come our five *Insectivora*: the hedgehog, the mole, the common shrew, the lesser shrew, and the water-shrew. Out of these, three are wanting in Ireland. There are no moles in that country, though moles are abundant even in the Island of Anglesea. Neither are the common shrew nor the water-shrew to be found there.

In Great Britain ten *Carnivora*, including two extinct species, figure in the list: the wild-cat, the wolf, the fox, the pine-marten, the polecat, the stoat, the weasel, the badger, the otter, and the brown bear. Out of these, the wild cat is not found in Ireland, and no trace of its former existence there can be discovered. The polecat and the

weasel are also unknown. Hibernian patriots have repeatedly asserted, and still continue to declare, that the weasel is found in their country, but the promised skins of Irish weasels have never yet been forthcoming.

Our *Rodents*, which number fifteen, are the most numerous order of British mammals. They include the extinct beaver, the squirrel, the dormouse, the harvest-mouse, the wood-mouse, the yellow-necked mouse, the common mouse, the black and the brown rats, two sorts of land vole, the water-vole, the common hare and mountain hare, and lastly the rabbit. Only six of all these are found in Ireland, and of them the squirrel was probably introduced, and the two rats certainly were imported. The water-vole or water-rat is unknown; so are the two kinds of land vole. Of the two species of hare, only the mountain or blue hare is indigenous.

Our catalogue of British mammals ends with the wild cattle, whose claim to that title we shall consider; the red-deer, the imported fallow-deer, the roedeer, which is not a native of Ireland, and, last of all, the extinct wild-boar.

The most generally accepted explanation of this difference between the British and Irish fauna is the following: When the British Islands rose out of the sea and became united to the continent of Europe, the mammals then inhabiting the Continent entered this country and spread over its surface. But the union did not last long enough for the migration to be complete, and a subsidence, which formed the German Ocean, took place before all the different species from Europe had made their way into Britain. The difference between the Continental and the British fauna is thus accounted for. To enter Ireland these terrestrial mammals had to make their way across Britain; but the depth of the Irish Sea being greater than that of the German Ocean, the connecting piece of land between Britain and Ireland was most likely comparatively narrow and existed but a short time. A barrier was thus offered to animals making their way into Ireland before the migration into Britain had ceased. Hence the comparative zoological poverty of Ireland, of which we see the traces to-day.

The whole subject of the original dispersal and present distribution of our mammals is an interesting one, about which much remains to be discovered. In Scotland the matter has received much attention from Mr. Harvie-Brown and Mr. Buckley, who have divided that country into a number of minor faunal areas following the natural boundaries. Seven volumes 'On the Vertebrate Fauna of

Scotland' have appeared, and the eighth, treating of the Shetland Islands, is almost ready. Infinite pain has been bestowed upon these works, the value of which to British zoology can hardly be overstated. It might be supposed that the zoology of small and populous islands like Britain had been long ago worked out, and that nothing remained to be discovered and little to be said. Yet so recently as 1894 a new species or variety of mouse was, for the first time, discovered to be exceedingly abundant in Herefordshire; and whoever would relieve the monotony of country life, and earn the gratitude of naturalists, may do so by discovering the cause of the inexplicable autumnal mortality among shrew-mice. To tell the truth, owing to the difficulty of observing, very little is known about the habits of our mammals in a wild state. Their distribution we can gain knowledge of by recording the places where they are killed. Their food we discover by cutting open their stomachs or examining the remains in their larders. But of their daily doings, their manners, and their ways of life, we are, and we appear likely to remain, very ignorant.

Leaving geology and coming to much later days, the cause which above all others has affected the abundance and distribution of our wild animals, we need hardly say, has been the destruction of forests and the cultivation of waste lands in which they found a retreat. When Cæsar landed on the Kentish coast he found a country little touched by man and chiefly given up to wild animals. Britain was a land of uncleared forests, where only the rolling chalk downs in the south and the bleak hill-tops in the north rose above the impenetrable woods. The rivers wandered through morasses and made their way into the sea by marshy estuaries. The Celtic population had done little towards cultivating the open country, and less towards clearing the great forests. The natives were chiefly confined to the great river valleys, where the dense primeval scrub had been cleared in places and the rich soil attracted a few growers of corn. But so dense was the forest growth that even after 400 years of Roman occupation, the human population still chiefly gathered on the natural clearings of the uplands and left the rest to the animals. These cultivations along the river valleys were little more than narrow strips which threaded their way through a forest-land into which the human population had only just begun to cut their way. A huge forest filled the weald of Surrey and Sussex between the North and the South downs. It extended for 120 miles in an unbroken

mass, from Southampton Water in the west towards the eastern coast of Kent. Further west, though probably connected with the Andredsweald, was another large tract of woodland, a fragment of which survives in the present New Forest. It once stretched through Hampshire and Dorsetshire and northwards round the edge of the Wiltshire downs. Across the Severn was the Forest of Dean, stretching up to the sides of the Welsh mountains. Further up on the west bank of that river was the Forest of Wyre, which extended northwards to Cheshire. On the other bank was the famous Forest of Arden, which all but covered the present Warwickshire. Just north of London a forest tract stretched without a break from Hampstead to the Wash and almost joined the Midland forests of Rockingham and Charnwood. The northern parts of the province were more desolate and in parts as densely wooded. The forests of Sherwood and Needwood occupied the country from the river Trent to the Peak of Derbyshire. From the moors of Derbyshire a vast tract of waste land or desert stretched to the place where Hadrian later built a wall from Carlisle in the west to Newcastle in the east; and from the Roman wall to the Firth of Forth was a wilderness known in later days as the forest of Selkirk. Still further north, and right into the highlands of Scotland, there was the great Caledonian forest, the *Silva Caledonia*, whose terrors were spoken of with awe in the forum of Rome. Between all these larger forests lay scattered smaller tracts of woodland, of which now no traces remain. To the east of London the forest of Essex extended up to the country of swamps and marshes which lay round the Wash. The districts which were not forest were no less wild, and Wales and Cornwall were little more than moorland and bog. The orators of Rome loved to dilate on *Britannia Felix* and the ships laden with corn from the granaries of the North. But, according to all accounts of travellers, the sky was usually cloudy, and the sun powerless to disperse the steaming mists which rose from the swamps. The trees naturally gathered and condensed the rain, and the fallen timber obstructed the streams. In many places the trees grew so close together and the undergrowth was so dense that man could hardly penetrate. However uninviting this picture may seem to men, such a country was a very paradise for wild animals. The British bears were famous in the Roman amphitheatre; and Pagan malefactors or Christian martyrs may perhaps have been torn to pieces

in the circus by wild beasts from the forest of Caledonia, The classical reader will remember the lines in Martial :

‘ Nuda Caledonio sic pectora præbuit urso,  
Non falsa pendens in cruce, Laureolus.’

Besides bears, enormous packs of wolves swarmed in the larger forests. Herds of wild-boars wandered through the oak woods, feeding on the acorns or wallowing undisturbed in the marshes. The gigantic aurochs, which Cæsar met in the Hercynian Forest of Germany, was already extinct in Britain ; but a small species of ox was apparently plentiful, and there was nothing to prevent wild beasts ranging through forest after forest, from the Channel to the coast of Caithness. The Irish elk no longer waded through the peat-bogs ; but in all parts of these islands herds of red-deer were found, and afforded the Roman provincial sport and, what he perhaps preferred, excellent venison. Industrious colonies of beavers gnawed down the trees and built their dams across the rivers and streams. Nor were the many smaller mammals less abundant. The marshes as well as the forests had their inhabitants, and round the Wash, to take one district only, thousands of square miles of fen were given up entirely to beasts and birds.

Into this natural paradise of animals man gradually made his way, destroying, whenever he was able, all those he came across. Man entered into the struggle which was already raging among the beasts, and upset the natural balance by bringing many arts of capturing and killing animals by means which are always being improved. He has, moreover, chosen from very early days to call some animals game and to protect them, and to call others vermin and to persecute them. The animals he has protected have often been the most injurious to the farmer and the shepherd, whilst those he has persecuted have as often been inoffensive, if not most useful. Animals which at first were slaughtered whenever possible, have been sedulously cared for when they were becoming rare ; and we see the results when we compare our original fauna with our fauna of to-day.

The work of reclaiming the British wilderness, and at the same time destroying the fauna, was begun by the Romans under Agricola. The woods by the side of the roads along which the legions tramped were first cut down, but the work was so great that the Roman engineers preferred, where possible, to follow the uplands and open country. At a later period the monastic orders swarmed into the waste districts and

began the work of draining and reclaiming. But the woodlands vanished very slowly; the Fen Country was not drained till the days of the Stuarts, and under Elizabeth it has been calculated that one-third of England was still uncultivated and unreclaimed. In last century came the age of Inclosure Acts, and much wild country was brought under the plough. Yet even to-day it has been computed that a third part of the whole of these islands is still mountain moor, bog, and other natural wild country.

In this process of reclaiming, an island fauna runs peculiar dangers of being exterminated. The numbers of each species of animal are strictly limited, and they can receive no additions from the neighbouring mainland to fill up their dwindling numbers. Animals are driven into the wildest corners of the island, but their escape is barred by the coast, and, as civilisation spreads into the remoter parts of the country, it is inevitable that many species should entirely perish. In early days it was the larger animals which perished first, or those which were most valued as food or for their fur. In Britain to-day those species run the greatest danger which are the most destructive to game, and consequently most eagerly killed by the gamekeeper.

Mr. Harting, in his book on 'British Animals Extinct within Historic Times,' has got together much material for the history of our wild beasts. In the process of extermination the bears were apparently the first to be destroyed. The brown bear survives to-day in Scandinavia, Russia, Hungary, and even in the Alps and the Pyrenees, and the animals which the Romans found in Britain belonged to this same species. In most parts of England and Scotland the bones and teeth of the brown bear have been discovered, and they have been found in formations so recent as hardly to deserve the name of fossils. We know nothing which gives a more stupendous notion of Roman energy and the importance of the circus, than that the conquerors of Britain should have transported bears from this distant province to the capital of their empire. The naturalist, as well as the historian, may well regret that no Roman writer has left any account of the means they adopted. Apart from written records, we have evidence that bears were killed by the inhabitants of this country during the Roman occupation of Britain. In the refuse heaps round the Roman towns of Colchester in Essex and Richmond in Yorkshire the remains of bears have been unearthed. It is believed that in Ireland the bear did not survive into historic times. In Wales there are

several places still called Penarth, or the bear's head, which are pointed to as indicating the former presence of the bear. In an old Welsh manuscript of British laws and customs the bear is said to be mentioned among the beasts of the chase, and its flesh is declared to have been as much esteemed as that of the hare and the boar. It is believed that for at least 800 years after the first coming of the Romans bears were still found in the great forests of this country. There is, indeed, a document of the eighth century in which bears are mentioned, together with wolves and foxes, among the wild animals still to be found in Britain. In the 'Penitientiale' of Archbishop Egbert, which was drawn up about A.D. 750, it is laid down, among other rules of conduct, that if any one shall hit a deer or other animal with an arrow, and it escapes and is found dead three days afterwards, and if a dog, wolf, fox, or bear, or any other wild beast, shall have begun to feed upon it, no Christian shall touch it. The chief stronghold of bears in Britain was the great Caledonian Forest, in whose secure recesses the last bears survived, and in whose depths it is most probable that the last British bear was killed. There is always difficulty in fixing the exact date when any animal becomes extinct. A species becomes rare, and is perhaps exterminated, before the fact is discovered. Or again, perhaps, an animal is well known to be on the threshold of extinction and yet the last survivors struggle against extermination, it may be for many years. Scattered communities are extirpated, and so in successive districts a long while may elapse before the total destruction of a whole race is discovered. The last bear, and indeed the last wolf or other animal, has no mark of distinction to show his destroyers that he is the last of his race, and dies unrecorded. Professor Boyd Dawkins thinks the bear must have been exterminated in Britain before the tenth century. But according to Domesday Survey, the town of Norwich in the time of Edward the Confessor, and therefore in the eleventh century, used to furnish annually one bear to the king. The town also furnished at the same time six dogs for baiting the unfortunate bear. Whether or no these were native-caught bears or imported from abroad to provide for the royal diversion, we have now no certain means of ascertaining. The authorities, we believe, for the most part incline to the latter opinion, though Mr. Lydekker says these bears were in all probability native British animals. However this may be, we may take it that the bear was extinct before the Norman Conquest, or we should have some

mention of its existence then. Pennant in his 'British Zoology' declared there was proof that bears infested Scotland as late as the year 1057, when one of the Gordon family, in reward for his valour in killing a fierce bear, was directed by the king to carry three bears' heads on his banner. Were the story true, it would be the last record that can be discovered of the existence of the bear in Britain. But the statement is apparently based on a mistake. In the first place, the arms of the Gordon family are three *boars'* heads. And in the second place, a reference to the original Latin manuscript, from which the translation quoted by Pennant was made, shows that the animal was a *boar* and not a *bear*. Yet this story has often been copied and referred to by subsequent writers. In comparatively late Anglo-Saxon times wandering minstrels and gleemen who travelled about the country with performing bears were well-known figures, and there are reasons for believing that these bears were caught in Britain and tamed when they were young. We may therefore conclude, if this be so, that the bear survived till about the tenth century, and that the last bear was killed, as near as one can discover, about the days of Alfred the Great.

The next animal to disappear, though it long survived the bear, was the harmless beaver. The beaver has met with the same fate in Britain as soon awaits it in North America. It was prized for the excellence of its fur, and hunted and slaughtered in consequence. Of its existence in England, as distinguished from Wales, during our period, there seems to be no documentary evidence, and we must therefore rely on the less satisfactory evidence of place names. We have the town of Beverley in Yorkshire, which is said to derive its name from the number of beavers which frequented the spot when St. John of Beverley, in the eighth century, built his hermitage there. We have Bevercotes in Nottinghamshire, Beverstone in Gloucestershire, and Beversbrook in Wiltshire. About a mile to the north of Worcester a small brook enters the Severn, known as Barbon or Beaverburn, while near by is an island known as Beaver Island, and higher up the river is a second island called Bevere, which likewise gives a name to the adjoining village. All these names are indications of the former haunts of beavers, but they throw no light upon the date of their extermination. In Wales, on the other hand, the beavers evaded their persecutors, and survived till well into the Middle Ages. In the laws of Howel Dha (A.D. 940) the beaver is mentioned. The king is to have the worth of beavers in



whatsoever spot they shall be killed, because from them the borders of the king's garments are made. But we may judge of the comparative rarity of the beaver at this period by the fact that while an otter's skin was valued at eight-pence, the price of the beaver's skin was fixed at 120 pence. Two hundred and fifty years after the death of Howel Dha, Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, who fell before the stubborn walls of Acre with the army of Richard Cœur de Lion, and Giraldus Cambrensis made a journey together into the mountains of Wales. Giraldus in his 'Itinerary' informs us that beavers were still to be found in Cardiganshire on the river Teifi. Sceptics have suggested that the travellers were deceived, or mistook otters for beavers. But Giraldus's account of the habits and manners of the beaver, apparently in part based on his own observations, is too particular to admit of this explanation. There is nothing to show how much longer the beaver survived. In Scotland, Giraldus, writing of course from hearsay, says that in his day beavers were to be found on one river, but were very scarce. The Highlanders till quite recent days had, and perhaps still have, a name for the beaver which signifies 'the broad-tailed otter,' and traditions used to exist that this animal once lived in the Lochaber. Boethius, a Scotchman, who wrote in the reign of Henry VIII., mentions beavers among the wild animals of Loch Ness; but the better opinion is that this historian was more influenced by patriotism than love of truth.

We owe the survival, as well as the destruction, of animals to the passion for hunting—a pastime which occupies men's minds without troubling them to think; and the existence of any wild deer in this country must be attributed entirely to the sporting spirit of our ancestors. In the Roman province of Britain it seems that game laws were unknown; but the forest laws, attributed to Canute, show that even before the Norman Conquest the beasts of the chase were protected against indiscriminate destruction. The forest laws for several centuries materially affected the destruction, and consequently the present distribution, of our wild animals. In early days, when the destruction of 'vermin' was not systematically carried out, the spots which were undisturbed on account of the hart or the buck also afforded shelter to the wild-cat, the badger, and the polecat, not to mention the hosts of smaller animals.

Nine of our animals were specially protected by the forest laws. The 'beasts of forest' were the red-deer, the wild-

boar, the wolf, and the hare, and the unlawful killing of these was punished by death or mutilation. The 'beasts of the chase' were the fallow-deer, the roedeer, the fox, and the marten. The rabbit and the hare were 'beasts of warren.' The oppressive nature of the forest laws is a matter of history, and by degrees a large fraction of the whole surface of this country was afforested. Some of these royal forests covered half a present county. Under the later Plantagenets there were no fewer than sixty-eight royal forests, besides thirty that had been converted into private chases. In all these, animals were sedulously protected by particular officers and special laws.

The noble red-deer, which in Roman days knew no boundaries but the coast, have been chiefly driven into the Highlands of Scotland; where, owing to careful protection, they are not only increasing in numbers, but also producing finer heads. The ancient range of the red-deer over Scotland, even in comparatively recent times, extended down to the south-west corner; and were their present retreats in the Highlands as fit for cultivation as the Lowlands are, the red-deer would no longer exist in a wild state. Owing, however, to the decline in the value of sheep, deer-forests have become more profitable to landowners than sheep-farms; and it is during the last thirty years that the greatest increase of deer has taken place all through the Highlands.

In England, in the course of ages, the deer have been exterminated in district after district till they are only to be found in three places: one in the Lake Country, another on the borders of Devon and Somerset, the third within the limits of the New Forest. Yet even so late as last century many other districts still afforded a refuge to the red-deer. Queen Anne, on one of her journeys, diverged from the Portsmouth Road into Wolmer Forest and saw, with great satisfaction, a herd of five hundred head driven past her by the keepers. This herd, as well as many others in the south of England, was sadly reduced in numbers by the 'Waltham blacks,' a notorious gang of poachers, and went on decreasing, till the Duke of Cumberland sent down a huntsman and six yeoman prickers in scarlet jackets laced with gold, who were ordered to take every deer in the forest alive and convey them in carts to Windsor. The Rev. Gilbert White, who was much diverted by this spectacle, declares that he saw feats of activity in the chase superior to anything in Mr. Astley's riding school. A hundred years ago there were still red-deer in Cornwall. The herd in

Epping Forest was sent to Windsor about the beginning of the present century, and the red-deer in the Forest of Dean were destroyed some years later on account of the poaching they encouraged. In last century deer stealing became so prevalent that the Bishop of Winchester of the time refused to restock Waltham Chase, saying that it had done mischief enough already. In the north of England the last red-deer in Lancashire were destroyed about 1805, but a herd of wild deer remains in Martindale Forest, Westmorland, as wild and as free to wander as any in the Highlands. The Forest of Martindale lies to the south of Ulleswater Lake, and in former days the stags of Martindale often wandered across the hills to Ennerdale, where another herd existed. Scawfell was also the home of a few deer in last century; but the Martindale herd has alone escaped the general fate of extermination, and now numbers about two hundred and fifty head. About fifty of these deer succumbed to the hardships of the terrible winter of 1893-94. Six or seven stags and one or two hinds are shot each year.

The Exmoor herd ranges over a country bounded by the coast on the north, and, roughly, twenty-five miles long by fifteen broad. There are besides two smaller outlying districts frequented by the deer—the Quantock Hills between Taunton and the sea, and the Stoodleigh country towards Tiverton. The Quantock herd was formed some forty years ago by turning out a few deer from Exmoor, and it has now increased to such an extent as to be too large for the district. The deer in the Stoodleigh country had almost disappeared half a century ago; since that date, however, a small herd has grown up. From the fact that some sixty deer are killed year after year by the Devon and Somerset Hounds without visible diminution of numbers, it has been calculated that the whole herd cannot number less than 400 head, which is an increase since the early years of the century. The number of red-deer in the New Forest is now very small; and it may be that the herd will not long survive in the forest where William Rufus last hunted. In Ireland wild red-deer, once abundant almost all over that island, are now confined to the wilds of Kerry.

The fallow-deer, most frequently seen in parks, is by origin a native of countries round the Mediterranean. Yet, it has as good a claim to consideration here as the rat or the rabbit. The time of its coming is unknown. Whether brought over by officers of the Roman colony or by Saxon invaders, it was well established in a wild condition and common in the Norman

forests. Of the two well-marked varieties, the spotted and the dark, it was long thought that the latter was introduced from Norway by James I. on account of its hardy constitution. But this is a mistaken notion, for Leland mentions these dark-coloured deer under Henry VIII.; and even as early as 1465 they existed at Windsor, a fact which has been recently discovered from the diary of travel kept by Baron Leo von Rozmital, brother of the Queen of Bohemia, who visited this country in that year.

Remnants of the ancient herds of wild fallow-deer survive to-day in the New Forest, where there are still two or three hundred of the old stock; in Epping Forest, where about half that number remain, in spite of the fact that in the days of the 'Waltham blacks' the whole herd was nearly extirpated. In Rockingham Forest there is the remnant of a nearly wild herd of fallow-deer still existing.

The roedeer, the last of the family now surviving, differs from the other members in being more fond of woodlands and less gregarious. It was once as common, if not more common, than the red-deer, and its history in this country is much the same. First exterminated in the south, and driven from the civilised to the wilder parts, it managed to survive in Wales till the reign of Elizabeth. In England the old stock is found to-day nowhere but in the woods of the Border country. The roedeer has been reintroduced with great success during the last hundred years into its old haunts in the New Forest, in Epping Forest, and the woods of the Blackmore Vale in Dorset, whence it has spread into neighbouring districts. In Scotland roedeer are still common in many places, where their numbers curiously vary with the making and cutting down of plantations and woods. Of late the increase of plantations in the south has led to many districts being naturally reoccupied where once the roedeer was extinct.

It was long believed that reindeer survived in the north of Scotland till some time after the Norman Conquest, and there is nothing impossible in the suggestion. Caithness lies in the same latitude as Southern Scandinavia, where the reindeer lived at that period. But the only real evidence which supports the assertion is a single passage in the *Orkneyinga Saga*, which has been translated to mean that the Jarls of Orkney were in the habit of crossing over to Caithness almost every summer, and there hunting, in the wilds, the red-deer and the reindeer. The Jarls of Orkney, Rögnvald and Harald, referred to in this passage, hunted in

Caithness in the middle of the twelfth century. Whether they hunted the reindeer is a matter of considerable doubt. Much learning has been devoted to the question, and English naturalists have disputed with Icelandic scholars on the meaning of the passage. But even were the original word satisfactorily shown to mean a reindeer, this isolated statement, we must confess, would hardly in itself be conclusive to our minds. The latest researches, we believe, tend to throw doubts upon, if not to disprove, the survival of the reindeer.

The wild-boar, which in Roman days was a common beast in our forests, would not have survived so long as it did but for the protection of kings and great landowners. The damage it does to the crops while alive, and the excellence of its flesh when dead, were enough to encourage all who could to destroy it. But the capital sport which the boar affords insured it a respite from too hasty destruction. From early times kings delighted to hunt it with boar-hounds; for the wild-boar, in spite of its appearance, is fleet enough to give its pursuers amusement. Even Edward the Confessor did not resist the pleasures of the chase, and regularly went to a palace at Brill, in Buckinghamshire, for the purpose of hunting the wild-boars in his forest of Bernwood. His successors followed his example, and William the Conqueror, by his forest laws, punished with the loss of their eyes those who killed a boar. Henry I. was especially fond of boar-hunting, and Edward II. restricted the season for the wild-boar's destruction from Christmas to Candlemas Day. In Oxfordshire there were wild-boars in Edward III.'s day, for he frequently used to hunt them there. The wild-boar survived into Tudor times, and under Henry VIII., in the household book kept by the steward of Squire Kitson, of Hengrave, there is a reference to wild-boars in Suffolk. Under Elizabeth they existed at Chartley, in Staffordshire. James I. used to hunt the wild-boar at Windsor, where no doubt the stock was carefully kept up to afford sport for royalty. In the next reign it would seem probable that the wild-boar was on the verge of extinction; for Charles I. imported some from abroad and turned them out in the New Forest, where, according to Aubrey, they much increased and became very terrible to travellers. These were all destroyed in the Civil War. The last place in England where the wild-boar survived was, it seems, the Lake Country. There is a tradition in Westmorland that

the last was killed near Staveley, by a man called Gilpin, the country round being then all forest. Mr. Harting thinks this may have been as late as the reign of Charles II. It is the latest mention of the animal in a really wild state.

Several persons have followed Charles I.'s example, and attempted to reintroduce the wild-boar; but the destructive habits of the beast and the lack of sufficiently extensive woodlands have not made the experiment successful. John Evelyn, of Wotton, sent a pair to Surrey, which bred there. 'But they digged the earth so up, and did such spoil, that the country would not endure it.' The reader may imagine their fate, for he adds: 'but they made incomparable 'bacon.' The Rev. Gilbert White, in one of his most agreeable letters, describes how General Howe turned out some German wild-boars in Wolmer Forest, to the great terror of the neighbourhood, but the country rose upon them and destroyed them. Later, an ancestor of the Duke of Fife introduced some into the Forest of Marr by the advice of the Margrave of Auspach; but this experiment, we believe, failed for want of acorns, which are the wild swine's chief food.

The materials for the history of the British wolf are the most complete, for the wolf was the last of our wild beasts to disappear. At the beginning of the Roman period there was probably no county in England in which wolves were not found. In Saxon times their ravages in winter were so dreadful that January was distinguished by the name of 'Wolf-month.' In the reign of King Athelstan wolves were so terrible in Yorkshire that a place of refuge was built near Filey for travellers to seek safety if attacked by them. In 938, when Athelstan won a great victory over the King of Wales, he imposed a yearly tribute of money, which Edgar, his successor, remitted on condition of receiving annually from the Welsh the skins of 300 wolves. Thus the first effective measure was taken for the destruction of wolves. The tribute continued for three years, but ceased upon the fourth because it was alleged the Welsh king could not find any more wolves to destroy.

Owing to the policy of Edgar, the Welsh border country had been for the moment cleared of wolves, though other parts of England were still infested. We find the Abbot of St. Albans granting lands to certain tenants in consideration of their keeping the woods between the Chiltern Hundreds and London free from wolves and other wild

beasts. This practice of granting lands to be held by the service of hunting wolves continued for some centuries after the Norman Conquest, and among many instances collected by Mr. Harting few need be mentioned. In 1076 Robert de Umfraville held the forest of Riddesdale in Northumberland by the service of defending that part of the country from enemies and wolves. Under King John the Manor of Henwick, in Northamptonshire, was held by the tenure of hunting the wolf. The royal forest of the Peak in Derbyshire, under Edward II., was infested with wolves; and a family of the hereditary name of Wolf-hunt held lands by the service of keeping the forest clear of these beasts. About the same period it is recorded that all the deer at Farley Park, in Worcestershire, were devoured by wolves, and there can be no doubt that they infested the whole West of England, from South Wales to Strathclyde, until well into the thirteenth century. Even in the last years of that century (1281) one Peter Corbet was specially commissioned by King Edward I. to destroy all wolves he could find in the counties of Gloucester, Worcester, Hereford, Salop, and Stafford. The bailiffs in the several counties were directed, by a document which is still preserved, to be ready to assist him. The destruction of wolves was systematically encouraged by the payment of rewards, and in the Patent Rolls of the reign of John there is, for instance, an entry of five shillings paid for a wolf killed at Freemantle, in Hampshire. A hundred years later there are several entries in the accounts of Bolton Priory of payments made in reward of the slaughter of wolves. In Richard II.'s reign wolves must have still been fairly common in the Yorkshire forests, for in the accounts of Whitby Abbey, among the disbursements made between 1394 and 1396, there is an entry of a payment made for dressing no fewer than fourteen wolf-skins, the hides no doubt of animals killed in some well-organised raids against them.

We may take it that by the beginning of the fifteenth century the wolf was extinct, or nearly so, in all the south of England. There is a tradition that the last wolf in the forest of the Weald was killed at Wolf's Crag, near Pullborough, in Sussex, but when, we have failed to discover. In the Midlands there may still have been wolves in Sherwood Forest as late as Henry VI.'s reign, when Sir Robert Plumpton held land by the service of winding a horn and chasing the wolves there. But by this time the wolf was a

rare animal in England. It was finally extirpated in the reign of Henry VII. The wolds of Yorkshire and the great northern forests of Blackburnshire and Bowland appear to have been among its last retreats; but where the last English wolf was killed it is impossible now to ascertain. We can only say with certainty that it was in one of the northern counties, and almost with certainty that it was before the accession of Henry VIII.

In Scotland we may take up the history of the wolf from the date of its extermination in England. Across the Border wolves were still so numerous that the need of destroying them attracted the attention of the Legislature. In 1427 an Act was passed with this object, and a reward of two shillings was paid for every wolf's head. The baron could call upon all his tenants to rise and assist in the slaughter. Moreover, the duty of summoning the people to a wolf-hunt three times a year, between St. Mark's Day and Lammas, was imposed on the sheriffs or bailiffs; for, as the Act says, that is the time of their whelps. This Act was followed by another thirty years later, when the reward was reduced to sixpence. Other Acts followed in 1525 and 1577, apparently without great effect. In the great Highland forests the wolves increased at times to an alarming extent. Under James V. the greater part of Ross and Inverness, almost the whole of Cromarty, and large tracts of Perthshire and Argyllshire were covered with a dense growth of pine, birch, and oak, from which it was impossible to dislodge the beasts. Their ravages among the flocks were terrible, and travellers ran constant danger. Boethius mentions their numbers and devastations in his time. In many parts of the Highlands it was still necessary to provide spittals or shelters for travellers who might chance to be overtaken by the night. This was during the time of Elizabeth. At length really effective measures were taken, and the last refuges of the wolves were attacked and destroyed. Towards the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century large tracts of forest in several parts of the Highlands were cut down or purposely burned. Large pine-woods, in some cases nearly twenty miles of woodland, were set fire to and consumed to expel the wolves. Such vigorous proceedings were successful, and thenceforth the wolf was successively extirpated in one district after another. But in 1618 John Taylor declares he saw wolves in Braemar; and in 1621 the statutory reward was paid for the killing of a wolf in Sutherlandshire. In the reign of Charles I. the



wolf had become rare ; and according to Sir Robert Sibbald, who published his '*Scotia Illustrata*' under Charles II. (1684), the animal had at the time of writing become extinct. Pennant, writing at the end of last century, stated that the wolf became extinct in Scotland in 1680, when the last of the race was slain by Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel. At the sale of the 'London Museum,' which was dispersed by auction in April 1818, the following interesting, but we doubt whether authentic, relic was disposed of: 'Lot 832. 'Wolf—a noble animal in a large glass case. The last wolf 'killed in Scotland by Sir E. Camcron.' This, we believe, was the commonly accepted story till Mr. Harting investigated the matter. It is, however, clear, according to Mr. Harting, that Sir Robert Sibbald and Pennant were both mistaken, and that wolves were killed in Scotland subsequently to 1680. Their last great outbreak in the time of Queen Mary led to the more vigorous measures we have described, which in the time of Charles II. reduced the wolves to so small a number that in some districts their extinction is believed to have followed soon after that period. Thus in Lochaber the last wolf in that part of the country is said to have been killed by Sir Ewen Cameron in 1680, which Pennant perhaps misunderstood to have been the last of the species in Scotland. Every district in the Highlands has traditions of its 'last' wolf, which may not, however, have been the last in Britain. It is possible, on the other hand, to err in the other direction; for in 1756 Buffon was assured by Lord Morton, who was then President of the Royal Society, that wolves still existed in Scotland, a statement which the French zoologist repeated in his '*Natural History*.' But this must almost certainly have been due to some misunderstanding. There is a tradition in Sutherlandshire, which may well be true, that four old wolves and some whelps were killed in Assynt, in Halladale, and in Glen Loth, at three different places widely distant from each other, as late as between the years 1690 and 1700. But Mr. Harting believes that the wolf lingered on still later; and that the last wolf of the Findhorn district—and also, as there seems every reason to believe, the last of the species in Scotland—was killed at a place between Fi-Giuthas and Pall-à-chrocaïn, according to 'popular chronology' no longer ago than the year 1743. This wolf was killed by a man named MacQueen, who lived till the year 1797.

In Ireland the wolf held its ground for a longer period than in any other part of the United Kingdom. The devasta-

tions of wolves in winter are constantly referred to by the historians of Ireland in the days of the Tudors. Lord Russell, who was appointed Lord Deputy of Ireland by Elizabeth, used to hunt the wolf in the neighbourhood of Dublin during the intervals of viceregal duty. But it was not till the following reign that any general measures against wolves were taken. A curious paper is preserved among the Carew MSS., formerly at the Record Office, now, we believe, at Lambeth Palace. This document contains the heads of a bill in the Irish Parliament of 1611: 'An Act for killing wolves and other vermin, touching the days of hunting, the people that are to attend, who to be their director, an inhibition not to use any arms. The Lord Deputy or Principal Governor to prohibit such hunting if he suspect that such assemblies by colour of hunting may prove inconvenient.' The ingenious Home Ruler will discover in the last clause another argument for an Irish Parliament on College Green, though this proposed Act never became law. The ravages of the wolves continued, and, after the wars of 1641 they again received the attention of the State. An Order in Council was issued by Cromwell, dated at Kilkenny 1652, forbidding the exportation of wolf-dogs. This very mild measure was followed by another Order in the following year. The Commanders-in-Chief and Commissioners of the Revenue were ordered to consider and use all good ways for destroying the wolves. The authorities were directed to pay considerable sums of money for the head of every wolf brought to them; for every bitch wolf, 6*l.*; for every dog wolf, 5*l.*; for every cub which preyeth for himself, forty shillings; for every suckling cub ten shillings. These payments fell heavily on some districts, and the inhabitants of county Mayo petitioned the Council of State that the Commissioners of Assessment might be at liberty to compound for wolf heads, which was accordingly ordered. In 1662 it appears by the Journal of the House of Commons that Sir John Ponsonby reported from the Committee of Grievances that a bill should be brought in to encourage the killing of wolves and foxes in Ireland. But by the beginning of the eighteenth century it is clear that wolves had been greatly diminished in numbers. In the county of Cork the last presentment to the grand jury for killing wolves was made in 1710; and in the county of Kerry they were extirpated about the same period, as appears from the same excellent sources of evidence.

We now leave the firm land of documentary evidence

and enter the treacherous ground of tradition. The natives of Ireland are notoriously anxious to please the traveller, and the seeker after legends of wolves is accommodated with a plentiful supply. The author of the 'Present State of Great Britain and Ireland,' printed in London in 1738, wrote at that date: 'Wolves still abound too much in Ireland.' We have, however, now no means of discovering the sources of that writer's information. The editor of a book published in Dublin in 1764 casually remarks in a footnote: 'There are no wolves in Ireland now.' But, again, the critic might question that statement. The conflict of evidence renders it impossible to fix with absolute certainty the exact spot at which the last Irish wolf was killed. Thompson, the Irish naturalist, said that three places were commemorated in Ireland, each as being the scene of the death of the last Irish wolf. One in the south, we believe in county Cork, another near Glenarm, and the third, Wolf Hill, three miles from Belfast. Upon the claims of these three places we do not venture to give judgement. Neither is it possible to fix the date with greater precision.

We may, however, offer the reader some stories which he must find interesting as links with the past, if not convincing as evidence. A certain Mr. Jonathan Grubb, who was born in 1808, informed Mr. Harting in a letter some years ago that his grandmother was born in 1731, and she remembered her uncle telling her how, in county Kildare, his brother came home one night on horseback pursued by a pack of wolves, who overtook him and continued leaping on to the hind quarters of his horse till he reached the door of his house. The Very Reverend Holt Waring, late Dean of Dromore, who was born in 1766, assured Sir J. Emerson Tennent that a foal belonging to his uncle had been killed by a wolf in the stable at Waringstone, county Down, and that he, when a boy, had heard the occurrence talked of in the family circle. Without casting doubts on this story, we cannot but point out the obvious fact that, although the Dean may have heard the circumstance talked of, it does not follow that the event took place after 1766. Lastly, in 1841, there was still living an old gentleman whose mother remembered wolves being killed in county Wexford about the year 1730 or 1740. Mr. H. D. Richardson, once known as the author of a book on 'The Dog,' was personally acquainted with the old gentleman in question, and recorded his statement. Mr. Richardson was, moreover, assured by many persons of weight and veracity that a wolf was killed in the Wicklow mountains as

late as 1770. Here we leave this interesting subject, lest the legal reader should remind us of the untrustworthiness of hearsay evidence.

Our survey of the British animals would be very imperfect if it omitted to mention the famous cattle of Chillingham Park. These half-wild cattle were once preserved in a great number of parks, and a breed, very similar to the cattle at Chillingham, still exists in Cadzow Park, Lanarkshire, Chartley Park, Staffordshire, and Lyme Park, Cheshire. These cattle have existed from time immemorial, and were formerly looked on as the direct descendants of the giant aurochs and the *tauri sylvestres* which FitzStephen describes in the forest round London, in the reign of Henry II. But now this agreeable illusion has been, we are sorry to say, dispelled; and the better opinion is that these wild cattle have no real claim to the title, except that they are domestic cattle which have been allowed to become wild.

The wolf was the last animal that has been exterminated, and we may well wonder which will be the next. There is nothing more surprising in nature than the tenacity with which a persecuted species will manage to survive.

At the present day the mole has endured the enmity of generations of farmers, and in many parishes its destruction affords to some individual a regular, if not a lucrative, means of livelihood. The village mole-catcher has not exterminated the mole, and we need hardly mention it as one of the most abundant of our mammals. The inoffensive hedgehog finds his prickly coat no defence against the ingenuity of the fox; and if the countryman generally destroys a hedgehog when he comes across one, it is rather from the natural instinct of the strong to kill the weak, than from any conviction that the hedgehog is a harmful beast. It is enough for the rustic to believe, as he says, that the hedgehogs don't do much good. 'Blessed are the strong, for they shall destroy the weak'! The wretched shrew-mouse, which many animals are believed to kill and often not to eat, was formerly the object of a curious superstition, and killed by man on every occasion, lest it should strike his cattle with paralysis. Against the smaller mammals man's fight is hopeless; and they will survive as long as there is a hedgerow left to afford them concealment and a retreat to breed in.

At the present time all our rodents, with two exceptions, are probably increasing in numbers, or, at any rate, well able to hold their own against their human or carnivorous enemies. Few persons, except those that have passed a

night in the woods, have any notion of the abundance of our smaller mammals. Almost all are nocturnal, and those that are abroad in the daylight have learnt to avoid the presence of man. Were it possible to take an accurate census of the rodents now inhabiting this country, we verily believe that the human inhabitants would be appalled at the figures.

The squirrel, which is one of the most active in the day-time, is found in all wooded districts of England and the Scottish Lowlands, and is, moreover, an increasing species. Yet in many parts of Scotland the squirrel is still an unheard-of animal. We well remember asking whether there were many squirrels in the district of a Scotch gamekeeper, who, seeming puzzled, after a moment's thought inquired, 'Do they fly?' We were inclined after this to believe the story of a certain famous Scotch judge who, when a point arose in some case he was trying, about the escape of a tame squirrel, inquired: 'Were its wings clipped?' 'But, my lord,' answered the astonished witness, 'it's a quadruped.' 'Quadruped or no quadruped,' replied his lordship, 'if you had clipped its wings it couldn't have escaped.' It appears that in the north of Scotland, where the squirrel was formerly found, it became almost extinct about the end of last century, possibly by reason of the very severe winter of 1795. A small stock which survived has spread from certain centres of distribution and so repopulated some parts of North Scotland. In Sutherland, for instance, the squirrel seems to have reappeared about 1859; but for a while its progress onwards was barred, and only by the construction of a railway bridge, ten years later, did the squirrels make their way into the east of the county. These immigrants have multiplied, but have not yet reached Caithness, where the squirrel is to-day an unknown animal.

When all the enemies of the mouse and vole family are considered, it becomes a matter of wonder that so many should survive. Even the fox and the badger are not above making a meal of wood-mice, voles, and rats; multitudes of weasels chiefly live on them; the birds of prey destroy them in millions. Yet by the rapidity of their increase the family hold their own against all combinations of their enemies. A gentleman who kept wood-mice in confinement discovered that they presented their respective husbands with additions to the family at intervals of about three weeks, and that, though twins were unknown, litters of five were frequent. It seems hardly necessary after this to seek other causes for

the abundance of mice; yet there can be no doubt that in many parts of this country, the destruction of weasels, owls, and kestrels, which prey almost entirely upon them, must lead to a corresponding increase among the mice. Of the less common members of the family, the dormouse is found in most localities in the southern and the middle parts of Britain, but is unknown in the north of Scotland. The little harvest-mouse, which was discovered only a hundred years ago by the observant naturalist of Selborne, has also been found almost all over this island, except the extreme north. The wood-mouse, or long-tailed field-mouse, whose prolific powers we referred to above, is abundant everywhere, and has populated even the outer Hebrides and the whole of Ireland. The common mouse has established itself wherever man has set foot, though it is believed to be a comparatively late immigrant into these islands. We have often thought that an interesting work might be written on the history of mouse-traps. The voles have several times during the course of our history increased in certain districts in such prodigious numbers as to amount to a devastating pest. The first recorded of these vole plagues was in Essex in 1580; whilst the last was in 1892, when many thousand acres in the south of Scotland were affected. The so-called water-rat, we may remind the reader, is properly a vole, and, though very common, is a harmless member of the genus.

Yet, in spite of the general fecundity of the rodents, the black rat and the common hare are diminishing in numbers; and of these, the black rat is on the very verge of extinction. The history of the black rat is unique in the annals of British quadrupeds. Both our species of rat were imported by human agency, and no rats of any sort troubled the inhabitants of these islands till well on into the Middle Ages. We believe that no mention of rats in this country can be found earlier than the fifteenth century; and the natural inference has been drawn that, if an animal so familiar is never referred to, it did not exist. The black rat, often fondly spoken of as the old English rat or original British species, has no claim to either title. It was first introduced, no doubt, by ships and probably about the reign of Richard II., towards the end of the fourteenth century. On the Continent it is known to have existed about a hundred years before. Once introduced at the seaports, it spread inland, and by degrees became established from the Lizard to Cape Wrath. It was known even in the

Orkneys. But the period of its prosperity was short; and it is, so far as we can discover, the only instance of one of our mammals being brought to the verge of extermination by other than human persecution. The black rat was actually devoured by a stronger member of its own family. For about five hundred years the black rat was the only rat in Britain; and during that time its numbers multiplied in spite of man, his rat-traps, his poisons, and his cats. It received, however, a serious check as soon as its more formidable brown rival obtained a foothold on British soil. A fierce internecine war began, which has had such calamitous results for the weaker species that its complete extinction seems to be only a matter of time. To-day the black rat only lingers on in comparatively few scattered places. In the north of Scotland it is now unknown, but specimens are still occasionally taken in old houses in Edinburgh. Isolated occurrences have been of recent years recorded from various English counties. These are often, however, from seaport towns, where it is possible that the animals have been freshly imported. In Warwickshire, where it is now extinct, the black rat was not uncommon as late as 1850.

The original home of the usurping brown rat is supposed to be Mongolia, whence it has dispersed itself all over the inhabited globe. The names 'Norwegian' and 'Hanoverian' are equally inappropriate; though zoologists, with Jacobite sympathies, have not hesitated to assert that we owed this pest to the Hanoverian dynasty, if, indeed, the first brown rats were not brought over in the very ship which carried the first of the line of Hanover. The date of the brown rat's arrival in this country, though only about a hundred and fifty years ago, cannot now be fixed with absolute exactness. It is known that at the beginning of last century a great dispersal took place which populated Europe with this new species. According to Pallas, the famous naturalist, multitudes of brown rats, migrating from Central Asia towards the West, successfully crossed the Volga in 1727. These Mongolian hordes spread across Europe, and are credibly recorded to have reached Paris about 1750. But some years before, brown rats had already arrived in England, very possibly brought in ships from the Baltic ports, and the actual date of their first arrival was probably about 1730.

The great diminution in the number of hares all over England may be clearly traced to the Ground Game Act of 1880. In many places where twenty years ago hares were

abundant, they are now practically extinct; for which, on the whole, the farmer may be thankful. Yet the more prolific rabbit, which is equally affected by the Act, though kept down in numbers, continues to extend its range. The rabbit, now one of our commonest mammals, was originally a native of the countries round the western shores of the Mediterranean; but the date of its introduction into our country has not, even approximately, been ascertained. The rabbit's extension northwards has been a gradual process, which in Scotland may still be seen going on, and the rabbit is now abundant in many districts where a century or so ago it had never been seen. Though the common hare is becoming rarer, the mountain hare, which is also known by the more or less suitable names of Alpine, blue, Scotch, Irish, or Polar, is in some districts said to be an increasing species. The mountain hare does not exist in any part of England or Wales; but in Scotland, where the species is extending its range, this spreading seems partly due to artificial introduction, but also to a curious natural migration westward. For instance, in Argyllshire, where, so far as is known, this extension of its range is natural, the animal is now common in parts of that county where, fifty years ago, not one was shot in a season. The mountain hare is in no danger of extermination, and the national love of sport may be trusted to protect the common hare by vigorous legislation in good time.

The destruction of all our carnivora, from the weasel to the wild-cat, was formerly steadily encouraged in many English parishes by payments of money, which may be found recorded in the parish accounts of the churchwardens during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. The price commonly paid varied greatly in different parishes and at different periods. In the sixteenth century, in one parish, a weasel, polecat, badger, or a wild-cat's head was only rewarded with a penny; whilst in the eighteenth century, in some places, as much as five shillings was given for a fox. In 1708 thirty foxes were paid for in one parish. But in 1722, in the same parish, it was decided that the churchwardens should no longer pay for any fox brought to them without the lawful warrant of a justice of the peace; the first indication, we imagine, that vulpicide was to be looked on as a crime. Enormous numbers of animals, as the parish accounts testify, were in this way destroyed in many parts of England; and during the present century the systematic trapping of vermin wherever game is preserved has destroyed



such numbers besides, that at least three of our carnivorous animals are apparently about to become extinct.

It is commonly, but we believe quite wrongly, supposed that the badger and the otter are in danger of complete destruction. The inoffensive badger, whose ceaseless persecution by man has added a new word to our language, still survives in many parts of the country. It escapes observation in most places by its retiring habits, and in several districts that we are acquainted with badgers have certainly increased under the protection of benevolent landowners. The injury which the badger does to the game preserver by digging out young rabbits is inconsiderable, and to the farmer it is absolutely harmless. In hunting counties the badger is wrongly charged with destroying fox-cubs; though, perhaps rightly, accused of the smaller offence of sometimes opening the fox-earths after they have been stopped. But no sooner does an unfortunate badger appear in most districts than all men join in its destruction. In spite of this, the badger—'brock' or 'grey'—has been recorded of late years from some thirty English counties; and, strange to say, it is not in the wildest parts of the country that the badger has survived. In the Lake District it was extirpated about sixty years ago, and in Wales it is by no means very common. On the other hand, even in the neighbourhood of London it still exists, and the present writer had one alive which was captured not many years ago on the Surrey Hills, almost within sight of the dome of St. Paul's. In Scotland, according to Mr. Harvie-Brown, the badger was once widely distributed, and has been becoming gradually rarer in all districts during the last thirty years. In Wigtownshire, where it was extinct, Sir Herbert Maxwell has reintroduced it with most satisfactory results. In Scotland the dangers of the badger are increased by the employment of its skin in the making of pouches for the Highlanders, and an intelligent naturalist has pointed out that the year 1842 was a bad one for the poor badger in Scotland, owing to the revival of Highland dress after the Queen's visit. To such remote causes may the survival or destruction of our wild animals be traced. In Ireland the badger has another terror added to existence, for in some districts it is hunted for its flesh, which is cured and eaten by the peasantry. The hams are declared to be not inferior in goodness to bacon. Yet in many parts of Ireland the badger is not uncommon, and certainly in no immediate danger of extermination.

The amphibious otter is another animal which, being much persecuted and rarely seen in the daytime, is imagined to be very scarce. The otter and the fox both afford very agreeable sport; but what the fox is to the farmer, the otter is to the fisherman. The otter, unfortunately, kills far more fish than it can manage to eat, and is as cordially hated by the owner of salmon-rivers and trout-streams as the fox is by the preservers of pheasants. Only sixty years ago 263 otters were killed on the estates of the Duke of Sutherland in three years; and at the present day there are no less than seventeen packs of hounds devoted to hunting the otter in different parts of the country. Yet on almost all our English rivers the otter still survives, its numbers naturally varying with the wildness of the district. It is rare in many places where fishing preservation societies encourage its destruction by offers of blood money, as they do on many rivers near large towns. Yet even the Bucks Otter Hounds managed to kill sixteen full-grown otters last season. Besides persecution, the pollution of some rivers has driven the otter from the haunts of man; the draining of the Fen Country has sent it further eastward into the Broads. In all the wild and rocky districts of the west of England it is still abundant; and in the Lake Country, where the nature of the district offers it peculiar attractions, the otter is said to be very plentiful. In Scotland the otter has become scarce in some parts, even in the north, from incessant hunting by man; but all down the west coast, in Argyllshire and the Isles, it is abundant. Taking these islands as a whole, we can hardly yet call the otter a rare animal; and certainly we need have no fear lest it should soon become unknown even in the south of Britain. In Ireland there are many places where it is still common.

We come now to a melancholy chapter of this subject. Three animals which, we believe, are on the verge of extermination are the pine-marten, the polecat, and the wild-cat. Their destruction has been rapid; for a century or less ago they were hardly classed among our rare animals. From March 1831 to March 1834 no less than 901 wild-cats, martens, and polecats were killed upon the Sutherland estates, and paid for at the rate of half a crown a head. There is no better evidence of the former abundance and distribution of our animals than these curious 'Vermin Lists' which have been preserved on some great properties.

During the present century the extermination of animals by man has not been confined to the cultivated districts of England or the civilised wildness of the Scottish Highlands.

The enormous continent of Africa no longer affords a safe retreat to animals which but a few years ago seemed so abundant that the idea of their complete extinction was never considered. It is only necessary to turn to any recent book upon zoology to discover how many species of large and harmless wild animals are being exterminated. The 'Royal Natural History' (which is the best existing popular work on general zoology, and most admirably illustrated) tells the same story on almost every page.

In Britain the increasing rarity of the wild-cat has been discovered, and some Scotch landowners are making endeavours to prolong the existence of the race. It is perhaps too much to expect a sentimental indulgence for the polecat. The polecat, of these three beasts of prey, is still the most common; and we cannot lay down any limits of distribution or draw any line and say that beyond that it is extinct. Yet from all parts of Great Britain come the same reports of its increasing rarity. The polecat is the largest of the weasel family; its stink must long ago have become proverbial, for nowadays few persons can speak of it from experience. The relentless enmity of every henwife and gamekeeper in the two kingdoms has turned the polecat, 'fitchet,' or 'foumart,' as they call it in different localities, from a common sort of vermin into one of our rarest mammals. It is now seldom met with in the south or the midlands; though from time to time its presence, or rather its destruction, is recorded from various counties. In the Lake District, which one naturally looks to as one of the last strongholds of a disappearing species, we are told that, mainly owing to steel traps, the foumart is becoming very scarce. The disappearance of the polecat in Scotland is rapidly approaching, and the quickness with which its numbers have diminished is surprising. In many places where, even during the first half of the present century, a hundred polecats were annually destroyed, but two or three are trapped to-day. The increase of the rabbit, by a curious paradox, has proved fatal to the polecat; for, though the rabbits supply it with abundance of food, the steel traps which have been used against the rabbits have proved disastrous to the polecats. In Scotland the polecats, like the martens, can only keep up their numbers in places where the rabbits are not regularly trapped.

If the naturalist cannot seriously lament the extermination of the wolf, he may yet be permitted to deplore the rapid disappearance of the marten. In Norman days it was a beast of the chase, and common in the forest-clad

regions. The marten is one of the most elegant of animals, covered with a rich brown fur like the sable, to which it is closely allied, climbing easily in the trees after birds and squirrels, on which it chiefly preys. Even down to last century it was not uncommon in many parts of England. In the southern and midland counties we may say that it is to-day extinct, though from time to time single martens appear in the most unexpected places. These wanderers invariably fall victims to the trap; for the marten is one of the most unsuspicious of its family, and a baited trap of the simplest description is sufficient to secure the captive. Twenty years ago there was still a colony in North Wales, now, we believe, exterminated. A few martens are reported to linger on in the Peak District; but the last stronghold of the species is in the Cumbrian mountains. The marten inhabits the rough ground of the fells, and is still hunted with hounds by the dalesmen; but the 'sweet mart,' as they call it, is annually becoming more scarce. In Scotland the marten is said to be rarer than the wild-cat; but owing to its powers of hiding, the animal maintains a precarious foothold in the pine-woods and among the boulders in the heather, where there are few rabbits and consequently no regular trapping. In Ireland the marten is much less rare, especially in Kilkenny, and here it may perhaps defy its would-be exterminators when their efforts have been successful in Great Britain.

The wild-cat, or British tiger, as the older naturalists delighted to call it, is probably the rarest, and certainly the most formidable, of our remaining wild beasts. It is now believed that our domestic cat is not descended from the wild-cat of Europe, but comes from a totally different stock. Yet it is a well-known fact that domestic cats, which seek the woods, will interbreed with wild-cats; and Dr. Edward Hamilton, who has given us the results of much labour and research in his book on 'The Wild-cat of Europe,' believes that in Britain, and indeed on the Continent, except perhaps in quite uninhabited places, all the wild-cats show some trace, though it be but slight, of interbreeding with the domestic cat. The original race, which existed in our forests in Roman days, has therefore given place to a mongrel breed of wild-cat. All records of wild-cats in this country to-day must be received with extreme suspicion. The genuine wild-cat still exists, but every large cat which may be killed in the woods, if it have but thick fur and a bushy tail, is put down as a wild-cat. Domestic cats which

take to the woods soon revert in their external appearance to that of the true wild-cat. Neither size, nor colour, nor ferocity is any conclusive test. Yet there are some real, and apparently constant, distinctions which have been established by anatomists. The wild-cat is now quite extinct in England and Wales, and all records of wild-cats in the south of Britain, perhaps for the last fifty years, may well be received in a sceptical spirit. In Ireland it is now generally agreed that the wild-cat never existed, though many writers of authority have propagated error by declaring it was abundant there. The wild-cat was not, however, definitely removed from the list of Irish mammals till some ten years ago, when the results of Dr. Hamilton's inquiries were published in the proceedings of the Zoological Society.

The wild-cat inhabited the greater part of England up to the end of the fifteenth century. It was regularly hunted for sport and for its fur, and as late as 1496 the wild-cat is mentioned in 'The Booke of St. Albans' among the 'bestys of chase, sweete and stynking;' under which category it appears we have forgotten. The wild-cat must have been still plentiful in the midland, and certainly in the northern, counties till about the beginning of last century. At that date it was still found as far south as Whittlewood Forest, in Northamptonshire. In Cumberland, when Defoe made his tour through Great Britain, he describes wild-cats, 'of which there are many, the largest I ever saw.' In the first half of last century fifty wild-cats were killed in the parishes of Martindale and Barton, in the Lake Country. By the early years of the present century there had been a great diminution in their numbers, and, except in the north of England, the wild-cats had been exterminated. In Yorkshire the last record is 1840; but in Northumberland wild-cats are supposed to have lingered on as late as 1853, the last being killed by Lord Ravensworth at Eslington. In Wales, where the wild-cat is also extinct, there is a record of a supposed wild one, which weighed eleven pounds, being trapped in Montgomeryshire as late as 1864. North of the Tweed the wild-cat continued to exist long after its extinction south of that river. Till the middle of this century its southern outpost was the mountainous country about Loch Lomond. But Mr. Harvie-Brown, in 1880, said that the wild-cat then only survived in Scotland north of a line running roughly from Oban to the junction of the three counties of Perth, Forfar, and Aberdeen, and thence through Banffshire to the city of Inverness. At the present day the

wild-cat has become much more restricted in its distribution on the mainland of Scotland, and in the islands there seems to be no evidence that it was ever found. In Perthshire, where formerly it was abundant, it is said that no wild-cat has been killed for over thirty years. In Aberdeenshire the last record is in 1877. In the eastern half of Ross-shire the wild-cat is approaching extinction, and perhaps is extinct. In Inverness-shire, across the Caledonian Canal, wild-cats are still to be found ; and to-day their last strongholds are the northern deer-forests in that county and in Sutherlandshire, such as the Forest of Reay. They travel long distances ; and a district may be tenantless for several years, when wild-cats unexpectedly reappear in haunts where they were thought to have been exterminated. Cairns long ago known as the favourite haunts of the animal, but long deserted, are found to be suddenly reoccupied. In parts of Sutherlandshire it is said, and we should be glad to believe it, that the wild-cat is still far from extinct. How long it may survive we do not venture to predict. When the last wild-cat is killed, the time will have come for some future Gibbon among naturalists to write a history of the decline and fall of the wild beasts of Britain.

ART. XI.—1. *Correspondence respecting the Affairs of China presented to Parliament, April 1898.* [C.—8814.]

2. *Speech of the Marquis of Salisbury in the House of Lords in the Debate on the Address to the Queen's Speech.* 'Times,' February 9, 1898.

3. *Speech of the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., at Birmingham.* 'Times,' May 14, 1898.

HOME RULE of necessity remains the question which divides political parties in this country; yet it is not Home Rule which has lately been occupying the minds of men. In favour of Home Rule the whole Opposition is still constrained by circumstances formally to unite, whilst the majority, amongst whom doubtless different tendencies more or less exist, are kept united as solidly as ever by their sense of the supreme importance of maintaining the Parliamentary Union of the Three Kingdoms. For the time being, however, all men feel that the last General Election settled the question in favour of the Unionists; and though on the whole the Opposition has been successful at bye-elections, the general public hardly considers that Home Rule is at present within the sphere of practical politics, feeling very confident that no ordinary fluctuation of party, no mere 'swing of the pendulum,' can bring about a reversal of the deliberate decision of the people recorded after a nine years' controversy by the overwhelming vote of 1895.

We have arrived, then, at a period when the great fundamental question of domestic politics, about which men widely differ, though it divides and must continue to divide political parties, does not acutely interest the public mind.

With regard to foreign politics, the state of affairs is very different. Englishmen watch with the deepest interest from day to day the progress of negotiations, of annexations, of conquest, of commercial enterprise, which they believe will go far to decide the future destinies of two great continents—the future standing in the world of the greatest nations of Europe. Yet, so far at all events, the public interest has tended in no degree to shape or influence political party. At the present moment the severest critics of Lord Salisbury are to be found on the Conservative benches of the House of Commons, and amongst the Unionist organs in the Peers; whilst amongst Home Rulers deep differences of

opinion upon foreign politics have long prevailed. Twice in the last few years has the leader of the Liberal Party retired from the leadership in consequence of a want of sympathy between himself and his followers as to the position which it becomes this country to hold in the foreign affairs of the world. The immediate cause of Mr. Gladstone's last resignation, the reason which brought it about at the time it took place, was the unwillingness of the Prime Minister to be responsible for that vast expenditure upon our naval and military forces rendered necessary by the views of his colleagues on the foreign relations of the Empire. Two years later Lord Rosebery retired from the party leadership on the express ground that he agreed with Lord Salisbury rather than with Mr. Gladstone and others of his own party as to the desirableness of maintaining the European Concert.

Some politicians, it is true, express the belief that what they describe as the mismanagement of our foreign affairs will prove fatal to Lord Salisbury's Government, and they already see in imagination the rise of a great wave of popular indignation, similar to that which bore Mr. Gladstone to power in 1880, which is to overwhelm the Unionists at the next General Election. Prophecy is always dangerous, and as yet impartial spectators have failed to discover that the Opposition has presented to the country any alternative policy to that of the Government, or has even been fairly unanimous in its fault-finding. At the same time, it is perfectly true that were Lord Salisbury to meet with a severe diplomatic reverse, were he to sacrifice real British interests, or permit a great diminution of British influence in any part of the world, he would be sharply and decisively censured by public opinion and by the electorate, as with equal certainty would be his fate were he to be driven by noisy and irresponsible outcry into a European war, which could not be amply justified in the eyes of the great mass of his sober-minded countrymen.

We have no intention of surveying on this occasion the whole field of Lord Salisbury's Foreign Policy. The results of his patient diplomacy in the difficulty with the United States about the Venezuela boundary are before our eyes. The aggravation was great. The blustering tone, the deliberate want of courtesy, would have provoked the indignation of a smaller man. But who is there now who does not admit that the Prime Minister guided the nation in a time of crisis calmly and firmly, and that to him is largely due



the *entente cordiale* now so happily existing between the two great Anglo-Saxon nations? The difficulties with France in West Africa have been settled in a wise spirit of reasonable compromise by both Governments. The strain was for a time undoubtedly severe; but we may now hope that the friction was only temporary, and that henceforth no disputes will arise out of the honourable rivalry of the two nations in the region of the Niger.

Only a few months ago the more extreme men in the Home Rule Party were denouncing Lord Salisbury for his abandonment of Greece; but now that the whole story is known the British Premier is universally recognised as having been throughout the truest and most powerful friend of the Greek nation, and the chief agency in restoring to them the province of Thessaly, which the Turks might well have regarded as fair prize of war.

We live fast in the present day. Venezuela, Greece, and even West Africa are already half forgotten. On the Nile, in spite of the direst prophecies, British arms have proved so successful, and the policy of overthrowing the power of the Khalifa at Khartoum seems so clearly dictated by the interests of Egypt and civilisation, that effective criticism is silent, and will awake only in the improbable event of military failure. Even as regards South Africa, and our relations with the South African Republic, the official critics of the Government find for the moment little to urge in condemnation of our Colonial Policy. So far as to Europe, Africa, and America.

It is with regard to Asia, and with special reference to China and the future of what is called 'The Further East,' that most criticism has arisen of late as to the policy pursued by the Government. Here the difficulties between the European Powers arise from no question of construction of agreements, or disputed boundaries, but from a seeming conflict of interest. A complete change in the situation has been brought about principally by two causes. The collapse of China, and the developement of railway communication between Europe and Asia. The first tempts the enterprise or the cupidity of European nations; the second gives to one of them—namely, Russia—an influence over China utterly disturbing to the stability of the former international relations of the Further East. The main rivalry is between Russia and Great Britain. Admittedly British interests in China are very great. Admittedly Russian projects of extended influence and dominion reach very far.

The question is whether the projects of the great military empire pressing down on China from the North injuriously affect the present and future position and interests in the Further East of the great commercial nation of the West.

Up to the present time China and the Further East have been accessible to Europe only by sea. Hence British power, by virtue of its commercial and naval predominance, its ports and its coaling stations, has enjoyed an ascendancy which no one could dispute. The recent voyage of Prince Henry of Prussia to China, *via* Gibraltar, Malta, Suez, Aden, Colombo, Singapore, and Hong Kong, was an interesting object lesson. Whilst Great Britain maintains her naval supremacy, the road from Europe to the East, except as regards one great Power, remains under British protection. With respect to Russia, the railways which now traverse the continent of Asia have changed all this. To the frontiers of North China and of British India the Russians now have easy and direct access by railway. Formerly, as an Asiatic, not less than as a European, Power, we enjoyed the advantages of a practically insular position. Facts must be recognised. The Russian Dominion, stretching across Southern Asia, absorbing into itself hardy Turkoman tribes up the frontiers of Afghanistan, spreading over Northern Asia, continuous for many thousands of miles with the Chinese Empire, till it reaches the Pacific, forms a new and powerful element in Eastern politics, different in kind from those amongst which our Oriental Power was built up. So far undoubtedly, and for the time being, the aggrandisement of Russia does tend to diminish the weight of the exceptional position and influence in the East hitherto enjoyed by Great Britain. For purposes of self-defence this aggrandisement has entailed upon us vast military expenditure on the North-West Frontier of India, and for the purpose of guarding our interests in the Further East it may entail yet more. Whatever is necessary for our safety must, of course, be done, and it is vain to complain of Russian expansion in Asia—an expansion, moreover, which we had no power, even had we had the will to prevent.

Surely no one can imagine that Great Britain ought in the past to have prevented the spread into Asia of Russian railways—to have withstood what is undoubtedly the march of progress and civilisation through barbarous regions of the earth; to have opposed what will undoubtedly ultimately prove to be the beginning of commercial expansion,

No! In the inevitable new conditions which have arisen, new methods for assuring the safety of our Empire must be found. It never could have been the duty or the interest of Great Britain to found and maintain its power in Asia upon the forcing back within Europe of Russian enterprise.

Now the nature of British interests in China has been described again and again by Lord Salisbury, Mr. Arthur Balfour, and other leading ministers, in language which has apparently met the cordial approval of statesmen of all parties. Mr. Balfour, last January, stated at Manchester the British case so as to give satisfaction even to statesmen on the Continent. 'What,'\* he asked, 'is the character of 'our interests in China?' Our interests in China are not territorial; they are commercial.'

He disclaimed any intention of revealing a policy; but he invited 'general acceptance of the broad principles by 'which the details of that policy should be governed.' It followed as a logical consequence from the principle already laid down that our interests were commercial and trading and not territorial interests.

'The first deduction I draw from that is that territory, in so far as it is not necessary to supply a base for possible warlike operations, is a disadvantage rather than an advantage, for it carries with it responsibilities, carries with it duties, carries with it, it may be, expenditure in money, and what is more important, carries with it expenditure in men. The second principle I draw from it is this—that, inasmuch as our interest in the external trade of China is 80 per cent. of the whole trade of the rest of the world put together—80 per cent. of the trade of all the other nations added together, we have a special claim to see that the policy of that country is not directed to the discouragement of foreign trade.'

And he went on to point out that the deepest traditions of our policy prevented us from obtaining commercial privileges for our own trade, to be used against the trade of our rivals. 'If we ask for freedom to trade, we do not mean 'freedom to trade for Great Britain alone. We mean 'freedom of trade for all the world alike.' But these interests, these trading interests of ours, might be interfered with in two ways—viz. 'by the possible pressure on the 'Chinese Government by a foreign Government to make 'regulations adverse to us and favourable to them; in other 'words, to destroy that equality of opportunity *which is all 'that we claim, but which we do claim.*' We should also guard

\* 'Times,' January 11, 1898.

against another less probable method by which our interests might be interfered with :—

‘Some foreign Power with protectionist traditions might dot the coast of China with stations over which they had complete control, and through which they would not permit the trade of the world freely to permeate, where they would put up customs barriers, or something equivalent, hostile to us and favourable to themselves.’

Against either of these dangers Mr. Balfour declared the Government would do its best to guard, feeling that in efforts directed to that end ‘we are struggling not for ourselves only but for the world.’ He reaffirmed his statement of two years before, that ‘he regarded without fear or dislike the idea of a Russian outlet of commerce below the line of ‘winter and ice.’

A month later, Lord Salisbury, at the opening of Parliament, in an admirable speech, expressed identical views :—

‘I cannot conceive,’ said the Prime Minister, ‘why we should object to Russia going where it will, provided, we are not excluded from going there too. We are constantly attacked as a nation in the foreign press for what they call our selfish policy. I do not know what that means, but this I know that we are alone among all the nations of the world in this—when we conquer a nation and rescue it from barbarism, we conquer it for all the world, and not for ourselves alone. Thus when we ask for the great waterways of a country like China to be open to commerce, it is not to be restricted to our commerce. All the nations of the world will be free to enjoy the privilege.’\*

This clear exposition of the mode and aims of British statesmanship in China was received with sympathetic approval by the press in several countries of Europe, and by public opinion in the United States. The policy sketched seemed to people at home, almost irrespective of party, to be a worthy one, though the carrying it out might be attended with difficulty and danger, which, indeed, Ministers have never in the least degree endeavoured to conceal or to minimise.

In politics, however, as in other matters, there is far less difficulty in laying down admirable principles than in applying these principles to facts. Great Britain wishes to preserve and extend her commercial and trading interests, Russia to extend her dominion. Wherever the Russian flag flies, there the system of absolute Russian autocracy prevails. There is no question of the growth of flourishing

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\* ‘Times,’ February 9, 1898.

and practically independent communities on Russian territory, such as the British colonies. It is a naval arsenal, not a commercial port, that she really coveted on the Pacific, at the terminus of a railway which is to connect it with the military centre of the empire. Russian ideals and British ideals in the matter of expansion and colonisation are in sharp contrast. An English railway, for instance, in any part of the world, is free to all the world. When, we wonder, will the English tourist, unhampered by passports and the jealous surveillance of officials, be free to travel to Samarcand? When will Russia, and, for the matter of that, other continental Powers, discover the advantages of welcoming all and sundry, capital and labour, commerce and trade from all sides, in the developement of a new country? Still, even a Russian railway is an instrument for advancing civilisation, and it little becomes the British people to deprecate the extension of railways to the less civilised regions of the earth.

The 'Correspondence respecting the Affairs of China' from November to April last, short as it is, illustrates most forcibly the character of the rivalry between Russia and Great Britain in the Far East. The latter Power, with vast trading interests in China, neither possessed nor, for the matter of that, desired any territorial possession, save the island of Hong-Kong, along the whole Chinese coast from the French border at Tonquin to Korea. British trade with China was carried on through Treaty Ports, where England acquired no privileges over other countries, and through the port of Hong-Kong, where her commercial policy invited the citizens of other States to absolute trading equality with her own. Russia, with an utterly insignificant trade, was pressing on her Siberian railway, and was anxious to provide as its terminus some great naval arsenal on the northern coast of China, which would be free from ice (unlike Vladivostock) all the year round. The British were without territorial ambitions in China, and desired only the expansion of trade; the Russians were looking forward to the growth of Russian dominion and the annexation of Chinese territory. Each of them, the great trading nation and the great military autocracy, was pursuing the bent of its own genius, and only the most short-sighted of men could be surprised at their paths seeming to cross.

The first shock to Russian sentiment was caused by the action, not of Great Britain, but of Germany. Russia was taken by surprise by the German occupation of Kiao-chau,

and Russian opinion was loudly expressed that this would make it incumbent upon Russia herself to occupy in retaliation some portion of Chinese territory. It is quite true that the alleged reasons for the German occupation were but the thinnest possible of pretexts, and that the real motive of the German Government was the acquisition of a 'commercial *point d'appui*,' as was afterwards fully avowed. The German action had been taken without any previous notification either to Great Britain or Russia—not perhaps a very courteous proceeding towards Powers possessing such large interests in the Further East. But whilst to Great Britain the step appeared to be one involving no special injury to her own interests, to Russia it seemed that a formidable obstacle was being raised to the fulfilment of her cherished dreams. Germany was the first Power to take advantage of Chinese weakness, and violently to take possession of Chinese territory. The example so set might evidently be followed before long by Russia, by France, and by Great Britain, and events were not slow in developing themselves.

Russian dislike to Germany's acquisition of Kiao-chau shows clearly the expectation of the former Power of itself succeeding to a large Chinese inheritance. Why should not Germany possess a trading *point d'appui* on the Chinese coast very many hundred miles distant from the then Russian frontier? Is Russia to assert a kind of Monroe doctrine to warn off all European Powers from settling at any point of the Pacific coast from Kamchatka to Hong-Kong? Is Russian commerce likely to suffer from Germans at Kiao-chau, or is it that the indefinite spread southwards of Russian conquest may receive a check? Our Government, at least, showed no desire to hamper German action. For British policy is a policy of trade and commerce, and in colonial matters at least the Germans have professed a willingness to admit the wisdom of that open system upon which British colonies have flourished.

Nothing is more remarkable in this correspondence than the determination of Russia to step beyond the limits of her already gigantic empire. Whilst the British are claiming for themselves a mere equality of trading privileges with Germans and others, the Russians are thinking of dominion. For instance, the Russian Chargé d'Affaires at Peking used all the influence he could bring to secure the dismissal of Mr. Kinder from the northern extension of the railway from Tientsin to Kirin. Great Britain had in no way

opposed the extension of the Siberian line through Manchuria. Mr. Kinder, an extremely capable and honest man, had been seventeen years in the service of the Chinese Government, who were very anxious to keep him. As a British subject, he was, however, viewed with jealousy by the Russian Agent. It is true that Kirin, the intended terminus of the line, is over two hundred miles from the Russian frontier, but what do frontiers signify? The Russian Agent 'stated frankly that the Russian Government 'intended that the provinces of China bordering on the 'Russian frontier must not come under the influence of any 'nation except Russia.'\*

It is a curious commentary upon Russian diplomatic methods that whilst at Peking the Russian Agent repeatedly pressed for Mr. Kinder's dismissal, at St. Petersburg every intention of the kind was disavowed, and it was even suggested that the action taken by the *Chargé d'Affaires* at Peking had been contrary to his instructions from home. Nevertheless, it continued from October to March, when definite instructions were at last sent from St. Petersburg to discontinue all further objections to the employment of Mr. Kinder.

The more important part of the correspondence is occupied with the competition for influence in China between Russia and Great Britain, which resulted at length in the occupation by the former Power of Port Arthur, and by the latter of Wei-hai-Wei. As we have already seen, the British Government had openly disavowed all jealousy of the Russians acquiring a commercial port on the Pacific open all the year round if that could be arranged amicably with China. In December last Russian men-of-war were, with the permission of the Chinese, wintering at Port Arthur, and at the same time Russia was offering to China a loan in consideration of obtaining certain definite advantages—viz. the financing, construction, and control of all railways in Manchuria and North China, a Russian, moreover, to become Inspector-General of Customs when that post became vacant†. As to the Russian fleet, it was explained both to the British and Japanese Governments that its presence was merely a temporary matter of convenience, and possessed no importance whatever, Count Mouravieff assuring Mr. Goschen at St. Petersburg that Vladivostock remained, as heretofore, the Russian centre in

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\* China, No. I. 1893.† *Ibid.* No. I. No. 26.

the Far East and the headquarters both of their land and sea forces.\*

On the recommendation of Sir Claude MacDonald, the British Government early in January offered to lend to China twelve millions to pay off the remainder of the Japanese indemnity in consideration of the following advantages:—

1. Requisite control of the revenue.
2. Railway from Burmese frontier to Yang-tsze Valley.
3. Guarantee against cession to any other Power of territory in Yang-tsze Valley.
4. Talienwan to be a Treaty Port.
5. Greater freedom of internal trade.
6. Freedom of foreign goods from *likin* in the Treaty Ports.†

Curiously enough, whilst these negotiations are in progress, and the Chinese Government is pondering whether to accept the advances of Russia or of England, the Russian Ambassador in London casually complains to Lord Salisbury that the presence of a couple of British ships at Port Arthur 'was producing a bad impression in Russia.' Perhaps it might have been better had Lord Salisbury replied that they were there only as a matter of convenience, that Hong-Kong remained as heretofore the British centre in the Far East, and that it was probable enough that several others of her Majesty's ships would shortly be looking into that port, but that of course no kind of importance need be attached to so natural an event as the passing visits of British cruisers. Lord Salisbury did affirm that British ships had as much right at Port Arthur as any other ships. But as a matter of fact the British gunboats withdrew, and thus some colour was given to the untrue rumour originating at St. Petersburg that in consequence of Russian representations the British men-of-war had been ordered out of Port Arthur. The rumour, at all events, had a very bad effect, as Sir C. MacDonald at once telegraphed from Peking, showing how much in Eastern countries (perhaps also in other countries) the progress of diplomacy depends upon what is supposed to lie behind the mere phrases of diplomatists. And so the negotiations proceeded. France, following the lead of Russia, looks with little favour at an Anglo-Chinese loan, and the Russian Chargé d'Affaires at Peking protests under instructions from his Government in the strongest manner against the British proposal to open Talienwan as a Treaty



Port, warning the Chinese Government that by permitting this 'they would incur the hostility of Russia.'\*

'I pointed out,' says Sir C. MacDonald on January 16, that Talienwan was the only port giving free access to the north during winter, and invited them to explain Russian opposition unless she had ulterior designs on the place. They fully admitted that its opening would protect it against annexation, and therefore be in China's own interests, but said they were afraid to embroil themselves with Russia. I said I was astonished to find that they were not free to open a treaty port in any portion of Chinese territory. Yamèn had previously seemed to welcome the idea of opening Talienwan, but they are evidently greatly frightened by Russian threats.'

Count Mouravieff at St. Petersburg declared plainly to the British Ambassador that he could not regard the opening of Talienwan as a treaty port as a friendly action towards Russia, and he subsequently explained that Talienwan was practically the only port free from ice on the north coast of China to which the Russians could get access. The British loan on the conditions stipulated was desired by the Chinese, and was approved by Germany, but met with the opposition both of Russia and France. As to the Inspector-Generalship of Customs, the British Minister, under Lord Salisbury's instructions, put his foot down once for all, declaring that, loan or no loan, that post must continue to be held by an Englishman. The determination ultimately arrived at by the Chinese Government was formally communicated on February 4 to Lord Salisbury in the following terms:—

'They are exceedingly grateful to her Majesty's Government for their action in reference to the proposed guarantee, but regret that it has been found impossible to carry out some of the conditions which have been attached to it. They have been warned by Russia that their acceptance of a loan guaranteed by Great Britain will entail an interruption in the friendly relations existing between the two Empires. In consequence of this minatory attitude assumed by Russia, the Chinese have been obliged to come to a decision not to take a loan from either the Russian Government or that of her Majesty.'†

The following day Lord Salisbury informs the Chinese Government that in borrowing from European financiers an adequate share must be assigned to British banks, or the friendly relations of the two countries will be seriously imperilled. A fortnight later the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank had agreed to advance 16,000,000*l.* to China, and China had agreed to open the internal navigation to European steamers, not to cede to any other Power any territories

\* China I. No. 51.

† *Ibid.* 1898, No. 79.

adjoining the Yang-tsze, and to retain an Englishman in the post of Inspector-General of Customs. 'Valuable concessions indeed,' as Lord Salisbury described them in bestowing well-merited thanks on Sir Claude MacDonald, by whose skill and perseverance they had been obtained.

These arrangements had no sooner been concluded between Great Britain and China than the world was startled by a telegram from the singularly well-informed correspondent of the 'Times' at Peking, to the effect that Russia had obtained a lease of Port Arthur and 'Talienwan. The news was speedily confirmed, Russian diplomacy alleging that these measures were taken in order 'to assist in protecting Manchuria against the aggression of other Powers,' Count Mouravieff subsequently informing the British Government that foreign commerce should have free access to both these ports, similarly to other ports of the Chinese Empire. This assurance was repeated on the direct authority of the Czar himself. Nevertheless, a fortnight or so later Count Mouravieff informed Lord Salisbury that the Russians felt bound scrupulously to respect Chinese rights of sovereignty. 'Talienwan would be open to the trade of the whole world, but Port Arthur was, and would remain, a naval arsenal and military port. 'Russia could not abuse the right of use 'accorded to her by China for the purpose of arbitrarily 'transforming a closed military port into an ordinary commercial harbour.'\*

It was as a counter-move to this action of Russia that Great Britain at last accepted the lease of Wei-hai-Wei which China had previously offered her. As to the intrinsic advantages of Wei-hai-Wei as a naval station there is some difference of opinion; but it can hardly be doubted that its occupation is strong evidence that the Gulf of Pechili is not regarded by the British Government as wholly 'within the 'sphere of Russian influence.' Russia herself objected to the retention of Port Arthur by Japan, on the ground that were that position held by a foreign Power, Chinese independence at Peking would be little better than a name. It may be true that British interests lie rather in Mid and South China than in the North, but as yet, weak as the Chinese central authority may be, it is through influence at Peking that concessions are obtained, and trading privileges acquired or safeguarded, in the remote provinces of the Empire. Apart from the strategical advantages of Wei-hai-

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\* China, I. No. 149.

Wei as compared with those of Port Arthur, no one can doubt that the British occupation of the former port will serve us in good stead, even in discussions turning on the trade of the Yang-tsze-kiang or the opening of a railway from Burmah. Russian action required from Great Britain, unless she was to forfeit her influence at Peking, something more than a mere protest, and Lord Salisbury rightly and promptly took the best step available in the circumstances.

The question which forces itself upon the mind of any attentive reader of the Chinese papers, is whether the British policy of the 'open door' is consistent with the indefinite extension of Russian dominion; and if not, what policy is to take its place. Our Ministers have on various occasions warned the country, in language of unusual solemnity, that it may be called upon to make great sacrifices to maintain for itself and other trading nations equal rights of open commerce with the hundreds of millions of people who constitute the Chinese Empire. So far the Chinese correspondence shows that the Government has been acting up to its professions, has been maintaining and extending trading privileges, and has been driven into the acquisition of territory only in self-defence. No one has attempted to find fault with the Government for securing by a small extension of territory the all-important trading centre and naval port of Hong-Kong. But outside the actual acquisition of territory, what guarantee have we for the observance of Chinese concessions? The weakness of China is disclosed on every page of the Blue Books. What is our real security, for instance, that no cession will be made to a foreign Power of territory in the region of the Yang-tsze-kiang, or that an Englishman shall succeed Sir Robert Hart when he vacates the Inspector-Generalship of Customs? Suppose Russia threatens China at Peking with her displeasure, will China be strong enough and bold enough to keep her word? That, of course, depends upon whether we are strong enough and bold enough to insist that she shall. Here the Opposition does well to watch narrowly that the Government really obtains what is promised it, that the opening to European trade of Chinese rivers is a reality, and that Englishmen are not excluded, as a matter of fact, from competition with other Europeans in developing by railway and other enterprise the commercial possibilities of China. We deprecate the tone prevalent in some quarters that a railway, if financed and constructed in China by other than English capital and skill, must

necessarily prove inimical to British interests. That no one but ourselves is to forward the extension of Chinese railways is, in truth, a specimen of protectionist prejudice very unbecoming to this country. We are contending for a fair field and no favour, and we may well rest content that if we can obtain this, British trading enterprise will more than hold its own.

It is much to be regretted that throughout the whole of our recent Chinese anxieties Parliamentary debate has done little or nothing to shape or steady public opinion. The discussions in the House of Commons have been casual and fragmentary in their nature. Criticism of the Government has seemed rather the scolding of individual members than the focussed censure of party or widely felt sentiment. Once, indeed, the House of Commons (on March 1, 1898) came unanimously to the remarkable conclusion that 'it is of vital importance for British commerce and influence that the independence of Chinese territory should be maintained,' Mr. Curzon stating, on behalf of the Government, 'that the integrity and independence of China are matters of intense solicitude to the Government, as they must be to any British Government, and that they may be considered to be the cardinal bases of our policy with reference to that country. . . We are therefore opposed to the alienation of any portion of Chinese territory, or to the sacrifice of any part of Chinese independence.' There might, however, be circumstances, he prudently went on to say, which might make it necessary for this country to take measures to protect itself. Kiao-chau, Port Arthur, 'Talienwan, Wei-hai-Wei and Kowlong afford evidence of the general respect paid to the integrity, the Chinese papers evidence of the independence, of the Chinese Empire!

Let us be fair even towards Russian expansion and conquest. What says Mrs. Bishop in her very interesting account of Korea?

'In parts of Western Asia I have had occasion to note the success of Russian administration in conquered or acquired provinces, and with subject races; specially her creation of an orderly, peaceful, and settled agricultural population out of the nomadic and predatory tribes of Turkestan. Her success with the Korean immigrants is in its way as remarkable, for the material is inferior. She is firm where firmness is necessary, but outside that limit allows extreme latitude, avoids harassing aliens by petty prohibitions and irksome rules, encourages those forms of local self-government which suit the genius and habits of different people, and trusts to time, education, and contact with

other forms of civilisation to amend what is reprehensible in customs, religion, and costume.' \*

We should therefore make it apparent that our attitude towards Russian expansion is one assumed, not out of mere jealousy of her increase of territory, but out of a determination to protect the commercial interests of ourselves and the world against that foolish system of monopoly and protection by which her policy is at present guided. We cannot afford to have wide regions of the earth closed against British enterprise; and if Russian dominion necessarily means this, its indefinite extension must be stayed.

Far the most remarkable speech of any statesman on the question of the Far East during the last six months was that made by Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham last May. In very plain language he told his constituents that

'there was a combined assault by the nations of the world upon the commercial supremacy of this country, and if that assault were successful our existence would be menaced in a way in which it never has been threatened since the time when the great Napoleon attempted to lay an interdict on British trade. . . . It is a national question we have to consider. The time may come before long when the Government—any Government—may have to appeal to the patriotism of the people as a whole, and if that time should come, I hope it will not find us, as it has found other nations in less happy circumstances than we are, divided amongst ourselves, and wasting in party recrimination energies that we shall want for the defence of our national interests.'

In these circumstances, and in these days, when the strength of the Government comes from the confidence of the people, 'you must tell the people what you mean and 'where you are going if you want them to follow you.' Now, he continued, the British nation stands alone in the face, possibly, of a very wide and powerful combination of European nations, and our first duty must be to draw together the various parts of the Empire, and impress them with a common patriotism and with the sentiment that our interests and their interests are one. Our next duty 'is to 'establish and maintain bonds of permanent amity with our 'kinsmen across the Atlantic.' In the third place, unless the fate of the Chinese Empire is to be decided without reference to our wishes and in defiance of our interests, we must not reject the idea of an alliance with other Powers having the same interests as ourselves. To us these appear to be wise counsels, and to constitute the great

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'Korea and her Neighbours,' London, 1898.

importance and merit of the speech, which, however, became the subject of the severest animadversion, on account of a proverbial phrase, rather accurate than diplomatic, used by the orator to describe the dangers of putting too implicit a confidence in the professions of Russian statesmen.

In the Chinese papers it is sufficiently clear that Great Britain and Germany have alike been arousing, though in a different degree, the jealous susceptibilities of Russia. The establishment at Kiao-chau of a German commercial *point d'appui* may lead to developements in Shantung, favourable ultimately to British commerce, and unfavourable to the indefinite extension southwards of Russian dominion, with its system of commercial exclusion. The Japanese view with natural and intense dislike the growth in the Pacific of Russian power. And as regards Germany, independently altogether of British interests in the Further East, there are many reasons why Englishmen would gladly welcome a better understanding and more cordial relations than have prevailed during the last three years, since the unhappy meddling of the German Emperor with the affairs of Englishmen and Dutchmen in South Africa. Mr. Chamberlain puts before his countrymen two alternatives. We may allow things to drift. 'It is not a question of a single province; it is a question of the fate of the whole Chinese Empire, and our interests in China are so great, our proportion of the trade is so enormous, and the potentialities of that trade are so gigantic, that I feel that no more vital question has ever been presented for the decision of a Government and the decision of a nation.' On the other hand, we may give effect to the policy of the 'open door;' but this may, and probably will, entail upon us considerable risks, and Mr. Chamberlain has indicated clearly enough his opinion how best they can be met. We doubt whether even now, after all the discussion of the last six months, the British public has at all realised the momentous nature of the decision which the Government and they themselves have to take.

Certain critics of the Government are continually repeating that all difficulties may be swept away by the simple process of making an agreement between Great Britain and Russia. But surely the correspondence shows that this is no easy matter. Our Government offered, for instance, to pledge itself not to occupy any port in the Gulf of Pechili so long as other European Powers abstained from doing so, but Russia declined any such arrangement. And surely the

conditions are hardly such that we can safely trust our interests to the good faith of Russia. Without imputing excessive disingenuousness to Russian diplomacy, would it be wise and prudent to expect the Russian Government firmly to stand by its word against the promptings of Russian ambition? The difficulties between the two great Powers are evidently not such as can be cured by defining 'spheres of influence' on the map. Each Power is contending for influence at Peking. It is beyond the Russian border that Russian diplomacy endeavours to get rid of the influence of English administrators. It is not to any particular province or region of the Chinese Empire that England will confine her efforts to protect her subjects and push her trade. Let us where we can by all means agree with Russia; but to treat our differences as if they arose out of a mere boundary dispute between the two Empires is to mistake the very nature of the difficulty; and to state that any unwillingness on the British side prevents the two Powers coming to a satisfactory understanding is to misrepresent the facts of the case.

Great financial and engineering projects are in the air, which, if they are carried out, will cover the Chinese Empire with a network of railways. No doubt in time these railways will be built, Chinese trade of every kind will be developed, and European influence will be introduced into every part of China. But the Chinese Empire is still a very long way from becoming either a Russian province or a second British India; and though we expect our Government to act with reasonable forethought, it would be foolish to lose sight of the present condition of things in the contemplation of a future which, after all, may never come, or may come in a fashion very different from what we expect.

We have uttered a word of warning against treating the verbal and written concessions we have obtained from China as if in themselves and by themselves they were sufficient security for our future trade privileges and future influence in China. That security requires to be backed by British power. In the same way, let us not regard paper railways as more, at the present time, than projects. We hear much of great trunk lines and a veritable network of branches. Peking is to be connected in a great trunk line with Hankow on the Yang-tsze-kiang, and the line is ultimately to be prolonged to Canton. Railways are to radiate towards the west from Kiao-chau and Shanghai, ultimately uniting with the

āforesaid Grand Trunk. Another great line will run south-east from Pekin till it crosses the Hoangho into the province of Shensi, where some day it will join a great Russian railway from Tashkend. Pekin, *via* Mukden and Kirin, will be in direct railway communication with the Trans-Siberian Railway, whilst branches run down to Port Arthur and open up the entire length of the Korean Peninsula. Southern China, again, is to be invaded by railways from British Burmah and from French Tonquin. At the present time, let it be remembered, there are no railways working in China at all, with the exception of the short line from Tientsin to Pekin, and from Tientsin northward to Shan-hai Kwang. Mr. Balfour and other Ministers have on several occasions disavowed on the part of this country all jealousy of the progress of railways in China. It is, in truth, our interest that China should be opened up, and the railway will prove the principal instrument in the breaking down of the old system of exclusion. Rival railway systems will contend in the Further East as they contend in England, but, unfortunately, in China every effort will be made to give a character of national rivalry to the jealousy of trading competition. The developement of such a railway system as is contemplated will require the outlay of a capital of untold millions; it will call for the assistance of the best engineering skill of the world. Whence are that capital and that skill to be drawn? When those railways are completed, who are the people who will benefit most by the gigantic trade which they will help to develope? As a trading and commercial people, the last enemies of whom we need in the end be afraid in the Further East are Russian, French, and German railways. Let them do their best, and let us do ours. For our part, we are not much afraid of being behind in the race.

The efforts, then, of our Government will be rightly limited to securing for this country not dominion, but fair play. Our prospect of securing fair play depends undoubtedly upon the weight which attaches at Pekin to our words. Mr. Balfour spoke in the House of Commons too lightly when he dissociated altogether the movements of the British fleet from any effect upon the negotiations for a British loan. Does any man suppose that the presence of a Russian fleet at Port Arthur had nothing to do with the cession of that port and of Taliénwan, or that the complete withdrawal of our China Squadron would not be a blow to the policy of the 'open door'? Lord Salisbury has given



great satisfaction by intimating the intention of the Government to assist the reorganisation under British officers of the Chinese army and navy. The China Association, which has strongly protested against permitting any further encroachments upon the Chinese Empire, reiterates its belief that only by strengthening China can we preserve the privileges of equal trade granted to us by the Treaty of Tientsin. Let it be understood, however, throughout the world that our exertions are limited to carrying out the policy avowed all along, and with no intention whatever of creating out of the ruins of the Chinese Empire a second India.

It is unfortunate, though it is by no means strange, that amongst the other great nations of Europe selfish designs of aggrandisement are always attributed to British policy. A new desire for colonial expansion has arisen amongst continental nations. They find themselves warned off by the Anglo-Saxon race from the whole of one hemisphere, from the North Pole to the South. Their citizens, indeed, are made welcome, but dominion is not for them. Of Southern Asia almost the same thing may be said from Aden to Tonquin. Of the continent of Australia—for so it may be called—some sixty years ago, when a comparatively thin and scattered British population had established itself at a few distant points of the coast, Lord John Russell tells an interesting story: ‘Whilst at the Colonial Office a gentleman attached to the French Government called upon me. He asked me how much of Australia was claimed as the dominion of Great Britain. I answered, “The whole;” and with that answer he went away.’\*

In that quiet talk, in no formal despatches, with no parliamentary debate, was laid down the principle upon which British Australasia has grown. In that vast region all foreign complications have been avoided, and—as we believe, for the good of the world—British predominance has been secured. But such a story is better appreciated by Englishmen than by our continental rivals in the great work of colonisation. As we have been successful, and as we are strong, a patient toleration of the ambitions of others who are behind us in the race is not unbecoming, and may well accompany a fixed determination to hold our own.

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\* ‘Recollections and Suggestions,’ by John Earl Russell. London, 1875.

Our difficulties in the Further East cannot be denied. There is no royal road out of them. No panacea, such as the easy phrase, 'agreement with Russia,' can be found to cure the unrest springing out of the conditions of the time. What is needed is patient watchfulness and firm adherence to the policy which the Government has avowed. Moreover, all the world should understand that words mean things. Let us, then, talk, if possible, rather within than beyond our intentions of action. The past three years have been full of difficulty to this country in every quarter of the globe, and on the whole the country has been steered successfully through them. There is no timidity in Lord Salisbury's warning :—

'Do not overtax your strength. However strong you may be, whether you are a man or a nation, there is a point beyond which your strength will not go. It is courage and wisdom to exert that strength up to the limit to which you may attain; it is madness and ruin if you allow yourself to pass it. We feel the extreme gravity of the crisis through which we are passing, and the extreme importance of not allowing any party feelings to bias us in discovering and following the difficult and narrow line which separates an undue concession, an undue terror, from that rashness which has, in more than one case in history, been the ruin of nations as great and powerful as ourselves.'\*

The responsible leaders of the Opposition have on the whole avoided the temptation of making party capital out of their country's difficulties. They have not suggested any alternative policy, and they have hardly suggested that the policy laid down by the Government is not the true and the wise one. Sir Edward Grey, who, as regards foreign affairs, is rapidly rising to the position of chief exponent of the views of his party, has assumed a purely critical attitude, questioning at times whether the means taken by the Government were the right ones to ensure its ends, and waiting, as the Opposition is fully entitled to do, till he can judge by results. Whether he, Lord Rosebery, Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. Morley really look at foreign politics, either in Asia or in Africa, from the same standpoint is perhaps doubtful; but there can be no doubt that outside Parliament the Opposition has not yet made up its mind whether to attack Lord Salisbury for a policy of Jingoism or for a policy of general surrender.

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\* House of Lords debate on the Address.

The country as a whole knows that at the present time there is before it neither an alternative policy nor an alternative Government. In these circumstances it disapproves attempts to weaken Lord Salisbury's hands, and is content, like Sir Edward Grey, to wait, and judge by results.

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